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OF THE
Individual
BY CHARLES W. WOOD

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BY

CHARLES W. WOOD

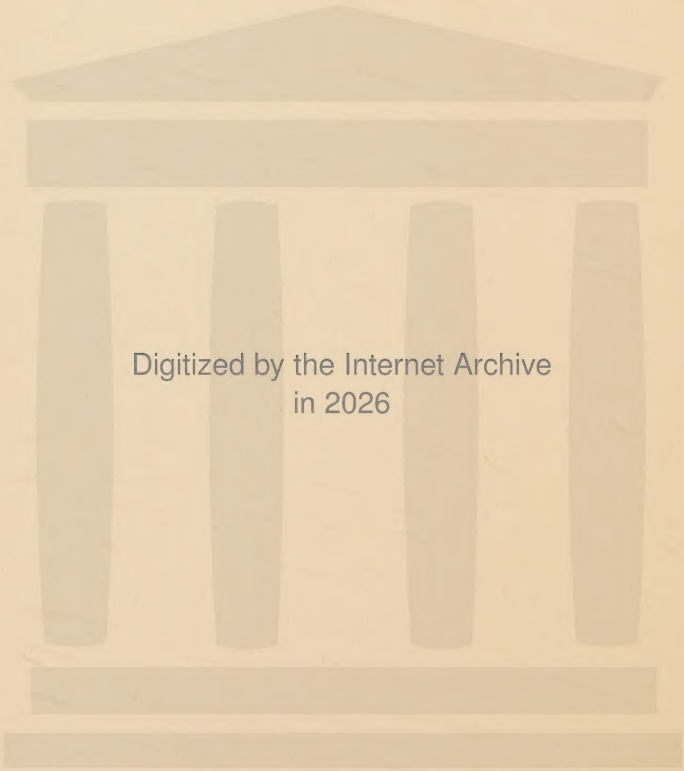
To discover the truth about human nature and how it acts seemed to Mr. Wood the biggest assignment a newspaper reporter ever covered. He set out, as a good newspaper man should, by ignoring all the philosophies hitherto advanced. He comes back with what appears to be the disclosure that the thought-structure of the world has been on a wholly untenable foundation.

Man, he finds, is neither an animal nor a spirit. Man is not an individual at all. Neither rivalry nor self-preservation figures greatly in human motives. Man's dominant passion is to lose himself in the life of all humanity.

This point of view is probably quite new, unless, as Mr. Wood claims, it was held by Jesus of Nazareth. Certainly it was not held by Paul or the Apostles, nor by Christians, early or late; nor by any of the philosophers, ancient or modern, nor by the biologists and psychologists and leaders of human thought today.

Mr. Wood has observed the very things with which we all are most familiar—war, politics, business, love, and how man actually behaves himself in them.

His chuckles do not obscure his serious purpose, nor does cynicism mar his faith that while human philosophies may be futile, human life is not, that man may not be divine, but he can be something far more desirable.



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The Myth of the Individual

THE MYTH OF THE INDIVIDUAL

by

CHARLES W. WOOD

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To
MY WIFE

About the Author

CHARLES WESLEY WOOD, ninth of a country preacher's ten children, was born in Ogdensburg, New York, in 1880.

Rebelling early against academic discipline, he was expelled from high school, and later left Syracuse University. For ten years he was a casual laborer, mill-worker and locomotive fireman.

In 1907 he married Mabel Barrett, and in the same year he won an essay prize offered by Collier's Weekly.

He then began newspaper work in Syracuse and Schenectady; later, in New York, he was on the staff of the Sunday World. He was also an editor of The Masses, and a staff writer for Collier's for two years.

Interest in social studies took him to the Orient to examine the missionary movement. The same interest prompted his study of the Modernist-Fundamentalist controversy, which brought him into contact with Bishop William Montgomery Brown and resulted in his collaboration with the Bishop on *My Heresy,* published by THE JOHN DAY COMPANY in 1926.

Mr. Wood is the author of *The Great Change,* a study of the co-ordination of American industries under the war boards. He is a frequent contributor to both radical labor and conservative business publications and to religious journals as well as to the popular magazines.

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Foreword

WRITING this book was a very simple task compared with the job of telling how it came to be written. I feel myself totally unequal to any such assignment, and I wonder if any author can ever really list the sources from which his work flows.

I can not remember, for instance, when I first heard the stories of Calvary and of Bunker Hill; and the stories that I did hear were doubtless very different from the stories that the story-tellers intended to convey. The listener, in fact, plays such an important part in every tale that, Mr. Bruce Barton and I, in reading the same New Testament, do not read the same story at all. His *Man Nobody Knows* remains a complete stranger to me. I can not find a trace of him in the four Gospels: I can find him only in Bruce Barton. But this is not a criticism of Mr. Barton. It is simply an illustration of my point. The New Testament, in itself, was not the source of his material nor of mine. In order to get at that source one must also find out how Mr. Barton and I came to read the New Testament in such very different ways.

The stories of Calvary and of Bunker Hill, however, although I was doubtless less than four years old when I first began to take an interest in them, made a lasting impression upon me. The story of

Calvary seemed a shade more sacred, but the story of Bunker Hill seemed much more thrilling. For some reason or other it struck me as more intimate and understandable. I revered Jesus, but I was far more stirred by the Minute Men. This is strange: for Jesus had brought me salvation while all that the Minute Men had brought me was liberty; and, as I understood it, I already had salvation, while I was painfully aware at every turn I made that I had no liberty whatsoever.

During my early school days, I simply could not get enough of that Bunker Hill story. But once again, what the teachers read and what I heard were two altogether different stories. To them, the American Revolution seemed to have flowered in our public schools, where every good American boy must naturally feel obligated to obey his teachers and, above all, not to become a revolutionist. What I got out of it, somehow, was that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the people governed; and I hated these schools which were governing me in this iron-handed way without the slightest thought of whether I consented to their discipline or not. A little later in life, then, when I was about seventeen and had been expelled from various schools for no other reason than that I seemed to be leading insurrections, it occurred to me that I must cast about for some more adequate hero than any of the founders of our glorious system of jurisprudence seemed to be. And I found one in Jesus, who, as I saw it, went his own way in spite of small-minded teachers, in spite of governments and in spite of hell.

Who gave me that angle on Jesus I do not know: but due credit or discredit should be given to him if

the sources of this book are to be glimpsed at all. It is hardly sufficient to say that I got it from the New Testament: for almost everybody I came in contact with was reading the New Testament and none of them had got from it any such concept of its central character.

Another person, whose name I do not know but who had much to do with the writing of this book, was the gentleman who, in the year 1898 I think, ordered the Ninth Infantry to the Philippines. I had done my best to enlist in that regiment and was greatly aggrieved because I could not get my parents' consent and the recruiting officer would not take me otherwise. But I had wanted to enlist to free Cuba from foreign tyranny, not to impose a foreign government upon the Filipinos.

I did not forthwith become a pacifist; but the thought of how I might have been trapped into killing Filipinos, when all I had wanted to do was murder Spaniards, haunted me for many years. The Bunker Hill tradition was still strong with me, but before I could allow myself to jump into a war, I said, I must have a pretty definite notion of what the war was all about. Twenty years later this feeling still persisted. A war came along then into which practically everybody jumped, but I stood back and tried to figure out what it was all about. Ten years later I find myself still figuring.

My insurrections having made a college education impossible for me, I have no idea to what extent I may have been influenced by academic thought. When my former classmates in school were reading Kant in college, I was reading the *New York Journal* in a sulphite mill; and while they were learning

the exact difference between John Stuart Mill and Karl Marx, I happened on copies of *Wiltshire's Magazine* and the *Appeal to Reason*. Even these sheets, although written for the proletariat, had to be translated for me; and a former Wesleyan exhorter from England, who had lost his theology and joined the Free Thinkers and was now reduced to working for a dollar and a quarter a night in the blow-pit of the sulphite mill, became my instructor and guide. His name, if anybody wants to know, was James S. Sigsworth. Old "Colonel" Sigsworth, I know, will never rank with Harvard and Yale in the roster of American educational institutions. His courses were highly disorganized, and we drank a lot of beer in the classrooms; but I yield to no one in love and reverence for my Alma Mater.

I later obtained a fellowship on the Boston and Maine Railroad. It was a fellowship in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. If I seem to some of my readers to idealize the workingman, I can merely ask them to work for five years on a railroad and find out for themselves what human nature really is.

I have many friends to-day among authors and editors and publishers. I know that they are genuine people too, and they are doubtless quite as intelligent as the locomotive firemen whom I have met. But the firemen, generally, had no careers to worry them and get in their light every time they tried to take a look at things. They were not moral and they were not polite; at least, they did not have to be. It was just natural for them to be on the level; and intellectually they were direct if not profound.

Most of them, to be sure, had some notion of becoming engineers; and the business men who sup-

posedly "ran" the railroad were sure that the system of promotion that the brotherhoods insisted upon was utterly at variance with human nature. Promotion, the bosses said, should come first to the man who had earned it first; that is, to the man who first succeeded in making a good impression upon the boss. But the railroaders said no. It wasn't merely that they wanted to do away with favoritism. They were good fellows, and they wanted to live together in good fellowship; so they erased careering from the curriculum and took the shortest cut to being what they really were. With equal pay for all, and promotion being taken care of by the seniority rule, they could meet each other as men and not as rivals.

In their relations to the outside world, to be sure, they were no better than so many lawyers and politicians and bankers and bishops and business men: but in their relation to each other they were. For society as a whole was not organized on this non-careering basis: it was only as railroaders among railroaders that the passionate goodwill of their human nature could assert itself; and when they met as citizens, instead of as railroad men, they were quite as likely to quarrel as anybody. But even then, I think, they were less likely to lie and cheat.

Undoubtedly there are disadvantages in getting one's education in this haphazard way, and these disadvantages are doubtless reflected in this book. I was not, for instance, trying to get an education, and I did not know that I was getting one. All I was trying to do was to get a living: and in order to live with railroaders I had to find out where railroaders really lived. There was no one to tell us, and no one to care, particularly, whether we found out or not:

but the eagerness with which everybody tried to learn, and the utter trust we came to have in each other when all occasion for pretense had been swept away, gave me a faith in human nature that has caused many Greenwich Village cynics in these latter days to set me down as a hopeless optimist. Poor devils! They never worked in Rotterdam Junction, where men didn't have careers to worry about; where they didn't know, when they picked up a book, whether it was a classic or a Harold Bell Wright; where they laughed at everything that struck them as funny whether it gave them away to do so or not; where they were willing to try anything once, from religion to lust, and stick to it so long as it seemed to work; but where, just because they were human and had nothing in particular to stop them from being so, they made about the best bunch of friends that anybody could hope to have.

They were, perhaps, the "yokels" to whom Mr. H. L. Mencken so frequently refers. I think, however, that they would like Mencken, if he were firing on the road, and I think he would like them. They didn't know all his words, to be sure, but they had a keen perception of bunk. They could not express it, perhaps, except in not always original profanity: nevertheless, it was from typical American workingmen and not from any sophisticated school of iconoclasm that I learned my best lessons in irreverence.

When I became a newspaper man this irreverence did not immediately wear off. Judges who wore robes in order to impress the public with the dignity of their position missed out so far as I was concerned. I felt, I think, as any railroader must have felt if

a traveling engineer or even a master mechanic had resorted to some such expedient. All around, in fact, it seemed that I now lived in a world of pretense. I liked my new job, it was so much easier and better paid than railroading, and I liked the new people I was meeting as fast as I could get acquainted with them. But it was hard, I found, to get down to where they really lived; and for where they pretended to live I had a vast unconcern.

My greatest difficulty, it seemed to me, was that I didn't know anything about this larger world. I didn't understand its relations, and nobody seemed to be able to put me wise. It was taken for granted, seemingly, that everybody must pretend to be something he wasn't; but why he must so pretend nobody seemed to know. Had I been educated in a regular college I might have understood. As it was, it only seemed that people were putting themselves to a lot of trouble to no purpose whatever.

I was working, by this time, on the *New York Sunday World*, and I made it a point whenever I could to interview the nation's wise men for any enlightenment they might give. They talked politics and finance and morals, but they did not enlighten me much. I missed old man Sigsworth. I missed the stove-pipe committee in Rotterdam. It seemed that I was getting much profundity these days but few direct observations: and I dreamed of how much better things would be if the working-class only "ruled."

Then one big day I ran across Mont Schuyler, who introduced me to a number of industrial engineers. Mr. H. L. Gantt was one of them. These men did not hasten to tell me what they knew, but

they did show me why I could not learn anything the way I was going about it.

Mr. Gantt, for instance, made the profound observation that water ran up hill, but that there were doubtless many engineers who did not know it.

"This is an important bit of information," he said, "and every engineer should know it, especially if he is trying to install a hydraulic system. But even if he does not know, the case is not hopeless: for no group of engineers confronted by the problem of which way water runs would ever think of deciding it by taking a vote. They would find out instead."

I might trace very much of this book to that one observation. It spoiled me, I think, as a writer, for it shook the bunk out of partizanship all along the line. It no longer seemed to matter how popular or how entertaining an idea might be. I became interested, rather, in whether it was an idea with which folks could live; not how plausible or how palatable it was, but whether it squared with the actual nature of things. This led eventually to a new appraisal of both Calvary and Bunker Hill.

None of these engineers that I remember ever directly suggested to me that Man is not an individual. Nevertheless, the influence of Count Alfred Korzybski and Walter N. Polakov must be plainly apparent in all that I have to say. These engineers and mathematicians may not agree with me. On the other hand, for all I know, I may in some paragraphs be plagiarizing them. It is all too complicated for me to figure out. I know that human thought never did emanate from an individual brain that had no contact with any other human life, hence it would be folly for me to claim originality. But just

what were the human relations that eventuated in this volume, it is beyond me to say. In this foreword I have tried simply to indicate the nature of these relations: and if any reader thinks of someone who has said the same thing before, it will not annoy me in the least. I am thinking as I write of a lot of youngsters whom I do not know—those who will make up the next war if there is one—who, just now, in our colleges and blow-pits, are speeding their way into a world of human relationships so different from the relationships which have hitherto obtained that even its most authoritative sign-posts seem to lie.

These youngsters, I think, do not want directions: and since the "right" roads have all led to chaos, they are seemingly unconcerned as to which road is "right." What they would appreciate, I think, is a little light: and if anyone can provide that, they will not care whether he is an authority or not.

The Myth of the Individual

Chapter I

THERE is a superstition prevalent in my country to the effect that two plus two equals four. So far as I know there is no foundation for it. It is true, of course, on a blackboard, and on a blackboard one may find it a very useful truth; but in real life problems do not often work out that way.

For a figure is only a figure. It is not a reality but merely the symbol of a reality. Real things evolve and their values are forever changing, while the very value of figures lies in their capacity to stand still. We may add a column of figures on the blackboard because the sevens remain sevens, and the nines nines, throughout the operation. If the sevens were evolving into nines and the nines into something else, no such easy reckoning would be possible. In real life, it often happens, the most accurate truths are literally self-contradictory. A Pharisee may get along very nicely with an accurate system of logic, but a Jesus generally has to resort to paradox.

The letter killeth. It is only from the reality at which the letter is feebly trying to point that we can hope to receive any real nourishment. If we keep that in mind, we may find words very useful; but if we get to believing the words, instead of the reality behind the words, we are lost.

The Bible begins with a paradox. In the begin-

ning, it says, was a God who had no beginning. Logically, that is an obvious absurdity: only humanly can it be considered true. Man, because he was Man, had to have a God; and he had to have Him at the very beginning of things, whether things had any beginning or not. Systems of logic do not necessarily have to have gods, and some systems have existed without any. But Man, whatever he has been, has never been a system of logic.

I do not pretend to say what Man was before he became what he is. Some say he wasn't a man at all, and some say he wasn't anything at all. But I can not go into that extensively just now. When he got to being Man, apparently, he couldn't exist without a God. This, I think, was because he wasn't himself any longer. When anybody is himself, his demands may be very simple: but the minute he begins to be something outside himself, his demands are infinite.

Do my readers, I wonder, all understand that? If they do they can save a lot of time, for it will not be necessary for them to read this book. Not that it is a difficult thing to understand. Most people, it seems to me, have some intuitive perception of it, and it will be easily grasped by those who haven't gone to school too much. But in school one learns to be handy with a blackboard. One gets to theorizing about life instead of living it: and those who are most familiar with the theories of human nature are most likely, oftentimes, to keep their human nature in places where it is next to impossible to get a good view of it.

There are several theories as to what human nature is. In America, of late, we have been much con-

cerned with the so-called Fundamentalist theory and the so-called Evolutionist theory.

The Fundamentalist theory, as it has usually been presented to me, is that God made Man in his own image and that Man is utterly vile. The Evolutionist theory, as it has usually been presented to me, is that Man has evolved from the brute and may therefore be expected to behave like a brute; in other words, since Man has evolved from the brute, he has *not* evolved from the brute.

I am not going to attack either theory. Doubtless they are both correct, everything depending upon which blackboard one uses. Naturally, it is a shock to a big, dignified, human being to be told that his great ancestor was an irresponsible ape—when he wants to believe that he was descended from a tailless biped who was infinitely and unspeakably rotten, with no health in him, and so wedded to iniquity that he and all his descendants deserve nothing but eternal hell. On the other hand, it is extremely disturbing to an enlightened believer in evolution—one who has simply basked in the reflection that his progenitors were beasts—to be confronted with the fact that this does not make him a beast at all.

He can prove on his Darwinian blackboard that all human beings are beasts, just as the Fundamentalists can prove from the Bible that they are far worse than that. Nevertheless, it remains a fact that even the Evolutionists are not beasts and even the Fundamentalists are not utterly vile.

I do not know what human nature is: but I have noticed a few things that it does, and they are not the things that beasts are likely to do.

Men write books, for instance. Sometimes they

even read them. Sometimes they learn from a book things that they did not know before and which their ancestors and all the folks they grew up with were unable to teach them.

Beasts do not do that. At least, no one has ever noticed that they do. Beasts, no matter how ingenious they seem to be, behave remarkably like their ancestors. Human beings behave remarkably unlike theirs.

To be sure, we do some things in almost identically the way our grandfathers did. We breathe, for instance, and pump blood through our systems by the same old processes. But these are not the distinctively human processes. It was not through noting the peculiar way in which their viscera behaved themselves that human beings began to notice that they were human. Their physical peculiarities may entitle them to be classified as of the *genus homo*, but it is something totally outside the realm of biology that actually stamps a man as human.

It is not merely that he can build a Woolworth Building. It is in the fact, rather, that he does *not* build Woolworth Buildings; that is, not habitually. Just a few years ago he did not know how to build a Woolworth Building: and he would not know how to-day if those who did build it had not told him.

And, strangely enough, now that he knows how to build Woolworth Buildings he doesn't do it. Because he has learned how to build Woolworth Buildings, he is building buildings that are very different. He is not *breathing* in any essentially different way. He has not improved perceptibly in his sight or hearing, nor in the circulation of his blood. Nevertheless he is using his faculties and his life processes in a thou-

sand ways of which his ancestors of but a generation or two ago were completely ignorant.

In his biological processes, he still follows biological habit. In his social processes, he does not follow social habit. It is the breaking from habit, in fact, which stamps a human being as human.

The Fundamentalists who tie us to Adam and the Evolutionists who tie us to the ape are amusing cusses. They may not be achieving anything that they want to achieve, but life is funnier because of them. I like to hear them debate. I like to hear one side prove from his Bible that all human ideas (which, of course, includes his own and those of the authors of the Bible) are only human and therefore worthless; and I like to hear the other side prove in rebuttal that human life is not human either.

Man is an animal, they say. He inherits these and these characteristics. He is engaged in a struggle to survive. In the jungle, the physically strongest and most courageous survived: in civilization, it became possible for the naturally unfit to survive as well. Civilization is therefore doomed unless we heed the call of biology and go to breeding a more fit type of human animal.

All of which, I believe, is essentially true; except that the "man" these biologists are talking of is a mere blackboard man and not any human being that anybody ever saw.

The biologists—those biologists, at least, who think of human life in biological terms—remind me of the Fundamentalists. The Fundamentalists believe in Adam: that is, they believe that there was and could be a *first man*. While the biologists are hardly naïve enough to swallow that, they still seem

to believe that there is and can be *a man*—a biological unit who can, in some mysterious way, be separated and segregated, for the purposes of argument at least, from the rest of mankind.

This is useful, I admit, for the purposes of biological speculation, but utterly inadequate for the purposes of human research.

What is a man? Admitting that I do not know, I do know that no mere physical organism, even though it undoubtedly belongs to the *genus homo* and is a perfect biological specimen, is by itself a *man*. That is, it is not a man in the sense that the biologist himself uses the term when he is discussing any human question. That, I know, seems paradoxical, and it seems absurd. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that no man can live by himself. Not only that: it is utterly inconceivable that there should be a human being anywhere—a being with characteristics that either Fundamentalists or biologists would think of as human (when they are dealing with human life and not debating their abstractions)—unless that human being were in conscious contact with millions of other human beings.

Imagine a puppy, if you will, taken away from the mother dog in infancy and cut off thereafter from all contact with dog-kind. At maturity, strangely, it would still be a dog. It might not be the best dog imaginable; but if biologically well-bred and scientifically fed and taken care of, I think it will be conceded that we would have a recognizable dog. He would eat meat because dogs eat meat. He would bark at strangers, if that were his biologically inherited nature. He might learn such tricks as it

would be possible to teach such a dog. He might, indeed, become a very clever canine; and, even if deserted by humankind, he would have a wealth of dog-knowledge inherited biologically from his remote ancestors by which he might still be able to keep himself alive.

If he ran across a sheep in such a crisis, he would know exactly what to do. He would know that he could kill the sheep and he would not be afraid to try it. But if he met a lion he would know that there was no such chance and he would run. He would know how to kill the sheep because his far-off ancestors knew, although he himself may never have seen a sheep before. They transmitted the knowledge to him, exactly as our ancestors transmitted to us the knowledge of how to draw air into our lungs and expel it again after it has served its purpose. But not at all in the way our ancestors have transmitted to us the knowledge of how to do peculiarly human things.

Peculiarly canine knowledge, or at least a very large body of it, is transmitted to offspring by purely biological processes. Peculiarly human knowledge—the knowledge, at least, of those functions which we think of as human in our discussion of human affairs—comes to us in a very different way. Either somebody tells us how to do these things, or we watch him do it and consciously try to imitate him, or we get the formula from a book and improve on it, so far as we can, from our own experience; or we learn, perhaps, by one or another process of conscious communication, that while the thing we want to do may never have been done before, still certain things have

been done in the attainment of other purposes which, with a little variation, may be applied to the ends we have in view.

Probably few of my readers can remember when they first learned to build a fire; but they will admit, I am sure, that they did not learn it in the way the wolf-dog learns how to kill a sheep. Our ancestors have known how for perhaps a million years, but children to-day do not know how until they have been shown.

Imagine a human child taken from its parents in infancy and never having any contacts thereafter with humankind. Conceivably, like Romulus and Remus, he might be suckled by a wolf; and conceivably he might be lucky enough to find food and drink in such tropical abundance that he would live, physically, to maturity. But he would not be a man. Biologically, he might be a fair specimen of the *genus homo;* but he would not be a man in the sense in which the term is used when we are discussing human affairs.

He would not, and he could not, build Rome. He could not build a single house. He could not even build a fire. It requires much observation of human life to learn how to do any of these things: and the very most that could be expected of poor Romulus and Remus is that they should observe how the wolf killed a sheep and perhaps learn, by persistent trial and error, how to kill one more efficiently. But if they killed it, they must eat it raw: for it took the human race no one knows how many thousands of years to collect the data which was necessary before the first meal could be cooked by prearrangement. A forest fire, to be sure, or a bolt of lightning might cook it,

but no human being not humanly taught could possibly do much with such phenomena.

My point is that human nature—the phenomenon with which we are trying to deal in our discussion of all human problems—is not the Man we learn about in the study of biology. Genesis, faulty as its biology may be, is humanly much more scientific than, for instance, Wiggam. For Genesis assumes that Man is entirely different from the rest of animal creation while Wiggam cheerfully tackles all human problems on purely biological data.

Genesis accounts for this difference by presupposing a God: and wisely does not try to account for God at all. There isn't any special reason why it should: for it is not God's affairs but Man's with which we are most concerned.

Some of the other theologies followed much the same course. They accounted for the world's not falling down by assuming that it rested on the back of an elephant. As to what the elephant stood upon, if anyone were so foolish as to want to know—why, he stood on the back of a turtle. As to what the turtle stood upon—but why go into all that? The point is that the earth was standing up in fine shape: and that being the case, people could go ahead and build. This was incalculably nearer the truth than a logician would have got if he had discovered that there was no elephant, and that it was not safe, therefore, to attempt any building.

When the law of gravitation was finally discovered it may have done away with the elephant and the turtle too. But it did not do away with their job. It took the job over, and performed it as well as the elephant and the turtle ever had.

To-day, science is seriously considering the abolition of God. I have no particular objections to that, if science will make it a point to see that his job is still performed efficiently. But to take away the God-created Man the Bible talks about and leave us the impossible individual that some of the modern scholars are talking about will hardly do. For, while there may be no God, the Man who found it necessary to have one is a sure-enough reality. This Man is the phenomenon with whom we will all have to deal. He is the Man with whom we are forever going to war. He is our One Big Problem. He knows a lot, and yet he is the biggest fool in existence. For what he knows does not come to him through biological inheritance. It comes to him from a mysterious source which he has never been able to comprehend. He is a funny creature. He is unique: and unless we keep that in mind, and do not get to confusing him with the fish and frogs of biology, we are not going to get very far in the solution of his problems.

Chapter II

WHAT am I? The biologist is likely to say that I am a physical entity, inheriting a certain peculiar structure from my ancestors, and reacting, as such a formation is bound to react, to the environment in which it finds itself.

Almost everybody else insists that I am not that: or, if I am, that I am also something much more important. I am also a spirit, they say. As to what a spirit is, they can not enlighten me: but it is something that is not a body but which is superior to the body. It is as superior to the body, I gather, as the elephant was superior to the earth that it carried on its back.

This is nonsense, I admit. Nevertheless, it is much truer than the sense of the biologist. Without my body, to be sure, there would be no I. But what the biologist overlooks is the fact that, even *with* my body, there is no I, anyway. There is no I who can be distinguished from You. There is no individual on earth who can be isolated, except for the purposes of abstract discussion, from the rest of the human race.

The phenomenon familiarly referred to as Charlie Wood is not a physical entity. There is a physical entity from which that phenomenon seems to emanate, as light emanates from a bulb. But the light is not

the bulb. It does not even emanate from the bulb but from the whole works. The bulb goes to smash, and with it goes to smash the peculiar illumination with which it was associated; but whereas you can isolate that bulb from all other bulbs, you can not isolate the electricity that was shining through it from all electricity.

It might have been a little, pale light: but that does not mean that it was a little, pale electricity that you saw. You saw an insignificant and anemic manifestation of universal energy, and you named it Charlie Wood. It may have been insignificant and anemic because his connections were so loose: nevertheless, it was the manifestation, such as it was, and not the material structure, to which you attached that name.

By an examination of my material structure you might find out what was wrong with my manifestation; but by an examination of the material structure you could never find *me*.

Am I, then, *a spirit?* Almost everybody assumes that I am: and if he uses the right set of two-plus-twos, he may be able to prove it. He must use the spiritualist set this time, instead of the materialist set. The theory is, I believe, that there is a little manifestation hovering about in the God-knows-where, waiting to jump into that bulb as soon as it is connected.

"Hello, folks! This is me!" says this non-body individual. That, in fact, seems to be about the biggest business it has before it. Just one little manifestation trying to fight its way among billions of competitive manifestations—poor little devil, I can't help feeling sorry for it.

The spiritualists—and by that I mean almost everybody, for almost everybody believes that he is an individual spirit—have no trouble at all in confuting the materialists. It is as easy for a spiritualist to confute a materialist as it is for a materialist to confute a spiritualist. Any materialist can prove conclusively (upon his blackboard) that there can be no individual entity existing independently of the individual body: and any spiritualist can prove on his that this physical existence is not the real existence at all.

I do not disagree with either demonstration, any more than I disagree with the abstraction that two plus two equals four. In the realm of abstractions they may be perfectly correct. But how about the concrete world in which we happen to be living? In that concrete world, it happens, there is no such thing as an individual.

Apparently there are individual bodies: but it is not these bodies that we are talking about when we try to distinguish person from person. Apparently, on the other hand, there are individual persons: but try to disentangle these so-called individuals from each other; and in the world of concrete happenings it simply can not be done.

There is, among other things, the phenomenon of human consciousness to consider. Without human consciousness, it will be conceded, there would be no persons and no personality. There would not even be any argument about them: the case would never even get into court.

One's so-called personality, in fact, seems to be measurable by the degree of consciousness which seems to be manifested in his particular case. If he

is conscious only of his own bodily comfort and discomfort, it is customarily concluded that he hasn't much personality; but if he is conscious of other people's sufferings, if he understands and sympathizes with their ambitions and their hopes—if he is so conscious of them, in fact, that he seems to "forget himself"—it is customarily concluded that he is a great personality.

I am not speaking of any ideal way of viewing life. I am speaking of the way in which life is viewed generally by people who may argue in vastly different ways. Napoleon and Jesus are both recognized as great personalities. Superficially, they seem to have little in common, but the recognition in both cases springs from this same human way of measuring greatness. Napoleon may have had an exaggerated opinion of himself, and Jesus may have thought that He was God, but that had little to do with the case. A lot of people with exaggerated notions of themselves, and a lot of those who think they are God, are easily recognized as very small.

One of these so-called great men built up a great empire and lost it. For a time he dominated world history. The other was so obscure that He did not get into the world news until centuries after his ignominious death. Either one or the other was a big fool, but neither was a little fool. They are both recognized as great, it seems to me, primarily because they were conscious of so much more than the so-called average person is conscious of. Whether either was intrinsically great is not my point here. My point is that each was recognized as great by his followers, not because of his individualism but because of his universality.

Fighting for Napoleon was like fighting for oneself, whoever oneself happened to be. A mother might fight for her child in much the same way, but it would not follow that the child was great. Only when one person is so indistinct in his personality as to be adopted by a great number of persons as the symbol of the whole gang, do we have the phenomenon which the world calls greatness. Strangely enough, they have given to this phenomenon the names "individuality" and "personality." What they really mean is universality.

Once again, what am I? I am not my body. I am not a spirit: at least, there is nothing that anybody ever saw to indicate that there is such an entity as a spirit. Charlie Wood, to those who know him, is simply the totality of phenomena which have arisen from the contact of one body with all other bodies and the contact of the resulting phenomena with all other phenomena. It would be extremely difficult, I submit, to scrape that mess together, out of the whole universe, and put it into one pile so that anybody could tell what was Charlie Wood and what wasn't. In fact, it can't be done.

Not that my contacts have been so great. The smallest human being in existence is still so much that isn't he that he can not be segregated. We may know him only as Jim or Jack or Joe, the man who brings the milk or takes away the garbage or panhandles us on the street. But we know that he is much more than that. In such a characterization, we know, we do not refer to the whole man but just to one concrete relationship that has been set up in the contact of man with man.

He may tend your furnace. You may classify him

as a moron. Perhaps he "just knows enough to build a fire." But who really builds the fire? That is, whose time is actually consumed in that cellar ceremony? You may call the man Peter and you may suppose that he is simply using Peter's time, seventy years of which may already have elapsed, with not more than five or ten years more to go. But could anybody, by himself, learn how to build a fire in seventy years? The answer is no. Not in seventy centuries.

The fact is that the whole human race is in that cellar; uncounted centuries of human experience, on the part of what seemed at least to be millions and millions of different human beings, are all bound together now in the phenomenon whom you call Peter.

Human consciousness is at work in the cellar. Not Peter's consciousness, for consciousness is not a thing which any individual can possess. Consciousness, if there is any such thing as possession associated with it, is something which just now possesses Peter. He knows how to build a fire. He can not help knowing, and yet it is not in his blood. Had he been raised in an incubator, instead of in human society, he would never have known. As it is, he strikes a match: utilizing, in the act, one more second of what we know as Peter's life and untold millions of years of what we know as other people's lives, most of whom supposedly stopped living many ages ago.

Peter may not be much of a person at that. What you mean, of course, if you make such a remark, is that his limitations are very marked. But that, if it were true, would make him more definitely a person than the rest of us. If it were impossible to observe

his limitations, he would seem non-personal, universal.

As a matter of concrete fact, however, it is impossible to distinguish even seemingly limited Peter from the rest of human life. Human life is one. It lives in him: and he lives, insofar as he lives at all, only to the extent that he lives in it. "In other human lives," I was about to say. Have it that way if you like. It is well to remember, however, that the so-called "other human lives" have no separate existence either, except in a biological sense.

There are no individuals in the human race. The fact remains, nevertheless, that there are somewhere between one and two billion of them infesting the earth at present and that they are having awful quarrels with each other. This can not be true, but it is.

The chances are that you have had a lot of wars with Peter. You have fought with him personally for more heat. You have fought against him politically so that the rascals he has been voting for might be thrown out and the city have a decent government at last. There are ever so many other ways, perhaps, in which he and you have been at war; and it would not surprise me to hear that your son shot and stabbed and then broke the neck of his son, or that his son did as much for yours.

If that is true, however, Peter, with all his limitations, is not likely to hold it against either you or your son. It was a terrible fight, a fight infinitely more terrible than any personal fight between them could possibly have been. But it was not a personal fight. Neither Peter's son nor yours had any clear idea of what got them into it. A Serb whom neither of them had ever heard of had shot an Austrian

whom neither of them had ever heard of, so the Czar of all the Russias had mobilized. This was a signal, naturally, that all the people of Germany and all the people of France should begin butchering each other; and every red-blooded he-American, of course, had to lay aside all personal considerations and make the world safe for democracy. Peter's brain is too limited to comprehend all this; but so is yours.

If your son and Peter's had been the best of friends it would have made little difference. When men fight personally, there is often an ugly mess; but when they fight impersonally, rage and cruelty know no bounds. It is their *nature* to fight: so, at least it is said. *"It is in their blood."* That is strange, if true. For Peter, as you know, is not of German blood. He was just born in Germany, and his sons grew up there: while *your* parents, it may be—your son's grandparents—were thoroughly German.

I am not claiming, remember, that it is not in their blood to fight for their very lives. But sons of men are funny. In these impersonal fights they do not fight for their lives. Both Peter's son and yours loved life, but both threw it away. There was something in their nature which was so much more important than their individual lives that they readily sacrificed their lives for it *although they did not know what it was.*

But it was not in their blood. It was in their nature, all right, but not in their animal nature at all. It was in their human nature.

Possibly you have heard wise men call it the "herd instinct," but it wasn't that. This passion, whatever it is, is quite as likely to make a man stand out

against the herd: to accept persecution and pain and bitter death *all alone*, when his very disciples have fled and it seems that even God has forsaken him.

Men who hate war with a perfect hatred are likely to enlist in it. They may even enlist their anti-war convictions, along with themselves, by calling it a war to end war. If wars were fought only by those who liked them they would be ridiculously little wars. Even the gun-men in our big cities do not like their jobs. They would rather be politicians or business men or something like that; and when they do graduate into these more attractive callings they almost invariably quit shooting people on the streets. There may be a few abnormal people here and there who like to kill others: but the recruiting officers are all wise enough not to stress this point. They do not appeal to man's love of fighting in order to secure fighters. They appeal to his idealism. They appeal to his willingness to sacrifice himself. They appeal to the very quality in his nature that makes him hate war.

If we were the animals that the biologists so often try to make us out to be, there would be no problem here. Animals know when to fight. They carry the knowledge in their blood. They fight when they are sufficiently scared and can not run away, or when they want something that another animal has, or when, for one reason or another, they are good and mad. But humans fight hardest when they do not want to. The less they know about the issue—that is, the farther it is removed from their personal affairs—the more desperate the fight is apt to be. The quarrels with Peter about the heat were never very serious: but the quarrel about what Izvolsky

said to Poincare, and what Lord Grey's actual motives were, so aroused everybody's idealism that twenty million young men, including your son and his, were slaughtered.

Preposterous, but true. For man is not an animal and is not guided by his animal instincts. Also, he is not selfish, but is forever giving his life to some cause far more important than self. He may fight, to be sure, in a little peevish way, because his body did evolve from the brute and, when properly irritated, certain brute passions may assert themselves. But the horrible way he fights his biggest fights is not because he is brutal but because he is not. Because, in fact, he is not really an individual at all, not a body and not a spirit, but Man.

Chapter III

BEASTS know not only when to fight; they also know how. Preparedness, to them, is not a matter of keeping up with the times. They may develop a little caution concerning the weapons of the enemy, but they can not and do not add to their fighting power. The art of war to them is simply a matter of becoming sufficiently ferocious with whatever armament evolution has wished upon their kind.

A few years ago we were frequently told that our boys in France "fought like tigers." They did not. They fought like men. If they had fought like tigers a few companies of cowards and weaklings could have exterminated them. Tigers can not operate machine guns. They can not even throw stones, to say nothing of doctoring up missiles so that they will explode in the enemy's territory and deliver wholesale death.

Teeth and claws are a tiger's limit. If a tiger can handle them expertly, he knows all that a tiger ever did know, or is ever likely to know, about war. With men it is different. In war to-day, being warlike counts for just nothing at all. It is the latest knowledge which counts. One nation may have ten times as many battle-ships as another and still be the weaker of the two: for in some quiet laboratory in the other country some be-spectacled and hump-

backed professor, physically unfit and temperamentally timid, with no patriotism to speak of and no more passion than a fence-post, may be discovering some principle of chemistry or physics which will make all those battle-ships as obsolete as blunderbusses.

The professor may not apply this knowledge. Men trained in military science will apply it, when men trained in diplomacy and statecraft tell them to. But there will be no ferocity in any of these acts. If statesmen and field-marshals once got angry, that would end their usefulness. They have to keep cool heads, whatever happens; and if there is any ferocity needed, they coolly arrange to have it manufactured as needed—by press-agents, orators and musicians.

Stories of atrocity on the part of the enemy are, of course, necessary. They are especially necessary in democracies, in order to keep the army recruited to full strength. But once in the army, combativeness is discouraged. No matter how much a soldier feels like fighting he is not permitted to fight: and if he gets too fierce he is put in jail. Only when he has been trained to be impersonal is he allowed to meet the enemy. He must be ruthless. He must kill as required, no matter how he feels; and he must not fly into a passion and start striking out with his fists, as he would be likely to do if war were what the biologists seem to think it is. He must stick to his machine instead, giving way to neither animal fear nor animal rage, nor to any other animal passion. It is necessary, for the machine's sake, that his whole animal nature be submerged. For the machine can kill as brutes could never hope to do, and if torture and

death are to be carried on efficiently, the torturers and killers must not become brutal. A new recruit, to be sure, is taught to hate. He is taught, for instance, to hate the dummy which he employs for bayonet practice. But hating a symbol is a decidedly human passion, and its purpose is most impersonal.

There are moments in all wars, to be sure, when fighting does become personal. Maddened by punishment or by the loss of his buddy, a soldier may throw caution to the winds, violate orders, rush into an enemy trench and get his very personal hands on the throat of a seemingly personal foe. If he does something of the sort, and lives, the romanticists will make much of it; and the military committee whose business it is to mobilize romance may even present him with a croix de guerre. But wars are not won by such exploits. One army, on the whole, is no braver than another; and the man who is so heroic as to violate orders is likely to be kept peeling potatoes very far from the front. Making war to-day is a matter of mobilizing tool-power. It is a matter of coordinating the machine: not merely the so-called fighting machine but the whole machinery of production and distribution of wealth.

Making peace, on the other hand, is what? In the minds of the average peacemaker it is an agreement to quit fighting. At best it seems to be an agreement to carry our national differences into court, with a general understanding all around that it shall be unlawful for the loser to resort to arms. The machine, in their minds, has nothing to do with it; except that it will no longer be necessary to mobilize it for war. It can be demobilized, they think, just as the army can, and people will become individuals again.

If the machine were demobilized, people would become individuals, it is true. But they would not be people. They would be brutes. It is the existence of the machine that makes life human, just as it is the existence of the fighting machine that distinguishes human from animal wars.

Of course, the peacemakers do not really wish to demobilize the machine. They do not want to become individuals: they only think they do. They want to enjoy their property in peace. They want to feel that it will not be taken away from them: their railroads and their steel industries, their mines and their mills and their offices, as well as their homes and their intimate personal possessions.

But if the machine were demobilized, and people were to become individuals again, they could have no property. It would be impossible to own anything, unless one found it growing wild. If people were individuals, one could not even own his own tooth-brush.

For tooth-brushes do not grow on bushes. Tooth-brushes are made by Man. Not by a man, and not even by the employees of a tooth-brush factory, but by the labor and experience of the whole race of man from the dawn of human history. In order that there might be tooth-brushes, man had to give up the whole principle of individualism. He did not have to give up the theory of individualism, but he had to quit acting upon it. He had to become collective, communistic, merging the little drop of knowledge which he was able to wring out of his own few years of existence with the whole sea of knowledge to which everybody everywhere had, for all time, been contributing other years and years and years.

No modern machine was ever invented by an individual man. The most that any inventor could ever do was to add up other people's discoveries and contribute his little mite of discovery to that. He could not even do this on his own time. Things had to be fixed somehow so that he could apply his mind to the job. Human character, we are forever being told, is built up through eternal struggle: but it seems that man had to be relieved from the struggle before he could do any particularly human thing.

Archimedes could never have set up his lever if he had had to spend all his energy in the struggle for existence. Greece could never have been Greece without her slaves. It requires leisure, it requires surcease from struggle, to develop any art or science. One can not even learn how to fight snakes while he is fighting snakes.

A fight with a snake requires one's whole time and attention while the fight is on: and in the early days some such fight was almost always on. Not until someone, somehow, was granted a vacation, could he think of a more effective way of carrying on that war. It had to be arranged, somehow, that a lot of people should work themselves to death, so that a few could live more human lives.

No wonder slavery was looked upon as a divine institution. Without it we could have had no human life at all. Even the slaves were better off because of it: for if no one had had leisure to discover new and better ways of using human energy, man would never have become man. It was slavery which freed the slaves. It was through slavery that some people gained the leisure to develop the arts and sciences that eventually made slavery unnecessary. Otherwise,

there is no reason to believe that man would have survived against the tiger and the lion and the snake and other enemies whose natural fitness seems to be so much greater than his. But even had he survived, he would not have survived as a man. He would have survived as the tiger has survived, by the prowess of his teeth and claws, or by his ability to run and hide and climb.

Man does not fear any of these enemies now. A human body is more helpless than ever when confronted by one of them; but where Man goes as Man no wild beast can terrify him. He can plant his civilization in their jungles; and, as in Panama, he can make those jungles safe for human life. He can, if he sets his mind upon it, exterminate the insects. He need not ask whether any place is fit for human habitation: if it is a place which he desires, he can make it fit.

It may be an arid desert, but that will be no hindrance. He knows how to turn the desert into a garden, if he takes a notion that he would like to have a garden there. There is no forest he can not penetrate. There is no sea that can drive him back.

He is complete master of the earth, but not as an individual. In order to attain that position he had to cease being an individual and pool his time with all humanity; not merely with that part of humanity which lives in his vicinity, nor with that part which is living in his generation, but with the time of all humanity, present and past.

Human nature is communistic. Man can not function as a human being except in this communistic way. He does not relish the idea. He tries to think of himself as an individual, and he wants to think

that he, as an individual, is greater than the machine.

Especially is this true of the conservatives and the radicals, and the materialists and the spiritualists whom I have met.

The conservative is wedded to the notion of property. Squirrels store up nuts. Bees pile up honey. It is the conservative's notion that man can accumulate things in much the same way. He forgets how man obtains the things he is trying to store up, and he forgets that, if these things were stored up, they would be utterly useless to their owner.

This conservative may "own" a steel mill: but if he gets word over the ticker that his ingots are being stored up into immense piles, he is frantic with worry. He does not want them stored. He wants them used. If other human beings are not using those ingots fast enough, the chances are that he will shut down his precious mill.

No, the most hidebound conservative alive does not really want individual ownership. Not of real things, anyway. What he wants is security. What he wants is just what everybody wants—freedom to use all the things he wants to use whenever he wants to use them. He thinks he can not have this freedom under a communistic system: nevertheless, the system under which he has them, insofar as he does have them, is decidedly communistic.

Twenty thousand men may be working for him. Only by their cooperation is the mill kept going. They are not working as individuals, either: they do not file into the mine, each grabbing an armful of ore, each building a fire under it, each burning out the dross and each eventually converting his particular armful into steel. Steel can not be made that

way. Steel can be made only by merging the time of all these men into one unit of time. No one man could do all the different things that have to be done. No man, in one lifetime, could learn how to do them. No single man to-day, no Gary, no Schwab, knows how steel is made; but Man knows how to make steel, and these men understand a little about how to organize that body of knowledge.

They may "think" that man is individualistic. They may "believe" in competition. It may be their profound conviction that character is built up only through struggle, and they may do their best to inspire young people, in Sunday-school classes, with stories of how they fought their way single-handed to success. But they seem to know enough to reserve that line for Sunday-school. They do not, if they can help it, permit it in their mills. They want no single-handedness there. They want no competition, no getting ahead of the other fellow, but earnest, passionate cooperation all around. So far as the mill is concerned, they want pure communism. So far as its ownership and its product is concerned, they think they want something else. Just what it is they think they want is not always clear, but they are very sure that communism *outside the walls of a mill* is utterly opposed to human nature.

The radicals are often quite as amusing. Frequently, they "want to get away from the struggle." They hate the machine. They hate all this "artificiality." They hate civilization, or they think they do, and they are prone to organize little colonies where people can cooperate with each other, instead of working against each other as civilization seems to demand.

So they give up working in a mill and try their hands at raising chickens. Or they plot out little individual gardens and become, in their actual functioning, as individualistic as it is possible to be. I do not say that they necessarily fail in these experiments. Sometimes they get a certain relief from a tension which was too much for them: but their colonies generally languish; seldom, if ever, do they become self-supporting; and instead of the sweet communion between lofty minds which was expected, life in such colonies has generally degenerated into bitter personal squabbling.

"Back to Nature" is a frequently recurring call on the part of the discontented and the distressed. One can not help sympathizing with their distress: but what they mean by "Back to Nature" is amusing. Modern plumbing, in their minds, is too artificial. So are electric lights and all the conveniences which so appeal to the *bourgeoisie*. These precious souls dream of desert islands instead, and rapturously quote Omar.

> "A book of verses underneath the bough,
> A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and Thou
> Beside me singing in the wilderness—
> Ah, wilderness were Paradise enow."

But where would they get the book of verses, to say nothing of the bread and wine? Books are surely as artificial as bathtubs. They are preeminently a product of human communism. No man could write one without drawing upon the mass of mankind for his paper and pen and ink; for the leisure necessary for such an effort; for the very characters he employs to compose the words; for the words them-

selves, which have been slowly developed, not in any one man's life but in the life of the whole race; and for most of, if not quite all, the ideas which he wishes to convey.

"Back to Nature" is a meaningless phrase. It is possible, perhaps, for man to revert in some measure to his pre-human life; but that life is not more natural than life in the slums. Its poverty is more hopeless and its drudgery more tyrannical. The individual fight for existence left no time for such an unfit type as the anthropoid to do much of anything except fight and fear. The love-making which was possible under such circumstances would never appeal to the modern dreamer who insists upon having poetry with his love. It was our escape from this animal nature which made poetry possible. It is our time-saving devices that we must thank for having any human passions at all.

I sympathize, to be sure, with this longing to get away from the machine. That longing is human to the core; for being human is a constant process of escaping from what we have been, into a more natural existence. But the way to *human nature* is not back. It is straight ahead.

Intuitively, in some small degree, man has always recognized that he was not an animal. Obviously, he did not act like one. Man reasoned, therefore, that there must be gods, and he generally classified himself as a mongrel type, half animal and half god.

This, however, hardly solved his problem: for no one knew how gods behaved themselves. The authorities differed. None of them had ever seen a god, but they all pretended that they had, or else that they had studied the subject carefully in some sacred

book. These authorities, therefore, outlined courses of conduct for everybody: and by a strange coincidence the conduct proposed was always the sort of conduct on the part of the people which it was most convenient for the authorities to have them follow.

This chicanery of the spiritualists was probably the chief cause of materialism. It was not religion as such, for instance, that disturbed Karl Marx; it was the way the ruling classes used it to keep the working classes from rebelling. So Marx and others developed a materialistic philosophy, and they proved conclusively that there were no non-material persons.

Man, to them, did not have an immortal soul to save. What he had was a body, and it behooved him to take care of that. By uniting with his class in a war against the other classes, the worker might save his body from slavery and poverty and fear.

Good old Karl! He gave his life to the advocacy of such a revolution. He knew he would not see it himself, this old materialist, this professor who had it all doped out that self-interest is the mainspring of human action. But that made no difference. He endured deprivation and disgrace for an ideal—in order to prove that Man will not do anything of the sort.

And consider his great American disciple, Eugene V. Debs. If ever there was a self-sacrificing son of man, Debs was surely one. Capitalism, he felt, must be shown up for what it was. Marx had explained what it was, and Debs proclaimed that explanation so that the humblest worker could understand. He did not call upon him to sacrifice his life. He called upon him to recognize his own selfish interest, to per-

ceive the way in which he was being exploited by the greedy master class, and to demand for himself the full product of his toil.

Debs, trying to arouse human beings to the ideal of self-interest, sometimes went without food, because he had met some needy stranger and given away all his money. Sometimes he appeared without a coat, because he had given that away also. Naturally, he had great meetings, for audiences felt his white-hot human love; and as for his logic, it was quite as logical as any blackboard logic is. But the workers, for some reason or other, could not be aroused to selfishness; and when election time came around they always forgot about that emancipation business.

Debs loved people. He loved them so much that nothing else seemed to matter. Judge Gary and Mr. Rockefeller loved God. The great argument used against Debs was that socialism was opposed to religion in that it left no place for God in man's affairs. Judge Gary's and Mr. Rockefeller's religion not only left such a place but acknowledged God's supreme leadership in everything—including oil and steel. To interfere with his management of these industries was sacrilege. God knew best. He had ordained things in this life so that some should be wealthy and some poor. It was a life of struggle for all: and those who struggled most faithfully, and were careful to obey God all along the line, would eventually be rewarded in this life, as God wanted them to be. But this life was not all. It was but a preparation for the spiritual life beyond.

Socialism, as interpreted by Debs, contained no such "spiritual" message. It baldly asserted instead

that Rockefeller had the country's oil because he had grabbed it, and it urged the workers to combine and grab it back.

But the workers did nothing of the sort. Insofar as they did combine for socialism, they did no grabbing. They organized a party, not of grabbers, but of contributors. They all paid dues for the privilege of working hard for the cause. Tired workers by the thousands got up at four o'clock on Sunday mornings to distribute socialist pamphlets; and they labored late into the night, plotting, planning, organizing meetings, wearing themselves out for the cause, even where they were fully convinced that socialism could not possibly come in their time and that there was no future life in which man could receive any reward.

Funny thing, this human nature! And these classifications of spiritual and materialistic are funny classifications. They may mean something on a blackboard, but they mean nothing whatever in life.

And what a funny lot of talking we have done about "selfishness" and "unselfishness"! Where is the "self" which both sides have been discussing? Where is the "self" of a Rockefeller or a Gary or a Debs. Is it in their bodies or is it in their spirits? To do my best I can not find it in either. "Self" is a word we have manufactured out of the assumption that man is an individual and that somehow, either as a body or as a spirit, he can live unto himself. The fact is, he can't.

Chapter IV

ONE can imagine an animal being utterly selfish. One can imagine a beast with no regard for others, conquering all its enemies and being perfectly contented with the conquest. One can imagine its killing off all competitors of its own species, preserving only such females as might be useful in the satisfaction of its sex impulses. The females, doubtless, would not be happy unless they were permitted to breed, but such a male specimen is quite conceivable. For it is not necessary in the life of some brutes that any other brute shall fare particularly well.

One can even imagine a God living a self-sufficient life. Once assume that there is a God, and He does not even have to have a wife. One can imagine Him without sex, without any desire for godly society and without any need whatever for the products of other gods.

But it is impossible to imagine a human being in such a setting. It is easy enough to imagine a Robinson Crusoe, cut off for a time from all contemporary cooperation, but it is not possible to imagine a Crusoe living unto himself.

In the first place, in order to imagine a Crusoe, it is necessary to imagine that he knows something more than how to breathe and keep his heart going. It is necessary to imagine that he has some human

knowledge too, some knowledge that he did not inherit biologically. That he knows how to build a fire, how to drive a nail, how to strip an animal of its fur and employ it for the purpose of keeping himself warm. He may not understand the technique, but he knows that human beings can do these things. They are not gifts that human life inherits: they are arts that humans have acquired and taught to other human beings. To imagine a Crusoe without any such knowledge is not to imagine a Crusoe at all but to imagine a mere brute or a mere god. The thing that makes Crusoe Crusoe is that he is a man; and the thing that makes him a man is that millions and millions of specimens of *genus homo* so pooled their time and experience through millions of years that it was eventually possible for what we know as human life to begin.

The story of Robinson Crusoe is the story of a man trying to live a human life without any present assistance from other human beings. He has to rely entirely on what he has already learned and what he can add to that from his own observation and experience. But he has millions of years of cooperation behind him. He has millions of years of human experience to apply to the task. Robinson Crusoe is not the story of a man living unto himself. It is the story of man's inextricable association with all human life. It is its very demonstration of man's non-individualism which makes the story one of supreme human interest.

It is easy to portray Rockefeller as "greedy." Seemingly, no human being ever succeeded in grabbing so much before. But obviously he did not grab it for himself, neither for his body nor for his im-

mortal soul; and it is unlikely, I think, that he grabbed it for God. Mr. Rockefeller's God, at least, has never publicly advocated grabbing; is said to own the whole world, anyway, and to be particularly partial toward the poor. Besides all that, Mr. Rockefeller has put himself to no end of trouble trying to give his wealth away in places where it will do the least harm.

What does it all mean? How can a Rockefeller be explained? My theory is that there never was such an individual, any more than there ever was an individual Debs. My theory is that they are both just human life. Each, to be sure, has a body; and each, for all I know, may have a soul: but it is neither their physical nor their spiritual life which interests us. What interests us in each of these phenomena is consciousness, knowledge, time. They do not possess these things: they simply partake of them. They live in them. Without them there is no human life.

We all partake of consciousness, of knowledge, and of time. If we did not, we would not be human beings. But the consciousness is not mine or thine. It is not something that can be attached to oneself and detached from the rest of humankind. Neither is knowledge, nor time. Our own time is a century or so at most. It is not time enough to speak of, if one were to begin the development of consciousness at his birth. It is not time enough to acquire anything more than animal consciousness, anything to distinguish the human from animal life. We are all dependent for our very human identity upon this communism of knowledge. It is in that, and not in our physical inheritance, that human nature asserts itself.

There is nothing whatever to indicate that a Rockefeller is more acquisitive by nature than a Debs. One loved humanity and tried to serve it. The other loved God and tried to serve Him. Both of them being human, it was impossible that either should be content to love or serve himself.

But how could Mr. Debs demonstrate his love for humanity and how could Mr. Rockefeller demonstrate his love of God? Neither could depend upon his own knowledge in the matter, for a single lifetime is not sufficient to evolve any knowledge that would be of any use. It would be like depending upon one's own tears to make an ocean upon which one could sail to an unknown land.

They had to begin, then, with such knowledge as the race had so far evolved, Debs reading up on humanity and Rockefeller reading up on God. Neither, of course, read all that had been written on these subjects. It would have been impossible, and foolish too, for many writers had utterly discredited and canceled other writers, only to become discredited and canceled in their turn: but in the end Debs landed on the Marxian interpretation of history and Rockefeller on the Baptist interpretation of the Bible.

In the meantime, both men were up against some very new problems. The Bible said nothing about how to refine oil. It said that God's chosen people should inherit the land of the Hittites and the Amalekites and the Jebusites, and Jehovah gave some fierce directions as to how to drive them out. Whether Mr. Rockefeller was inspired by this, I do not know; but Miss Tarbell's famous story of his career raked up no act that a good Baptist could not

defend on Biblical authority. At any rate, the good man found himself surrounded by Philistines, all trying to get control of America's oil supply: and when the smoke of the battle had died away, he had the oil and his enemies were pretty well slain.

That is, it seemed that he had the oil. But a good many things had happened since Joshua entered the Promised Land—things that Mr. Rockefeller doubtless did not understand. No one can blame him, for nobody understood them: but there was a dawning consciousness, here and there by this time, that possession is *not* nine points of the law governing human life. Grabbing things was a fairly simple proceeding: but owning them after they were grabbed was not now so simple.

Did Mr. Rockefeller own the oil supply? He thought he did and the courts agreed that he did and Mr. Debs took it for granted that he did. Nevertheless, there was a hitch in it somewhere. There was a time in human history, perhaps, when a person who seized the oil supply could have used it. Ten anthropoids, we may imagine, each desirous of anointing himself, might have come upon an olive tree; and the one who succeeded in subjugating all the others might apply the unction solely to his own royal epidermis, or he might dole out little drops to the others in return for personal services.

But this queer new oil king could not do that. He had too much oil. He could anoint himself till Doomsday without making any appreciable draft upon the supply. And as for dispensing it in return for personal services, he was quite as helpless. After he had got all the personal service he could pos-

sibly absorb, there was that ocean of oil quite as big as ever. In fact, it was growing bigger.

Things had happened, you see, that John wot not of. The early anthropoids had no such problems. One reason that they had no such problems was that, when they took possession of personal property, they uniformly took something that could be personally disposed of. No monarch of the old days tried to monopolize the air. No one bribed the ancient courts to give him a deed to the world's supply of sunshine, intrinsically valuable as sunshine might be. After one had absorbed about so much sunshine, sunshine became a bore. More was altogether too much, and the surplus could not be marketed to any personal advantage.

Now oil had suddenly gotten into that class. Oil, to be sure, had always been privately owned, and no one dreamed that it could not be owned in like manner forevermore. Debs had a hunch that it *should* not be, but he supposed of course that it was.

If Mr. Rockefeller had realized what had happened—that is, if human consciousness had kept pace with human events—human life might have flowed on somewhat more serenely than it did. But Rockefeller now had title to a lot of stuff that could not be owned, and nobody, not even himself, knew that he could not own it.

It was not his, it was Man's. It was Man, not John D. Rockefeller, who had discovered how to take oil from the earth, how to apply steam-power to a drill and tap the subterranean seas, how to convert the torrent that now gushed forth into light and heat and eventually into gasoline and electric

power. John D.'s life was all too short to arrive at any such discovery. His eighty or ninety or one hundred years, unaugmented by the time of the rest of the race, could not have produced one tallow dip. But Man had made one vast pool of Time and wherever that pool was tapped, wealth hitherto unheard of now burst forth: wealth that no individual man could produce and which no individual man could consume.

It required the cooperation of the millions, for instance, to consume that gasoline. A gas engine had to be discovered and perfected first, and some service that everybody could avail himself of had to be imagined and realized. It was not enough that the rich should live in luxury: the poor must live in luxury too—for the sake of the oil which everybody thought belonged to John D. Rockefeller.

The problem was solved. A chariot was invented—not by anybody in particular but by everybody in general—a chariot which would have made a Cæsar howl with envy. It was not only more beautiful than anything Cæsar ever rode in, but it could make Cæsar, in his wildest burst of speed, think he was standing still.

No slaves were necessary to drive these chariots: for each was driven, not by a man, but by Man. No one knew how to drive one, by himself, but by utilizing the pool of human time once more, the problem was easily solved. Literally, within a very few years "everybody knew how to run an automobile." *Everybody* could do it, but not any single person. However, by drawing upon the common knowledge, it seemed that individuals were running them.

In the meantime, all this activity was supposed to

be piling up wealth for John D. Actually, it was piling up figures on the blackboard, and there is reason to believe that the figures did not make him a particularly happy person. On the blackboard he was the richest man that ever was. In real life he was just an old fellow who went about chasing a ball with a stick, while his son worked frantically, night and day, year in and year out, trying to discover how to give that ocean of oil away. Not the oil, exactly, but the "money" for which the oil was being exchanged.

This "money" was not wealth. It was only a symbol of wealth. It was not a real thing: it was a blackboard thing. It was a figure that had been invented in the world of two plus two, where it was supposed that human beings could own human products in the same way that monkeys can own the coconuts they find.

I said the real Rockefeller was an old man chasing a ball with a stick. I should qualify that. I mean that this is about as near to the real Rockefeller as we can get, if man is the being which the biologists and the average run of religious "believers" assume that he is. There is nothing strikingly social, at least, in the act of playing golf, for one's stomach's sake, on one's private course. It may be that no human action is strictly individual; but as words are employed to-day, there is no particular social significance in Mr. Rockefeller's golf.

But the newspapers for many years printed picture after picture of Mr. Rockefeller playing golf. Why? Was it because the pictures were excellent pictures? Was it because the Rockefeller score was notable? Was it because, of all the old men the photographers

had discovered chasing balls with sticks, this one seemed to chase them in the most interesting way? No, none of these things. The reason that such pictures appealed to editors and the public had nothing to do with golf as a pastime, or as an aid to digestion; and nothing to do, in fact, with either the game of golf or the individual person who was playing it. It was because this old gentleman was supposed to be, not the world's champion golfer, but the world's champion *owner,* that the papers printed his picture every time he permitted the camera men to take it.

He wasn't anything of the sort. Any squirrel in the park can own wealth in a more accurate way than Mr. Rockefeller ever owned his millions. For when the squirrel stores up his nuts, nobody else can touch them; and the amount of wealth which Mr. Rockefeller has put out of other people's reach has not been notable at all. Any number of gay young spenders in the second line of millionaires have been able to divert much more wealth to their own exclusive services than he, and they come much nearer to being owners. But on the blackboard, Rockefeller is the champion owner.

I may own the moon, and the courts may uphold my title to it; but at the present stage of human events such a title would constitute no great ownership. I should not know how to turn off the moonlight even if I had the authority. Lovers could bask in it, under my proprietorship, quite as freely as they had before. I might assume to tax them so much an hour, but I could not get away with it. Not in these days. The most I could do would be to make war upon them; but unless there was a widespread

superstition that I could manage the moon, I could not make much of a war.

It would, of course, be a justifiable war on my part. It would be a war of defense. It would be a war to protect my property, my sacred rights. Nor would I be infringing on anyone else's rights. I would recognize every one's right to make love: but not in *my* moonlight, without paying a reasonable rent to me.

In spite of this morally impregnable position, however, I would surely be defeated. For I could not find enough soldiers, I am sure, to share my superstition that I owned the moon. Mr. Rockefeller, defending his ownership, would have a much better chance. Those pictures in the newspapers have helped. There was nothing inspiring about them; there was nothing in the pictures to arouse enthusiasm among the spectators, or to make them feel that it was simply grand to live in a world owned by such a man. Nothing like that was necessary. All that was necessary was to keep alive the superstition of his ownership.

If I owned the moon and were anxious to have my title permanently recognized, there is just one way that I could do it. That is, by doing nothing about it whatever. The minute I started to do anything about it, that minute my ownership would end. Mr. Rockefeller's ownership is not quite so limited as that. He has been permitted to do certain things with his ownership. The law has not limited him to any great extent. It has not once interfered, so far as I have heard, with one of his bequests, or ordered him to give the money to some other cause instead. Theoretically, he has been perfectly free. Prac-

tically, however, his ownership has been extremely limited.

Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, devout believer though he be, would not be permitted to give his wealth to God: not in the sense, at least, in which an ancient owner could pour out libations to his deity. A real owner, possessing a cruse of oil, could pour it all out on the ground before his God, for God to use exactly as He thought best. Rockefeller would not be permitted to dispose of "his" oil that way. If the law did not step in to prevent it, the facts would. Every time he gives even his money to God, he is very careful to tell God first just how every dollar must be spent.

Mr. Henry Ford, chief runner-up in the game of modern ownership, is much more modern than Rockefeller. That is, his ownership is even more limited. It is supposed, I know, that he and his son own the Ford industries outright, but neither he nor Edsel shares this superstition. Mr. Ford got rid of all stockholders in the Ford Motor Company, and had everything placed in the Ford name instead, not because he wanted ownership to function more freely, but because he did not want it to function at all.

If a man owns anything he can do with it as he wishes. If he owns a wheelbarrow, he may use it to wheel sand or he may smash it up for fire-wood. He may even decide not to use it for anything but turn it upside down and spend his time thereafter whirling the wheel around. But a man can not own a modern industry in that way, and Mr. Ford discovered that he couldn't. But a lot of "owners," he noticed, were trying to. They looked upon their in-

dustries as property: and because they owned them they believed they had the right to say how they should be run.

Ford did not believe that an owner had any such rights, any more than a man has a right to wag his tail. Ford was a mechanic, not a lawyer, and he was not interested in rights; but whether a man had a right to wag his tail or not, he didn't have any tail to wag and that settled it. And these "owners" could not own industry; and whenever they acted as if they did they only balled things up.

The only way to run a modern industry, he believed, was to find out how it runs: that is, to discover the laws of its being and to abide by them. This left no room for personal whims. Personally, he might like to see men with long whiskers: but if long whiskers got tangled up in the machinery it would seem advisable to employ beardless folk instead. According to one's personal two-plus-two, a man ought to be able to do twice as much work in sixteen hours as he could in eight, but the only way to be sure was to find out. According to the superstition then prevalent among owners, the owners would make more money if wages were kept low. But Ford could not see that the experience of owning an industry, even if it could be owned, gave a man any divine prescience in problems such as this. He preferred to learn by actual observation, and he learned that high wages were a lot more economical. Perhaps it wasn't logical, but he didn't care. It satisfied him to find out that it was so.

But ownership would not let him apply the principles he had discovered, so he decided that when he once got the opportunity he would weed the whole

idea of ownership out of the Ford plants. Technically, he became sole owner himself. Actually, Mr. Ford does not recognize any ownership, even his own.

In this he differs perceptibly from Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Rockefeller "gives" his millions away. It is his theory that they are his to give; but even at that, in actual practice he finds that he can not give them personally. All his consequential gifts have to be worked out scientifically: when he gives personally he has to limit himself to inconsequential dimes.

Nevertheless, Mr. Rockefeller shares with the general public the superstition that the dime-distributor and the Oil King Philanthropist are one and the same person. Mr. Ford seems to know better. He does not give away dimes and he does not pretend to give away hundreds of millions of dollars. He knows he doesn't own them. These so-called millions of his, he knows, are mere phenomena associated with the motor-car industry. The laws of industry demand that capital shall be used thus and so, and Mr. Ford sees to it that those laws are obeyed. He may swipe a little from the pile, occasionally—a little that would hardly be noticed—to buy a Wayside Inn or to memorialize the school to which Mary led her Little Lamb; but philanthropy, in the Rockefeller sense, is an alien world to him.

It is interesting to note that Rockefeller, the greatest giver in all human history, is not a popular symbol of human friendliness. He is enshrined, rather, in the minds of the people, as the world's greatest grabber; while Ford, who does not know

how to give magnificently, has utterly escaped the popular resentment against men of wealth.

Is this because of their respective personalities? Is it because Rockefeller was acquisitive and Ford naturally generous? Or is it, as some of the biologists would have it, a difference in their breeding?

Just who is Rockefeller, anyway, and who is Ford? Are they two animals or two immortal souls? The answer is that it makes no difference to any of us whether they are either or both. *Our* Ford and *our* Rockefeller are not individuals at all. They are differing phenomena in the evolution of human relations. If oil had not been discovered, and we had never had an automobile, their bodies might still be among us and their souls might be winging their personal ways to God. But *they* would not be among us. The real Rockefeller and the real Ford—the phenomena with which we have to deal—are not individuals at all but manifestations of human relations in general in the oil age and in the era of the motor-car.

Chapter V

IT may seem to the reader that I am trying to solve the problem of which came first, the hen or the egg. I am not. I am merely trying to distinguish between the two, so that we shall know what to do in any given case.

Because hens come from eggs, it does not follow that they are eggs. It behooves us to remember this, else we may be putting a dozen hens under an egg in the hope that they will hatch, or ordering three-minute chickens for breakfast.

If a hen cackles, it may be all right; but if an egg cackles, something ought to be done about it.

Likewise, if human beings are no longer individuals—if it is no longer possible for them to live individually—we can not get anywhere by treating them as if they could.

If they are individuals, and there is a war between them, there are just two things that can be done. Either they must fight it out until one side gets its way, or they must reach some agreement as to each other's rights.

If they are not individuals, however, no such agreement can be made or maintained.

Your hand, for instance, can not make a contract to quit punching your eye. If you found it punching your eye, you might induce it to sign such a contract,

but you would probably know better than to rely on its signature.

And you would not, I think, try to settle the argument by administering exact justice between the two parties. The hand might prove that the eye had been unwatchful and allowed it to be seriously burned. If so, it would be obviously just to let the hand inflict an equal amount of pain upon the eye. But no such just settlement would be desirable. Justice is all right if there are two parties to be considered; where the two happen to be one, some other principle must be invoked.

But are there two distinct parties to be considered in human relationships? I have been arguing, on a sort of blackboard of my own, that there are not. Naturally, I do not think I have convinced anyone who was not already convinced: but if I have succeeded in getting any number of readers to *ask the question,* my chief aim will have been achieved.

It will be conceded, I think, that the question is an important one. If there actually are a billion and a half competitive human entities on earth, the most that we can possibly hope for is that they shall stop fighting. But if it should turn out that there is only one humanity after all—a humanity in which we all live and move and have our human being—we may hope for positive and passionate coordination.

Such a discovery would revolutionize human life. It would annul all our former conclusions in the realm of economics, sociology, government and morals to a greater degree than the discoveries of the physical scientists have annulled our conceptions of the physical universe.

It would revolutionize our language. It would do

away with all such words as good and bad, selfish and unselfish, justice, rights, property, mine and thine; and even the capital "I" would be dethroned from its age-old position of preeminence. Of course, we might retain the words, but we would necessarily put new meanings into them, just as, to quote Bishop William Montgomery Brown, we still speak of the sunrise, although we know that the sun does not rise.

It will be admitted, I think, that this idea of human oneness is conceivable. That an idea is conceivable does not necessarily make it true: but if it is not conceivable, it makes no difference whether it is true or not. We can not do anything, obviously, on the problem of illumination unless we are able to conceive of such a phenomenon as light.

But this idea of human oneness has been conceived by human minds. Jesus conceived it, and all his recorded words are charged with it. And while the Christian church has utterly disagreed with Jesus, and has demonstrated through the centuries that it did not believe his concept was correct, it has nevertheless preserved the concept as one that might some day be believed.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with *all* thy heart and with *all* thy mind and with *all* thy strength," leaving no heart or mind or strength left, apparently, for the adoration of one's supposed ego, but leaving *self-love,* nevertheless, as strong as ever. For after giving this commandment Jesus gave a second which he said was "like unto it"—"Thou shalt love thy neighbor *as thyself.*"

There is certainly no suggestion here that one

should hate himself, and then love all his neighbors in the same way. The suggestion is plain that self-love is the right course, but it behooves us to find out who one's *self* is. Jesus identified this self with "God"; but that there might be no confusion as to who God was, He identified God with all humanity. The second commandment and the first were alike to Him. He and the Father were one, but He and the least of the human race were one as well.

I am not trying to prove here that Jesus was right, and I am not suggesting that any one should reach this conclusion just because Jesus arrived at it. I am simply calling attention to the fact, or at least to the statements in the Bible purporting to be fact, that Jesus conceived that human life does not consist of millions of competitive entities, each having a "self" to look out for, nor of millions of litigants who can be pacified only through the acquisition of their respective rights, but of One Life, One Being, One Self.

Perhaps there was no such historical character as Jesus. That is immaterial. The fact remains that some human mind has entertained this concept, and that it is a concept which the human mind can entertain.

In fact, the human mind has found it fascinating. It would seem, almost, that people *want* to believe it, insisting as they have insisted, against all the conclusions on their respective blackboards, that the teachings of Jesus, however absurd they are, ought nevertheless to be held in reverence.

The world is still strongly of the opinion, however, that Jesus was all wrong. Especially is this true of the Christian world. You can tell a Hindu,

perhaps, that Jesus had the correct idea, but it is hardly safe to say it to a Christian.

I do not believe that the average heathen is committed to the theories of Jesus. The average human being everywhere assumes that he is a distinct, individual soul; but it is the Christian, generally, who is most pugnacious about it. The heathen is apt to think that his soul doesn't amount to very much. He has one, to be sure, but what of it? It isn't anything, from his point of view, that he can do very much about. He is inclined to be fatalistic. If he can keep on the right side of the gods, or devils, that have control of his fate, he will; but if he can't, he is simply out of luck.

It takes a Christian to get excited about such things. It takes a Christian to tell the world that Jesus was all wrong. It takes a Christian to *assert* his individualism, where the benighted heathen only assumes it and lets it go at that.

The business of saving one's immortal soul, from the Christian standpoint, has been about all the business there is. Even the Mohammedan could not match him at it: for the Mohammedan, after all, let Allah manage things; while the Christian, in his sublime egotism, got to giving orders to God.

His soul's salvation was not only his business but it was God's chief business too. He insisted upon God giving it first attention. The result is that the Christian went in for self-expression, all along the line, with an intensity that no people ever developed before.

When he went into business he soon dominated the world. Naturally he would, for he made God serve him in these economic enterprises in much the same

way that He had served him spiritually. It was personal service, either way: and he, he was sure, no matter what Jesus had said about it, was a person. In fact, he was *the* person.

Nevertheless, even a Christian could not live by himself alone. He had to combine with other Christians, even to put his so-called personality across. So he organized Christian society, whose business it should be to serve his precious ego; just as he organized the Christian church, and the Christian missionary movement, whose business it was to magnify the importance of everybody's individual soul. In a little while there was more cooperation and more competition in the world than the world had ever known before.

It was cooperation, not at all because it was supposed to be human nature to cooperate, but because it seemed necessary to cooperate in order to compete successfully. This is, in a nut-shell, the political history of the last hundred years. Great nations sprang up, and the phenomenon of nationalism, a sort of super-egotism. There had been nations in the old days, but nothing like this before. The old-fashioned nation had a tendency to crush the individual. The new nation had a tendency to make him feel how important he was.

They were all Christian nations, of course, and their principal work was to make bigger and better fighting machines to protect themselves from the other Christian nations. That, probably, was not the original idea. The original idea was simply to make themselves great, and to keep themselves from being overrun by the wicked hordes outside. But with these new weapons in their hands there ceased to be much

danger from wicked hordes. It was the good hordes which now threatened them. The heathen were back-numbers in the war game, and could be attended to quite simply. It was the other Christians who became formidable enemies.

The people of these Christian nations became most remarkable folks. Everybody must admit that. Through this getting together for the purpose of staying apart, they wrought many great miracles. War was their principal business, as it naturally would be: but there were long periods when some of the nations were not engaged in active wars; and in these periods some marvelous labor-saving machines were devised. By the use of these machines one man could do the work of ten: and the time of the other nine was thus saved for the making and operating of still more machines.

The result was, in spite of the wars, that the nations became fabulously rich. Not all the people in them, to be sure, were wealthy, but a greater percentage achieved great wealth than any of the old-fashioned nations could ever boast of. Wars, of course, became more and more expensive, for single implements of warfare now cost millions of dollars; and whether a nation was defeated or victorious, a big war would generally leave it broke. Nevertheless, it did not take a Christian nation very long to recover economically to a point where it was able to start another fight.

A funny thing about all this was that the Christians did not want to fight. They believed in fighting, of course, and were almost unanimously convinced that Jesus was crazy when He suggested loving one's enemies and overcoming evil with good. They were

all followers of Jesus, to be sure; but in their minds, Jesus did not have any common sense, especially on the question as to how He ought to be followed.

Their notion of a follower was a soldier; and if Jesus had any other notion He simply did not know what He was talking about. Hence, when they followed Jesus they did not put any of His fool ideas into their slogans. They sang hymns with some sense in them, instead. One of their favorites was:

"Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the Cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It shall not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army shall He lead,
Till every foe is vanquished
And Christ is Lord indeed."

Nevertheless, it is a fact that the Christians did not want to fight. Fighting, they perceived, did not pay, but what could they do? It was their duty, they felt, to fight. It was their duty to disobey Jesus. It was their duty, above everything, to serve their Christian nation. Their nation, in the first place, was always right in every fight it ever engaged in, and the nation on the other side was always all wrong. It did not matter which nation a Christian belonged to, this was always so. I can not explain how, but it was. Besides that, when a nation had once gone to war, it was nobody's Christian business thereafter whether the nation was right or wrong.

In some of these nations, notably the United States of America, a Christian was permitted to oppose war, in the name of Jesus, up to the minute that Congress declared war. After that, according to the

Christian belief, Jesus had to take a back seat. Congress was supreme, for Congress was the people. Jesus had once identified Himself with the people too—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these," He had said . . . but there was no telling what Jesus meant. To be sure, there was no telling what Congress meant, either, but two great principles seemed to stand out plain.

First, people are individuals. They are separate, competitive individuals; and in order to express themselves they must strive as individuals to get ahead of each other. This Christian nation is founded upon that principle, and it gives everybody an equal chance in this glorious contest. In the name of Jesus, then, who taught the exact opposite, let us strive against each other, and keep on striving until the whole hundred million or more of us eventually get ahead of each other.

Second, in order to achieve this, it is plain that we can not achieve it. We must sacrifice our individuality. We must get together and fight as a unit. We may not thus be fighting for what we want, but let us fight anyway. Let us fight for what we don't want. My country, may she ever be right; but right or wrong, my country!

Of course all this was absurd. But it is not to poke fun at it that I introduce it here. It was absurd but true. It was a contradiction at every point, but it was much nearer the truth than any consistent position could have been. This absurd attitude, at any rate, was not doped out on a blackboard: it grew directly out of American life.

Americans *were* expressing themselves as no people had ever expressed themselves before. The

American people had a better opportunity for self-expression than any people had ever previously had. They succeeded in releasing more human energy, and they got results, in actual wealth, that amazed the less individualistic nations of Europe and the far less individualistic nations in the rest of the world. Not only were there more millionaires, but there was such a high standard of living generally that even the poor seemed rich when judged by other nations' standards. Even unskilled workers dressed in finery, while it was a common sight to see carpenters and bricklayers going to work in expensive motor-cars.

They were not a happy people. They lived tensely, nervously. In spite of their abundant wealth and the excellent chance that everybody had of becoming actually rich, there was little sense of security in American life. Sudden upsets of industry were apt to occur at any time. No one knew how long his job would last, and periods of unemployment might send millions to the bread lines. Even those who had wealth half expected to lose it at any minute. Sudden changes in industrial processes might make their holdings worthless. Patents from which rich royalties were being received to-day were likely to be worth nothing at all to-morrow. Widows depending upon annuities from trolley lines frequently saw even the tracks torn up while new companies of motor-busses supplied transportation instead. It was not "moth and rust," but Progress, which had corrupted their treasures; not thieves, but advancing Civilization, which had broken through and stolen their every earthly possession.

I have already called sufficient attention, I think, to the fact that the great owners in America did not

own their wealth. The more they owned, in fact, the less they owned it. But Americans did not see this. They thought they were getting ahead as individuals. They were not. They were expressing themselves, but their "selves" proved to be elusive. Every big thing they did they had to do by a process of fusing the individual into the common life; and every great fortune they owned was owned by virtue of the owner's renouncing his ownership. America, in fact, while it was the most individualistic-minded nation on earth, was actually the most communistic. Intellectually, it flatly rejected all the precepts of Jesus; in reality, it went a long way toward proving them.

But Americans "believed" in individualism. It was their accepted theory, in spite of the obvious fact that nobody could act upon it, that the natural way for a human being to act was to fight his way to the top. Competition, with them, was a sacred word. It was not only the life of trade but the fundamental principle of life. Darwinians and Fundamentalists agreed on this, and fought only over the language in which the principle was laid down. Human life, from both points of view, was one grand fight, in which the fittest would inevitably survive at the expense of the others.

The popular magazines were all edited from this point of view. One of them, well named the *American Magazine,* achieved a circulation of two million by harping on this one string. It represented life always as an individual career, and its pages were filled with stories of these careers. In these stories there was no mention of the masses, whose cooperation and whose failure to reach the top had made it possible for the hero to get there. Achievements, in fact,

in many "success" magazines, were not written up as cooperative efforts at all. It was assumed that such cooperation as there was had come about solely by the genius of some great leader; and that all others had either tried to be the whole thing and failed, or they were so lazy and good-for-nothing and otherwise reprehensible that they hadn't even tried.

While everybody agreed, however, that life was such a fight, everybody knew, nevertheless, that life could not be anything of the sort. Actually, Americans did cooperate on a grand, unprecedented scale. Their factories were marvels of cooperation and coordination. But they would not admit this: they insisted upon asserting that they were marvels of individual enterprise instead.

The theory was that everybody was naturally at war with everybody else: that is, that everybody was trying to own as much of the country as he could, and to hold his claim against all competitors. And not only that everybody was engaged in such a war, but that it was perfectly natural that everybody should be thus engaged. But when there was a war, the opposite theory was immediately trotted out. There must be no careering now. There must be no individualism. Each must live, not for his own interest, but for the common good. Each must sacrifice his life, if need be. In war, in fact, there were no individuals. There was only America to consider.

In times of peace, to be brief, there must be all-around war. But in time of war, there must be complete harmony. That was the American creed.

Chapter VI

BUT peace was necessary, even in peace times. Nothing could be done unless people got together to do it. These individual enterprises, somehow, never got anywhere until they quit being individual enterprises. Fighting one's way to the top was all right in theory, but in actual practice it simply could not be allowed.

So rules were drawn up governing competition. Some millions of laws, in fact, were enacted, and some of them were sometimes enforced. The purpose of these laws was to keep individuals from acting as individuals. There were the rights of all the other individuals to be considered. In order that everybody might be free to be an individual, nobody could be free to be an individual. The hand must not punch the eye. Not that it wouldn't if it could—for it is human nature to fight—but in order that all organs of the body shall have an equal opportunity in the struggle against all the other organs, all could see that such regulations were necessary.

This was what the Americans meant by "peace." It worked, too, after a fashion. At least, the individuals seldom acted as if they were individuals. That is, they did and they didn't. When they thought about it, they did. When they didn't think about it, they didn't.

Many of these laws regulated peace in the family. They stated, as exactly as they could state, what the exact rights of a husband and a wife were. And when husbands and wives forgot all about what the law said, they often got along beautifully: but when one or the other got to thinking of his rights there was a war.

Much the same thing occurred in industry. Groups generally worked quite happily together until the question of rights came up. The question of pay was the chief one in dispute. Men who enjoyed their work frequently did not enjoy their pay. It was assumed by all that they worked for pay: for men were supposed to be individuals and pay was a strictly individual concept.

Work, on the other hand, was strictly social. Nobody could work unless he worked with other people, dove-tailing his labor with the labor of millions of others, living and dead. People, nevertheless, fairly reveled in it. Artists would work over their canvases, mothers would work over their children, scientists would work over their test-tubes, even mechanics would lose themselves in happy concentration upon some mechanical problem—but when the question of pay came up, they said they'd be damned if they would.

When people thought about pay they generally quit doing what they enjoyed doing and took up something that they thought would pay them better. It didn't matter how many people were doing it, or whether it was worth doing at all: people were certain that they were individuals, and the only way an individual can become great is by enlarging itself, by swelling up.

The human eye becomes great if it functions perfectly, giving the best service all around that an eye can give. If one's eye or one's hand swells up to twice its former size we do not think of it as great but only as a great calamity. Naturally, however, under such circumstances, we *pay* it more than we did before. That is, we give it twice the attention, perhaps a hundred times as much attention, as we give a member that is behaving itself *as a member of the body* and not going off on a career of its own.

But that is not the way we have been paying the various members of this body that we call human society. In fact, we have not looked upon it as a body at all, nor upon its members as members. Our theory has been that they are naturally competitive units, and that there can be no harmony among them unless they are beaten into line by some member with a Big Will and a Big Stick, or consent to democratic rule instead, in which case everybody's rights against everybody else will be defined by majority vote and everybody can fight everybody on equal terms.

The workings of democracy, then, are hardly analogous to the workings of physiology. It is customary to speak of the units in this grand free-for-all as "members of society," but the metaphor has never meant very much. In physiology we concentrate our attention upon the member that is falling behind. In democracy we take it for granted that those who are behind are unfit and unworthy of special attention; and we reserve our rewards for those who get ahead.

I am making no argument against democracy in favor of autocracy. Both are based, in fact, upon the same principle—the assumption that human life is

naturally at war with human life and that it is up to someone to whip it into line.

It is customary, in fact, to look upon even the human body in much the same way. I was taught in school that the "brain" was the center of intelligence, and that hands and feet, heart, liver and lungs received orders from it in much the same way that troops get their orders from General Headquarters. Then I was taught in Sunday-school that, while this was undoubtedly true, it was altogether false; that my brain was merely a part of my body, whereas I had a bodiless soul which was superior to my brain and which will continue to exist as an independent intelligence long after my brain shall have ceased functioning.

To-day, I do not find it possible to believe either of these theories. For I have never seen either a brain or a soul that gave any evidence of being intelligent by itself. Such intelligence as there seems to be does not seem to exist in the individual at all but in the relations between these so-called individuals. I don't pretend to understand how this can be. I only note it as a phenomenon: but it is certainly no harder to conceive of consciousness emanating from relationship—or relativity, if the mathematicians will permit me to use the word—than to think of it as emanating from "matter" or from "spirit."

Life is no more absolute than motion. Certainly we can not conceive of a human life except in its relation to some other life. Adam, without God and the park and the menagerie and Eve, is an utterly impossible concept. Such a life could have no consciousness, for there would be nothing to be conscious of. To be or not to be would constitute no

problem for such a "person," for it wouldn't make the slightest difference. Without something to relate his life to, one could not possibly know or care whether he was existing or not.

The author of Genesis seems to have recognized this. In the beginning, he said, there was God. On the day before, apparently, there wasn't. That is quite understandable: for until He had something to relate Himself to, even God could not have amounted to anything.

But that is a digression. At least it is just blackboard stuff, and I do not expect anybody to do anything about it. The only thing we seem able to do anything about is our own set of relationships; and what we do about them will depend very largely upon what we conceive those relationships to be.

Everybody admits that we do have human relations, and that a certain importance must be attached to them. The question is: Do these human relationships constitute limitations upon human life, or *are they human life?*

If we think they are mere limitations of our individual freedom it seems that we must go on being autocrats or democrats, as the case may be; and our chances for world peace will depend upon our ability to establish a system of justice which will be sufficiently strong to overcome the human urge for self-expression.

If, on the other hand, we conceive of these relations *as* our human life, and it should turn out in fact that that is what they actually are, we may expect a peace based upon self-expression—upon the very passions we have hitherto supposed have continually driven us to war.

If we conceive of ourselves as individuals, we may yet be just and reasonable. We may even be good and kind, as a lot of individualists are; and we may have a passion for justice which we will doubtless call a social passion. But for that very reason, it seems, we must hate the unjust, the cruel, and the so-called selfish. People who have felt that way have actually been known to *fight* for justice, and to go to war to end war.

But if, like the hand and the eye, we have no sense of existence apart from the body—apart from our relationships to all neighboring members—if we realize that their fortune is our fortune and their pain our pain—it will follow naturally, and can not but follow, that we shall love our neighbors as ourselves. There will be no sacrifice in this, no repression of one's real self. We shall love them as ourselves because they *are* ourselves and because self-love can have no other outlet.

It may not be possible for me to prove that this is what we are. All tradition is opposed to it. All the great philosophies seem to reach another conclusion, unless we can call the teachings of Jesus a philosophy; and all the great religious systems are certainly built about a totally different concept. But there are indications, nevertheless, that human life is not at all what the philosophers and the religionists and the schools of government have conceived it to be. There are indications in actual life itself—in actual life, in fact, in these United States of America—that Jesus had the right idea. Enough has happened at any rate to prove that Jesus was not the impractical theorist that the Christians have generally made Him out to be.

He was no economist; and if human society can be run upon any system of political economy that has yet been invented, He was wrong.

He was no moralist; and if world peace or human harmony depends upon the adoption of any specific moral standard, He was wrong.

Assuredly, He was no Christian: and if world salvation depends upon the acceptance of any particular theology, He was wrong. He did not undertake to disprove the Jewish theology, nor the Samaritan, nor the Gentile. Apparently He had bigger business.

He believed in God, apparently, as much as the Pharisees did: but a belief in God, He was always pointing out, was of no use to anybody unless he could see God made manifest in human life. He believed in life, and He believed in finding out how to live it. But it is not in systems and logics that one finds life. The place to find life is in life. No man can find God, in fact, excepting through the Son of Man.

There is no reason to believe that Jesus could not have written a book if He had wanted to. And if world salvation, in His eyes, had depended upon an exact moral code, or a perfect theological system, it is hard to think that He would not have wanted to. But He didn't. He didn't write anything, so far as anybody knows, except a few words in the sand; and those words were a blasting challenge to all the moral systems in existence.

Since life was the thing to be considered, and not mere rationalization and exegesis, it seems that Jesus decided not to write a book about life but to live it. And He lived it passionately. People will

hardly claim that He did not express himself. He suffered pain, to be sure; but that was because the whole world was in pain, and He could not have lived human life to the full if He had not. He did not believe in pain as an ideal and He did not advocate it as discipline. In the Kingdom of Heaven that He was always talking about there was to be no pain, no poverty, and no deprivation. It was to be a Kingdom of Joy, a Kingdom of Plenty, a Kingdom of Thrilling Love. But not as a reward for pain; if it could be considered as a reward at all, it was merely the reward for finding the More Abundant Life.

Now, perhaps that is all poppycock. Perhaps Jesus had delusions. Perhaps we are all naturally depraved, as the Fundamentalists argue that we are, or all just naturally agin' each other, as most of the Darwinians will have it. If such is the case, all that we can reasonably hope for is not Peace on Earth and Goodwill to Men, but a sort of social bargain all around, with courts and laws to determine our respective individual rights and world courts and world laws to keep the Christian nations from flying at each other's throats.

Chapter VII

BUT how do human beings really act? Do they act as though they were individuals or as though they were something else?

I grant that they fight each other, under certain circumstances. But under what circumstances? Is it their nature to fight each other, and do they do it generally whenever they happen to come together, or is it just the nature of certain circumstances to cause them to fight?

Very young babies, I must admit, are utterly selfish. Even the nicest of them seemingly have no regard for the comfort of other people. I yield to the Fundamentalists and the Darwinians there. A baby may not fight very effectively, because it is so lacking in strength and skill, but there can be no mistaking its motives. It is looking out for Number One, and Number One is its own stomach.

But none of us would have it any different. If a child of the most devout Fundamentalist parents were to evince ordinary politeness, to say nothing about a spirit of self-sacrifice, during its first few weeks, said parents would either rush for the doctor or pray to God to grant the little one a greater degree of depravity. No mother wants her new-born babe to say "After you," when it comes to feeding time, or even to remember the starving little ones in

China. She wants her baby to act according to the nature of a baby; and it is a baby's nature to grab for everything it wants and to have no ideals whatever beyond its own personal, strictly individual, appetites.

Babies who act this way, and achieve their ambitions, seem to get a lot of fun out of it too. If there is any hitch, it is not the fault of their grabbing but a mere matter of what they grab. If they are lucky enough to grab only the things that agree with their animal nature, they achieve happiness.

But this, I think it will be admitted, is not generally true of human beings. There comes a time in every life when such individual pursuits no longer satisfy. If any child, in fact, beyond the age of three does not evince more than an animal interest in life, it is a cause for alarm.

We expect a child of this age to try to talk, and talking is not a biologically inherited trait. The child who tries to talk is already a different being from the one who simply reached for his mother's milk. Granting that it is still in a purely imitative stage, and that it also tries to bark like the dog and crow like Friend Rooster, the child who begins to talk is already saying good-bye to his status as an individual.

Growing up, as I see it, is nothing else but this. Growing up is the process of keeping pace with one's changing nature. If a person does not do this we say he is childish: and we say it, remember, in scorn. It doesn't mean that we scorn children. We may think children are charming, but children who do not quit being children as fast as they possibly can are anything but charming.

A baby is charming, not because it weighs ten pounds and is utterly selfish and useless. It is charming because it is growing into something else which, as it often turns out, is almost equally selfish and useless. It is charming not because it is what it is, but because it *isn't* what it is—not for a single instant—but is always changing into something else.

"Except ye become as little children," said Jesus, "ye can in nowise inherit the Kingdom of Heaven"—a kingdom, by the way, which He said was *in* Man.

The adult is seldom charming, and is generally much harder to love than a child. Is this because human life is not worth living? Is it because it is just naturally better to be a baby than to be what every baby is trying so hard to be? Or may it not be because, while babies know how to be babies, adults do not know how to be adults?

I know the answer of a lot of popular psychologists. Most people, they tell us, are morons anyway, and are doomed to go through life reacting only to childish impulses. Their minds can develop only so far, either because they inherited only so much mental capacity from their ancestors, or because of some "infant fixation," some suppressed desire which has rankled ever since until it has eventually reached such morbid proportions that nothing they can possibly hope to experience can satisfy it.

Unconsciously, then, according to this psychoanalytic explanation, the victim will constantly act, not according to reason, nor even according to his own best selfish interests, but some way the tormented unconscious mind directs him to act in order that this desire may be appeased.

To bring that desire out of the realm of the unconscious into the conscious mind is the aim of the psychoanalysts. I do not quarrel with them. They have such a good theory that I only wish they could make it work much oftener than they do. Jesus, I think, might help them, if they would only take a tip from a few of His observations. As it is, the psychoanalysts generally trail along with the biologists in assuming that human life is an individual matter, and that mind, soul, ego, or whatever other human phenomenon they are confronted with must perforce be located inside the individual somewhere.

Undoubtedly, there is an unconscious mind. There is a whole realm of human nature of which all of us are utterly unaware. But where is it? How does one become conscious, for instance, of what another person is driving at? Does he get it out of himself or out of his human relations?

A few years ago I had not the slightest idea of what Sigmund Freud was thinking about. I do not claim to have fathomed his mind as yet, but I am aware to some degree of Freudianism now: and insofar as I do know and understand what Freud has taught me, I act in a different way than I did before. At the present moment, for instance, I am banging out words on my typewriter that I never even dreamed of fifteen years ago. I have taken those words out of what was then my unconscious mind and brought them to consciousness. And yet *I* didn't do it at all. Freud did it—Freud and all his followers, many of whom may have understood Freud and many who doubtless did not.

These words were in my unconscious mind before, but they were not in me. They were in Freud. Freud

was, and still is, an important part of my subconscious mind. It does not seem to me that he knows it, or that he recognizes the fact for all that it is worth. I am quite sure, at any rate, that many Freudians do not recognize it. If they did I am sure they could do much more than they do do with their Freudianism.

I do not reject the theories of the psychoanalysts: but they do not go far enough, it seems to me, to accomplish their purposes. They look for a man's relation to his own experience and ignore his relation to the experience of others. It is their theory, as I understand it, that a river runs down hill because the water up above is constantly pushing it down. This may be true, but it is not an explanation.

Undoubtedly a lot of us are childish. We hang on to our infant individualism when it is no longer applicable to our human nature: but is it necessarily because there was something wrong in our infancy, or anything necessarily wrong in our desires now?

This may be the case; and if so, it strikes me that a competent psychoanalyst might help considerably. But the reverse is quite as likely to be the case. Our infancy may have been excellent, and our present desires the most natural and normal desires that an adult could possibly have, and we might be quite childish just the same.

A man may grow to physical and intellectual manhood, some Freudians tell me, and not outgrow his infant desires at all. He may become an athlete and a scholar, graduate from college and get elected to the Senate, and still have his every move determined for him by some emotional complication which he got into during his first year on earth. Hence he will

be neurasthenic and miserable, for he will go through life trying to satisfy an infant passion which, in the very nature of adult relations, can not be satisfied.

They neglect to note, however, that a man may outgrow his infant passions but that, unless he also outgrows his infant understanding, he is bound to act like an infant just the same.

There is nothing obviously wrong mentally with the average baby six months old. It has no human knowledge as yet, to be sure, but it doesn't need any. It is an utterly self-centered, individualistic little animal, and all it needs to know are the animal rules of conduct. It knows how to eat what it can get hold of, how to sleep when it is tired, and how to make a noise when it is injured or scared. If it doesn't know that much, even in this age of special attention to saving the babies, the chances are all against its being able to remain alive at all. If it does know that much it is about as highly educated as any child needs to be: and with good luck it can now go ahead and realize an infant's life.

But all this knowledge is of little use to an adult, for the specific reason that it does not help an adult to realize adult life. An adult develops other desires but does not necessarily develop a knowledge of what they are. He can feel them, but he can not express them: and unless they are expressed he will be miserable.

The mere phenomenon of adolescence has driven many youths to suicide. Animals take adolescence in their stride and seem to know instinctively what to do with it, but humans, because they are humans, have to find out.

There is no other way that adult human beings

can do anything at all about the passions which disturb them except by consultation with other human beings. They may detect hunger and thirst and fear and physical pain, for this knowledge was born in them and they have been more or less familiar with the sensations ever since infancy. But before the newly achieved desires they are utterly helpless. They are racked with longings, they writhe in discontent; but what it is they long for, not to mention the technique necessary for its realization, is still a dark mystery.

Every student of industrial relations, in investigating a strike, learns to differentiate between the demands of the strikers and the real causes of the strike. Contented workers do not strike, regardless of how many agitators there may be around. The most an agitator can do is to appeal to a discontent which is already in existence. If people are glutted with food he can not agitate them into hunger; but if they are hungry he may appeal to their hunger as a motive for doing the things he suggests.

A strike may be due, in fact, to conditions for which the management is in nowise responsible. It might be due even to suppressed sex desire: for the job in hand might be a building project in some remote place where it was impossible to establish a community life and only male workers could be employed. Or it might be due, as it frequently seems to be in America, to a general condition of discontent, not only among workers but among all classes as well; and this discontent may originate in part from unskillful cooking in the home, from the neglect of religious exercises or from the general eco-

nomic conditions which seem to have discouraged early marriage.

But whatever the origin of the discontent, the discontented, if they decide to strike, will almost invariably strike for more pay. If their rate of pay is already above the average, the employers are astounded. The workers, they think, are altogether unreasonable. As a matter of fact, it is because they are *reasonable* that they translate their discontent into a strike.

All human beings are reasonable. They are logical. They do not act upon instinct, for they haven't any. Instinct tells an animal what to do and how to do it, when it is up against an animal problem. It doesn't have to go to school to find out, or look it up in a book or ask the neighbors, for it inherits all this knowledge and technique in its blood.

Humans seem to have inherited a lot of the animal passions, but they do not inherit technique enough to carry them beyond infancy. For all problems after that they have to depend on what they can learn. Some may seem more logical than others, but they are all logical. No one, to be sure, can work out a system of logic for himself; but some study and compare a number of systems and choose a syllogism here and there from each, while most are inclined to employ the system that seems to be most stylish at the time in their community.

The prevailing logic in America is the logic of rights. This is particularly the logic of rewards, of pay, of getting what is coming to us. It is based upon the premise that man is an individual, fighting his way to the top in a society of individual grabbers, and that the logical way for him to express himself

is by what he can grab. If an American feels uncomfortable, then, he applies this logic. He tries to grab something; and in the case of workingmen, the only thing they seem able to grab is pay. It may easily be that the premises upon which these men reason are faulty, and it may be that they have failed to make all the observations that might be made all along the line, but one can hardly criticize their logic.

If the sophisticated, the so-called highly intelligent sections of the community, were noted for their happiness, their sophistications would soon become popular. The masses do not object to sophistication and are perfectly willing to become sophisticated, if sophistication can only get them where they want to be. In a sense, they are sophisticated. They accept the principles of private property, of monogamous marriage and equal justice, and it must have taken thousands of years of the greatest brains in existence to work those principles out. As to further sophistication, there is no objection to it: but it is hardly to be expected that they will give up one set of sophistications for another if the new set leaves its users quite as unhappy as anybody else.

The whole problem is one, not of logic, but of finding out what human nature is and what it wants.

If the biologists can produce a single human being—one whom even they will recognize as human when they are discussing the problems of human relationship—who has any human life outside of his human relationship, I will admit that Man is an animal and that the solution to the human problem lies in biological research.

If the religionists will produce one human spirit,

disassociated from any body and from all other human spirits, and not dependent for its consciousness and its very being upon the existence of all the others, I will admit that Man is spiritual and that the solution of all his problems lies in fasting and prayer.

And if the psychologists will produce one human mind which could have existed outside of its relationship to millions of other minds, living and dead—and not merely a blood relationship but a relationship which entails the conscious transmission of knowledge—then I shall quit pondering on the whole question of war or peace and leave the field entirely to psychology.

But in the meantime I wish to submit Exhibit A—a billion or so adult human beings whose whole recognizable human life consists of the use, not merely of their individual time, but the time of millions, living and dead. Not one of these has any independent existence. Life is so interrelated for all of them, in fact, that the story of Robinson Crusoe, who went on his own for just a little while, is still one of their most popular tales. They are so interdependent, in fact, that an argument between unknown men concerning issues of which they have never heard is likely to involve them all in war; and a war, remember, not for the realization of anything they individually desire, but a war which will depend for its very execution upon the general sacrifice of all their individual desires.

Before I can recognize these people as individuals, I want some one to show me an individual.

Chapter VIII

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL has observed from time to time that the dominant motive in human life seems to be, not acquisitiveness, but rivalry—the passion to get ahead of the other fellow.

To sustain this contention he points to the obvious fact that the great capitalists do not organize their affairs in such a way as to make the biggest profits for themselves. They could easily make more money, he points out, if they would quit fighting each other and organize international combinations which would monopolize the trade of the whole world in their respective lines. But they do not do this. They organize national combinations instead, and each national group becomes so engrossed in the game of outwitting and defeating its rival in some other nation that profits become of secondary consideration.

It would seem from this point of view that man would rather win and be ruined, providing the other fellow be even more sadly ruined in the process, than to fall a point or two behind him and yet remain enormously rich: the proof of this being that these capitalists not only engage in disastrously competitive business deals, but they become so excited about it that they willingly embroil their governments in the fight and thus bring on great wars which they know can profit nobody.

Now, this may be all true enough, only it does not apply to human life. When people talk thus they are not observing Man: they are merely observing the *business man.*

Business is a game of grab, and that business men play the game need surprise no one. Mere grabbing is not business. One may grab all his life and still become nothing but a berry-picker. In order to be a business man one has to make a game of it; and in order to attract the attention of the sporting public, one has to play in one of the big leagues.

I might observe while studying Babe Ruth that the dominant motive in human life is the desire to knock balls over a fence. In studying Jesus, however, I am forced to revise my conclusion; for Jesus, so far as recorded, never made a home run; and yet it must be admitted that He was quite as much of a man as the Babe.

I will admit that there are probably more ball-players than Christs, but that happens to have nothing to do with it. I can remember when there wasn't a single taxicab driver in New York City. Nobody would have thought it human in those days to drive an automobile: but it was human, as soon as the first man learned how to do it.

It happens just now that a lot of people know what Babe Ruth is driving at, and they haven't the slightest idea what Jesus was driving at. But that isn't saying that they won't find out; and if they do find out, there is no reason to believe that they won't find Jesus quite as interesting.

Mr. Russell's observations are most illuminating upon the subject of how business men behave themselves, but how human life behaves itself is another

matter. Man has passions. But those passions do not determine his behavior. His behavior is merely his attempt to express those passions, and what sort of effort he makes depends upon what notions he happens to have.

He does not inherit these notions from his ancestors. They are quite likely to be vastly different notions, in fact, from those his ancestors had. He gets these notions from his contacts with other human life—from his relations in consciousness rather than from his relations in blood.

His own parents are likely to play a big part in the formation of these notions, not because they are his parents but because they have first whack at him. His playmates may come next. It is quite possible that his school-teachers, and the lessons he learns in school, may have some influence upon him. Then there are books and newspapers and the church and the movies and his lady friend, with her startlingly different notions, built up, perhaps, out of a totally different lot of contacts with almost the same material. "How she got that way" is a mystery to him: but the human race has had so many people in it, and there are so many different angles of contact with them all, that how any of us gets the particular way he does is a problem somewhat more complicated than even the psychoanalysts imagine.

Out of the multiplicity of these contacts some men emerge at maturity with the firmly fixed conviction that any man who takes the third light from the same match is going to be struck dead. Others absorb the notion that human life is a matter of rivalry. Still others become certain that immersion is the only true baptism or that this country is becoming

overrun by Jews. In each case, moreover, they grow passionate about it; but the resulting behavior gives us no clue as to what man's dominant motive is.

Man does not act as he wants to act. He can not possibly know how he wants to act until after he has acted: he can only judge from past experience, or from calculation, or from reliance upon the word of others that a certain kind of action will result in expressing the passion which is impelling him. Even then, he may refrain from action. He may feel, in spite of his conclusion that the action would be great, that it is not one in which he can indulge.

He may be moral. That is, he may be committed to the *mores* of his tribe. He may be confident that he desires a certain woman but, according to the tribal *mores,* it would be wrong for him to take possession of her. The tribe has already told him, in so many definite rules, not that man can not realize human life in possession—for the tribe never knew that—but that he must not possess this woman for the simple reason that she is the lawful property of another man.

So he obeys the tribe. He does not know why, but it is not because of passion or of the lack of passion. He obeys because of his human relationships; and he is likely to keep on obeying until some other set of relationships is set up.

Men who have been dead a thousand years now take command of him. He may not fear those ancients. He may believe that they are utterly dead. But they drew up these laws—their guess as to how human nature may express itself—and the tribe, for some reason or other, has accepted their guess.

But suppose he does not defer to the tribal notion;

does he necessarily then go ahead and do what he wants to do? No. At most he only goes ahead and does what he thinks he wants to do. Whether it was what he actually wanted to do or not, remains to be seen.

He may think he wants to sin, but sin is only a relationship. The *mores* of the tribe do change in time, as new discoveries are made; and if this man's sin happens to be in line with actual conditions he may turn out to be a liberator instead of a criminal.

Suppose, for instance, that food in this man's country has become increasingly scarce, for generation following generation, until now it has gotten so that a man and his wife, working all the time in the fields, can scarcely get enough to eat. How is the wife, under such circumstances, to be spared for child-bearing? And what is the use of marriage anyway if children are not to be born and reared?

The villain of this tale, by all the tribal morals, ought to marry, instead of gallivanting around after another man's wife. But suppose he refuses, firm in the conviction that he wants the other girl, and suppose he offers to work on Friend Husband's farm instead. In that case there is a possibility that he will achieve his villainous design. But there is also a possibility that Friend Husband, instead of kicking up such an awful row as he might, will see a certain advantage in having steady help the year around on the part of somebody who will not have to be released for childbirth.

It is even possible that some of the neighbors will look upon the situation from the new economic angle and may, without saying anything about it of course, begin to tolerate some such triangle on their acres.

It is a horrible thing to contemplate, of course, and grossly opposed to human nature; but conditions will be conditions, and people have been known to act in just that way. And in the course of time, in these sections where food was such a terrible problem, polyandry became the prevailing sin in the community. Everybody was doing it; and when everybody got to doing it that made it respectable. Pretty soon it became moral and was incorporated into the sacred law.

The sacred institution of the family, if these laws were respected, could now go on. And it did go on, in spite of the hard conditions. Women can still raise families in some of the godawful regions of Central Asia to-day, if they are careful to provide themselves with a sufficient number of able-bodied husbands first. Doubtless polyandry also exists in some places where the economic necessity for it has passed away. But it will pass. The shocking immoralities of the younger generation are even now destroying polyandry in Thibet and polygamy in China. What they will do to monogamy in the United States remains to be seen.

Polyandry, polygamy and monogamy are not passions. They are simply successive systems growing out of man's conception of his relation to woman. Likewise, rivalry is not a passion: it is merely man's conception of his relation to his fellow man; his notion of the way in which human passion may be expressed.

So long as any one of these systems seems to serve as a satisfactory channel for passionate expression it is not likely to be changed. When it no longer seems to serve, one type of mind will get busy conjuring

up more pleasing systems, while another type will simply jump over the fence and let it go at that.

War is a system, growing out of man's notion of his human relations. So long as that notion was undisturbed people took war for granted and got as much of a kick out of it as they could. But things came along to disturb that notion. Other relationships were set up, with new conceptions of man's relation to man. It has got so to-day that man does not get a satisfactory kick out of war. But his mind is all befuddled. He is passionately in favor of peace, but seemingly even the great thinkers can not conceive of peace as passionate. They think of war, of rivalry, of getting ahead of the other fellow, as man's dominant passion, and of peace as some system by which man's dominant passion can be bottled up.

Business, as I was saying, has a tradition of rivalry: and business men assuredly do act upon this tradition. So do baseball players. But there is this difference: Big Business, in fighting against Big Business of another national group, has a way of calling upon armies and navies to support its competitive designs; whereas if any baseball team were to petition Congress to send a fleet of battle-ships to help it overcome some foreign rival, it would get nothing but a laugh.

This is strange, considering that millions of people understand baseball, while comparatively few have any knowledge whatever of Big Business as it is played. In fact, only a few keen students such as Mr. Russell realize that it is a game. Most of the players, even, do not realize it. They think it is work.

And it is work. That is where the confusion comes

in. Baseball is a game and that is all. But business is a game through which we are trying to get the world's work done. If we tried to make steel according to the rules of baseball we would be equally confused; and if we carried the principle into our international relations we would almost certainly have war.

This does not mean, however, that there is anything necessarily antagonistic to human nature in the making of steel, nor anything necessarily antagonistic to human nature in the baseball rules. But making steel is work and baseball is play. They are two distinct human relationships and call for very different attitudes. Everybody knows this, but few see it clearly and the results are disastrous.

I do not mean by this that the one is done for fun and the other for money. Baseball players may be paid higher wages than steel-workers, but that does not change the character of their employment, nor does the fact that the baseball player might prefer to be a steel-worker and the steel-worker prefer to play baseball.

The difference between work and a mere game is this: Work is human activity directed toward the production and delivery of something that people want. A game is human activity directed toward the defeat of rival actors. When the game is over, no matter how hard the players "worked," nothing has been really done. It is beside the point to say that the players produced amusement, and that the public wanted this amusement, for the amusement of spectators is not the motive of the game. To the extent that a game is thus motivated, it is not a game but a mere exhibition or pageant. On the other hand,

two freight-trains having a race or two shirt-makers betting on the day's production does not change the character of railroading or the garment trade.

The motive of industry is to serve somebody. The motive of business is to exchange things for profit and thus get ahead of somebody. That a workingman works for wages, and that he would let the needs of the people go hang if he thought he could make more money by selling something for a profit, does not alter this fact. Neither is it altered by the fact that a business man may earnestly wish to serve his customers. Industry nevertheless goes on making things—creating values which did not exist before—while neither the act of profit-taking nor of getting paid creates any values whatever.

Insofar as a workingman bargains for wages, either individually or collectively, he engages in business; and insofar as a business man helps to organize work so that greater service may be given, he engages in industry.

But words change their meanings as human relations shift around and become more complicated. Henry Ford to-day may be called a business man, although he violates many traditions of business and is known to fame strictly as an organizer of work; while some financier who grabs a railroad and so manipulates the stock that he becomes fat and the railroad falls to pieces may be called a railroad man. It is plain to see, however, regardless of words, that two very different concepts of human relationship are at work among us. They are conflicting concepts, but most people do not know that and are trying to entertain both.

Industry serves. That is all it does. Business takes,

either in the form of profits or wages, and delivers no service whatever. There is no objection anywhere to anyone's serving: but there are multitudinous objections everywhere to everybody's taking. There is no place for war in the industrial attitude and no place for peace in the business attitude.

But which is human nature? The answer is, both; but they are not two different natures. One is human nature trying to express itself through the concept of life as an individual ego, whose triumph over competitors is the first essential of existence. The other is the same human nature adjusting itself to facts that are just coming into consciousness—the fact that man can not live unto himself, that he does not exist apart from other human life, and that he can express himself successfully and be truly great only in the service of all.

Modern industry is the child of modern science, and modern science and individualism simply could not go together. Even Darwin, working out his thesis of the survival of the fittest, could not sit down and exude any such profound wisdom as a highly evolved individual mind, if there were such a thing, could presumably have done. He had to depend, not upon his own animal evolution, but upon the stage of social evolution in which he happened to be living: that is, upon the body of knowledge which had been sure-enough evolved but had not been evolved by the biological processes that he was noting. Had he been limited to what animal nature could do for him, he could never have learned to talk, to say nothing of writing a book, and he would have been so busy hunting coconuts that he would have had nothing to write about.

The scientist, when he is functioning as a scientist, is the least egotistic of all persons. There is no place for egotism in his work. Two poets of different temperament may warble opposing sentiments; but if we hire a competent engineer to build a bridge it makes no difference whether he is an optimist or a pessimist. In either case he will not depend upon his mood to determine how large the cables shall be. He will settle that according to the ascertainable facts of engineering, a science which no man could have "thought out" but which, because of man's unique relation to man, is nevertheless at Man's disposal.

Modern industry is the collective application of knowledge thus collectively gathered. All industry has been that, of course, but the fact was never so appreciable until the present time. So long as man assumed that all outsiders were enemies, he could not well cooperate with them; and so long as he assumed that the knowledge they possessed was mere black magic, given to them by the Evil One, and that the knowledge possessed by his own people was the only true knowledge, handed down to them by the only true God, there was little likelihood that he would learn much from said outsiders anyway, unless some particularly desperate situation seemed to make it necessary.

But modern science sought for knowledge in any place that knowledge could be found. It seemed to ignore both God and the Evil One. It seemed to have no conscience, no reverence, no respect for the sanctity of any previous conclusion. It simply sought to discover the truth about anything that it investigated.

Anything it couldn't investigate, it let alone. It

didn't investigate God because it couldn't find one. Likewise, it didn't investigate man's immortal soul. It couldn't find that either. But it did investigate Man's body, and it investigated the earth that Man lived on, and the animals and birds and insects, the thunder and lightning that were supposed to be God's weapons when He became angry with Man, and the plagues that He was supposed to send in retaliation for our discourtesies to Him.

It was not that they exuded great new thoughts. They seem to have discovered, rather, that thought is not anybody's exudation. No man can do any thinking by himself: and if he were by himself, unaware of the existence of anybody else, it wouldn't matter whether he did any thinking or not. All the knowledge there is is simply the sum total of what has been learned, and all the knowledge there ever will be is simply the sum total of what the race will yet learn. So these scientists did not sit back and decide to think nothing but great thoughts. They devoted themselves instead to the task of finding out what has been found out, and to discovering as much as they collectively could to add to it.

And they devoted themselves to this passionately.

But passion, in their case, took a most unusual turn. It would. They invented no slogans. They did not organize a Science Party. They never once called upon the army or the navy to protect the truths which they discovered. Moreover, they adopted no creeds, and they did not call upon any of their followers to be loyal to any of these truths.

They discovered, for instance, that ordinary water, if heated to 212° Fahrenheit, would dissolve into steam and, if confined properly in a cylinder,

could be made to move a piston which would do the work of ever so many teams of horses. That was surely a precious truth: and if they had been governed by ordinary human passions it would seem that they would want to preserve it from heresy. Suppose some emissary of the Evil One, for instance, should teach that the water need not be heated: that would surely be a damnable lie and ought to be punished; and unless it were punished, how could we ever have steam-engines and all the blessings of multiplied production?

But the scientists, passionate though they were, did not express their passion for the truth in any such way. They did not because they could not. It was not that they agreed not to do so, nor that the World's Scientific Synod issued any decrees to this effect, but that, with the conception which they had concerning the nature of human knowledge, it was impossible that they should become partizan in the matter.

Their hearts had not been changed and neither had their heads, but they had become new creatures nevertheless. Their knowledge had not suppressed their passions, but it had emancipated their passions from a lot of confusion that had hitherto kept passionately good people fighting each other and burning each other at the stake.

It was out of their truths that modern industry was born. And modern industry forthwith became a veritable shambles of cruelty and inhumanity and hate. Women and children were enslaved: and the workingman, instead of finding emancipation in this multiplication of his earning power, found himself a degraded slave chained to a whirling thing of steel,

which had no feeling for his plight and which was fast destroying his handicraft, veritably robbing him of the human knowledge that even humble workers had up to this time enjoyed.

This was a sure-enough mystery at the time, and it is still a mystery to the millions. A great emancipating change had occurred, and it brought no emancipation. It brought desolation and agony instead, and the early stages of modern capitalism is one of the ugliest eras of modern history. But this need surprise no one, especially when he remembers that the greatest peace movement the world ever knew —a movement in which all the powers joined, even to the extent of establishing an International Peace Court at The Hague—did not usher in an era of peace but was followed by the world's greatest war.

A superstitious world had been presented with a scientific instrument, and it did not know what to do with it. It attempted to operate that instrument according to the principles it had customarily applied to its affairs, and the result was hell. It thought it was operating the new machine according to the principles of human nature. But there are no such principles. Human nature does not exist, except in its relationships. How it operates depends upon what those relationships are.

Chapter IX

BRINGING up children is a funny business. Animals, of course, can do it very gracefully. It is only when human beings undertake it that the process becomes absurd. The idea in the mind of the parents is that they can tell the child the right way to live. If anybody knew how to live, he'd be a beast.

That's the fun of being human—the fact that nobody knows how to live a human life. Everybody has to guess. Everybody has to try it out. And as soon as anybody discovers a way to make a go of it, things take a sudden shift so that that way isn't good for anybody else.

About all an old cat has to do is to coach its kittens in the established customs of the cat world: and these customs have been established so long that the kittens know them pretty well anyway. But as soon as a baby is big enough to know anything, it becomes a complete ignoramus. Up to that point it knew how to live. Now it has got to live a life that neither it nor anybody else knows anything about.

There are no established customs to go by. If a custom lasts twenty or thirty generations, people get to thinking of it as established: but along comes some sacrilegious younger generation and gives the solemn old idol a kick in the shins and the custom is presently disestablished. It may not fall down all at

once, but it begins to rock. After a while it either tumbles in a heap, or it just sinks into the scenery so gradually that nobody seems to know what became of it.

Take the custom, for instance, that was once known as the Family. A wicked Younger Generation destroyed that about a century and a half ago, but it is only lately that anybody has noticed it was gone.

When an institution goes out of commission all human relations are upset and life reaches out for other forms of expression. This is true whether people know that the institution has passed away or not. It is necessarily true: for human life can not express itself excepting through human relations; and if the old relations have become impossible, there is nothing to do but to find relations that are possible.

Man has always thought of himself as an individual: therefore, when notable changes have occurred in his condition of life he has customarily looked around for the super-individual, or "great" man who made the change. For there was a great change; and it must have taken a great man, he reasoned, to bring it about.

History has usually been written from that point of view. Even now we have hardly got away from it. School histories are still pretty much mere chronicles of the exploits of heroes, usually military heroes, and are hardly distinguishable from mythology.

Many who think they have abandoned the "great man" theory of history seem to hold to it in another form. They see the race as constantly working out new ideals. They notice that people began to have different thoughts and that new institutions presently sprang into existence. Feudalism, they think, was

doomed because Man developed the ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity. If you ask them, however, to bring on the liberty, equality and fraternity that man developed out of those ideals, they are stumped. Something must have happened to it. It ain't here and it never was. There was a great ideal, sure enough, and there was a great change, but they have run off in entirely different channels.

When Marx and others set forth the "materialistic conception of history," it seemed to explain a lot of things that were never clear before. They made it plain, at least, that it was the discovery of the steam-engine and of power-machinery which made feudalism unworkable and set up "capitalism" in its place. But while they discarded the great man theory, they still held to the *individual man theory* and saw society as a mere aggregation of individuals, each motivated by the desire to satisfy his individual appetites and passions.

Thus, while they rejected the idea of heroes, they also rejected the phenomenon that had been called heroism. It didn't fit, apparently, into their philosophic system and so, like most philosophers, they reckoned that it didn't amount to much.

Their system seemed to explain the capitalists; and those whose minds were most occupied with the pains of capitalism eagerly seized upon it. But it did not explain Jesus and the martyrs; and those whose minds were imbued with this tradition shied away from it. The funny thing is that it did not explain themselves: for the socialists who most zealously gave themselves to the propagation of this theory that pooh-poohed the notion of unselfish heroism were about the most unselfish heroes of their time.

There are several different ways, then, in which people still read the history of the revolution which swept Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Some people are still reading it only as romance, seeing no meaning in what went on and looking for none, but getting quite a thrill, nevertheless, from the fall of the Bastille, and weeping very humanly over the fate of Marie Antoinette. Such people are likely not to know that there was just as much of a revolution in England as there was in France, because it was not nearly so melodramatic.

Others will think of the revolution as political and will see the rise of democracy from the ashes of feudalism. They may have hard work explaining how a democratic landslide happened to produce a Napoleon, but they will probably get around it somehow. What galls them most, generally, is to realize that a hundred years of practice with democratic ideals has seemed just now to result in a terrible slump toward dictatorship: but they explain that either by asking us to wait another century or by admitting that the world is going to the dogs anyway.

Others, however, will see clearly that the advent of steam-power made social reorganization necessary. Feudalism, they see, could not handle this power, and institutions that could handle it naturally became dominant. Some of these will even go so far as to point out that not only feudalism as a political power, but the family as a social unit, has passed away. The individual, they will tell you, has now become the unit of society. Even woman has taken her place in this modern society as a free and independent person.

But has the individual become the unit of society? Before I can accept that statement I must know two things. First, is there any such thing as an individual anywhere? Second, where under the sun is there a human society?

There is a whole worldful of people, but these people are obviously not individuals. They can exist, it must be admitted, only in groups or in myriad contacts with other human lives.

I do not know how many people must remain alive on earth in order that human life shall go on. Obviously, one person would not be sufficient. I do not think that a million, with the best of luck, could make the grade. I do not think they could defend themselves from the wild animals and insects, even if they were to coordinate their efforts toward a common aim. There may be a difference of opinion upon this: but everybody will agree that it would be a tough and busy job for even a million of us to undertake. At any rate, we could not be continually warring upon each other, or the jig would soon be up. That is, the whole million would have to constitute a human society.

We might find it advisable to divide into groups; but it would be necessary either that these groups did not come in conscious contact with each other to any very great extent, or that they should understand how to meet without killing each other off.

If, of course, there were a billion and a half people on the earth, a lot of such meeting and killing could still go on without necessarily causing an end to human life. It would depend upon how efficiently they had learned to kill and how many people they could reach with their murderous weapons.

But where, while these groups were meeting and killing each other, could we locate *human society?* It would depend, I am sure, upon the point of view from which we took our observations. To most people, the group to which they belonged would seem to constitute society, if that group seemed to be self-sustaining and not obviously dependent for its existence upon some other group.

And there was a time in human history—in fact, it comprised about all the time we know anything very much about—when that was the common point of view. The human race was divided into families, and each family seemed to be a practically complete society. The patriarch stood at the head, and his word was the only law that the various members of the family recognized. His wives and his sons and his daughters, his man-servants and his maid-servants, were all subject to him. There might be a law, to be sure, which he was required to obey: but if he disobeyed it, it was assumed that his family would join him in the disobedience, and he and his family were cut off.

Members of his family might think of themselves as individuals; but they did not act as if they were and were not treated as such. They got it going or coming. If they didn't obey him, they were killed; and if they did obey him, and he gave the wrong orders, they were killed likewise.

There was a law, however, above the law of the head of the family, because each family, while it might seem to be independent of all other families, was not absolutely so. If any family was to continue, it was necessary that a lot of families should continue: and he who recognized this and was able to

subject the seemingly interdependent families to one code became the ruler or king.

Human society, then, was relative. At times it seemed to exist in the family; at other times it seemed to be comprised of the State: the State being nothing but the ruling family. The two notions did not seem to conflict; for loyalty to the ruling family became a vital part of every family code. The only conflicts seemed to arise from the question as to which family should be the ruling family. When that question came up, they fought it out.

There were few contests, apparently, as to who should rule in any given family, unless the family was a ruling family. Ordinarily, the job went to the oldest male ancestor. If it was a ruling family, however, it might go to the son or nephew, or somebody who succeeded in poisoning the old man or in cutting off his head. It might even go to a woman or a rank outsider, for that matter. For while it was necessary to have rules to which all the subject families would subscribe, human society outside the family was a rather vague, indefinable thing, and rulership went to whoever could get away with it.

Within the families, however, with the exception of these ruling families, there was generally peace; and in that sense there was peace throughout the world. Everybody knew his place; and everybody was supposed to remain in the status to which he had been born. *Except the girls.*

For the human race, it seemed, had to go on: and it could not well go on, it was thought, within the family. Whether inbreeding had been tried and petered out, or whether there was some biological prejudice against it, we do not know. At any rate,

when it came to the girls who were selected for motherhood, it was the almost invariable rule to trade them off to other families.

They called the trade marriage. The girl, it must be remembered, did not *marry*. She was *married to* some boy in another family; and she became a member of her husband's family after that. Her status was changed, but she didn't amount to much. It was through the *male* line that property descended.

That institution of the family underwent many changes from time to time, but it existed as an institution throughout thousands of years of human history. And it existed as an institution until the steam-engine was invented.

Then, suddenly, human relations underwent a revolutionary change. Everybody noticed that there was a change, but nobody seemed to know what it was. There were revolutions galore, including the French Revolution; but these, it now appears, were not *the revolution*. Some day, I hope, the real history of that revolution will be written. But it can not be written in terms of great men, nor of great ideals, nor even of great class conflicts. It can not be written in terms of men at all: it must be written in terms of Man.

Your dog is just a dog. He is not Dog. He may be related to all dog life, biologically; nevertheless, he can exist apart from all other dogs. No man can do that. Man, to be human, must always be employing the thoughts, the experience, the time, of other men; and he must constantly be projecting these thoughts, these experiences, this time, into the lives of still other human beings.

Nor can he exist as a mere herd, or horde. Through the pooling of his time with the time of the whole race, there has arisen the phenomenon of consciousness: and as consciousness dawned, man found it necessary to live in conscious relation to other lives. Simultaneously, by virtue of this communism of knowledge, Man found it possible to apply his personal, physical strength to the problem of wresting a living from the soil instead of merely running around and finding one. Then he learned to make things, and he very naturally loved the things that he had made.

But he could not make them individually. He had to make them communistically too. The only way he could express human life was to express it in some group which had some common aim. When he founded the Family, he founded such a group. It is not necessary to believe that he thought it out, or that God told him the secret. Perhaps he tried other ways and they didn't work. In the Family, however, he found an institution in which he could live as Man. To be sure, he did not know what Man was, and he did not know what *kind* of institution human nature required. That the family was a human success because members of it could not live as individuals possibly never occurred to him. Nevertheless, he was not long finding out that they could not; and he developed a code that seemed to restrict the individual life to almost nothing.

"All for the family!" was the slogan. Individual whims were of no account. Individual preferences must be forgotten. "To do the will of the Father" was the sole business of everybody; and when the

Father died and went to heaven, he was supposed to be worshiped as a god.

But was human life restricted—was it made narrower and smaller than it otherwise would have been—by all this subordination of the individual to the Father's will? That is the pet theory of the progressives, but it doesn't hold. For nobody could live a human life except through some such abandonment of individualism. And when, in the course of the ages, such emancipators as Jesus and Buddha appeared among the sons of men, it was not to call for less abandonment of individualism but for complete abandonment.

"I came that ye might have Life and have it more abundantly," said Jesus. Nevertheless, if one were to find this abundant life, he would have to give up everything, *even his family,* and do the will of the Father of all mankind.

Whoever writes the history of the Fall of the Family then, must write it in terms, not of individuals, but of Man. The Family existed as the one great human institution, up to the time when steam-power was discovered. It continued in force, because human nature is what it is, until human beings could not live in relation to their mere blood relatives any longer but had to live in relation to these newfangled machines.

And they did not know how to live in relation to machines. They had to learn, and they did not even know that. They went on blindly trying to live a family life for a century after the Family had become impossible. In the meantime, the machine was not only erasing all their old relations: it was bring-

ing them into human relations altogether new and incomprehensible.

If they had only listened to Jesus, or to Buddha, or to someone like them, history might have been very different. But they had no ears to hear such observations. Jesus didn't know anything about machinery anyway. All that Jesus understood was human life. And what He knew about human life was so foreign to the prevailing notion of life on earth that everybody concluded He must have been talking about death instead.

They indulged, to be sure, in considerable meditation and prayer. But when they meditated upon life, they meditated upon the glorious opportunities they now had to get ahead of each other. When they were caught meditating about Jesus, one might be sure they were meditating upon death.

In the meantime, they tried to bring up their children according to the established order. There wasn't any established order, of course, which made the job a bit difficult: but there were ever so many theories and traditions and sacred wise-cracks which everybody still thought had been established. The only trouble was that the youngsters had to live in the world that happened to be in existence, instead of in the one that had passed away.

These youngsters were human, and none could live by himself. It was as necessary as ever that each should find life in human relationships, and all the old relationships had ceased to be. The old truths were all dead and the new ones hadn't been discovered yet. Naturally, a pleasant time was had by all: at least, everybody set out with that idea in mind. As it turned out, there was considerable unpleasantness.

Chapter X

THE institution of the Family was started on the assumption that a man could own a woman. He didn't know without trying, of course, whether he could or not: but he tried, and the result was that he concluded that he owned her.

Maybe there was an argument about it first. We don't know. At any rate, after he had tried ownership on her about so long, woman, too, decided that he could, and she thenceforth began to bear children from that point of view.

How many women a man could own depended upon how rich he was. If women were scarce, a good specimen might cost as much as a full-grown cow. A connoisseur named Solomon is said to have had a thousand of them in his collection, but there is no record of how much he paid.

Women, it seems, were good for a number of things, and whatever a man wanted them for he bought them for. At child-bearing they couldn't be beat: and men by this time had decided not only that they wanted children but that they wanted their own children.

For private property in everything had become a custom. Up to the time that men got into this property habit, it didn't seem to matter much whose children a woman bore. We don't know much, in fact,

about how they did feel. It seems that people were too busy in those days to do much writing, or even to invent a language to write with. But now, at any rate, men thought of themselves as property owners, and we know considerable about how property owners look at things. Usually they went on accumulating all the property they could through life: and the result was, other things being equal, the more property a man had the less time he had to own it in. What to do with his accumulations when he came to die was a sure-enough problem. If he could have taken them with him he undoubtedly would, but he couldn't.

In some societies, he arranged to take his wives with him when he died. That is, he had orders issued that all his widows should climb on his funeral pyre and get themselves burned to death.But this pretty custom, regardless of the vivid way it inculcated the ideal of constancy, never became universal. The general rule was that men who died should leave all their property, including their wives, behind.

About the best makeshift he could think of, under the circumstances, was to leave his valuables to the particular human beings he had reproduced: and he couldn't be quite sure, it seems, just who his offspring were, unless his exclusive rights to his women were recognized.

There is no record that Man was sexually jealous at this time. Jealousy is not a passion. Jealousy is simply the form that sex passion takes when sex is regarded from the view-point of property. If people are jealous, they may become awfully passionate about it; but they can also become passionate about

cubistic art, and no psychologist will claim that cubism is a passion.

In these early days, it seems, it was not sex jealousy which caused men to segregate their wives: for like as not, as in Japan to-day, they were accustomed to look for their sex pleasure, not from their wives but from professional entertainers who made a specialty of serving the general public in that capacity.

A gentleman in those days might unhesitatingly kill a man who dared to kiss his wife: whereas, if he did not suspect his acquaintance of such misbehavior, he might take him around to visit the women of his own sex choice, who were not his property at all. These women sometimes served as priestesses in the temples and belonged only to God.

If a man were poor, however, and could only afford one woman, he had to employ her for all the services she could give, including child-bearing, sex pleasure, and working in the fields. Needless to say, monogamy became the general rule. It is, in China, even to this day, although there is no moral reaction against polygamy, any more than there is in America against a man and his wife living in half a dozen houses, instead of one, if they think they can afford it.

Although monogamy became the general rule, and in many countries was incorporated into the moral law, the essential idea underlying marriage was not changed. Man still imagined that he owned his woman and woman accepted the situation. They were bound together by a contract, perhaps, instead of by a bill of sale, but the woman did not even do the contracting. Neither, in fact, did the man: for the woman and the man were really nothing but a boy

and a girl who had reached adolescence and were therefore ripe for mating, but whose judgment in family matters could not yet be taken very seriously.

Marriage was a Family matter, a matter affecting both the boy's family and the girl's, and such matters were left strictly to the judgment of the elders. It was through the Family that property descended. Even if there were no property to speak of, it was in the Family that one's economic security lay. The world's work was done within the Family. If a man were a carpenter, he taught the art to his children; and if his wife presented him with a goodly number of male children, even a carpenter might do very well indeed. For, in the course of time, he would have a lot of little carpenters working for him.

Even girl children might be an asset, if he had capital enough to feed them and raise them to adolescence, when good marriages might be arranged for them. In many countries the husband's family paid fancy sums, in the form of dowry, to the family of the girl whom they selected to be this husband's wife.

There were reforms from time to time in this institution of marriage: and in time, although man was still recognized as woman's lord and master, it became generally conceded that a woman had some rights. Although he owned her, apparently, just as he owned his sheep, there gradually came to be considerable difference; in fact, two kinds of ownership. It was forbidden to a man, for instance, to kill his wife, except for very special reasons, whereas he might still kill his sheep for any reason he could think of. In time it got so, in some Christian countries especially, that a man was supposed to limit his

attentions to just one woman, for no other reason than that he was married to her.

He didn't always do it, of course, for it was rather difficult to enforce the law upon the man. His wife could not check up on him very easily, and he could check up on her: and although the contract of constancy was equally binding, technically, on both parties, it wasn't considered very serious if the man violated it, while if a wife did so it constituted moral turpitude of the first order.

But neither really made the contract. That was made for them by their respective families. The boy had to promise to cherish the girl, and the girl had to promise to love, honor and obey him. This was an absolutely perfect institution. It was a contract at law and it was a sacrament in the church; and by means of it, although everybody was of course strictly an individual, two individuals somehow became one.

No one knew how this transformation happened: and when young folks began to think about it, some of them wondered if it really happened at all. How could a girl, for instance, contract to love a man who was naturally repulsive to her, just because her father had commanded her to marry him? How could she contract to honor him, if he turned out to be dishonorable? She might, of course, promise to obey him: but was even that a promise if she did not really want to do it and was only doing it because her father compelled her to?

But such questioning of parental authority was very sinful. No good girl would engage in it: and even if a girl were bad, such questioning wouldn't do her much good. She couldn't do anything about it

anyway. She couldn't marry any other man. If she ran away with one, he could not support her; for there was no such thing in those days as a man going out and looking for a job and a couple setting up housekeeping for themselves. There weren't any jobs. Men worked at their trade, which was their family's trade, and they worked within the family. The only way a marriage could take place was through a girl's being taken out of one family and attached to another.

Perhaps I should explain again that when I use this word "family," I am not referring to the convention which bears that name in the United States to-day. Couples to-day go out and start what they call "families." The Family in those days was not an institution that anybody could start. It was an institution that had come down from generation to generation. Everybody knew his exact place in it. A boy did not desert the old folks when he married, as is the custom to-day. He stayed with them and was more than ever a part of the old family life. He continued to contribute to their support, not because he was good and generous, or because his wife happened to be the kind of girl who would not object; but because each of them—husband, wife, babies and old folks alike—was a definite part of one institution, of which the old folks were the head and the daughter-in-law a relatively new acquisition. She did not even make her place in the new family. She learned her place there.

She might not have wished to come into this family. Her husband, as I said, might be personally repulsive to her. In that case, nobody expected her to love him just then. But they did expect her to *learn*

to love him, and that is what the good girls in those days usually did. The bad ones, if they were exceptionally reckless, sometimes ran away with attractive men instead; but you know, without my telling you, what became of them. The attractive men, of course, recognized that they wouldn't have run away like that if they hadn't been bad, so that let them out.

For thousands of years, in all parts of Europe, human relations were managed on some such plan as this. Everybody assumed either that this was the human way to live, or that the human way was utterly sinful. But life, among both good and bad, was still passionate. Marriage was passionate. Women did succeed in learning to love their husbands, for human nature can assert itself in the strangest sorts of ways.

Then the steam-engine was invented, and that knocked this holy family business into a cocked hat. What had been bad before presently became good: and in a very few years everybody was cheering the girl who ran away with her fancy lover and laughing at the old folks who tried to kick up a fuss about it. For the old folks could not now kick up a fuss. The steam-engine had kicked up such a fuss that the old folks did not know what had happened to them. It was like this:

The steam-engine made it possible to produce things by machinery, and produce them ten times faster than they could be produced by the old Family method. That is, if you could hire workers to run the machines. But where could you get the workers? Most of them were serfs. That is, they were in servant families attached to the great families, and the

great families were determined that they should not get away. It was much the same with the artisans. So long as a boy stayed at home and plied the trade his father had taught him the old folks had a mortgage on him for life. Naturally they didn't want him to run away and break up the family. He might get independent and even forget to send all his wages home. So long as things were as they had been, the old folks didn't have to worry. Young folks might dream about marriage for love and all such fool things; but they were not likely to act upon their dreams, for the old folks knew how to enforce all their orders.

Now the machine had come and things were no longer as they used to be. The wicked Younger Generation, for the first time in history, had a chance to act on its wickedness and get away with it. A girl didn't have to obey her father any longer. She could marry the man she loved, and he could get a job on one of those machines. That was the end of the institution known as the Family. The funny thing about it is that nobody knew this at the time.

The young people I speak of did not do as they wanted to. They thought they were acting according to human nature, and they were. But it was not human nature for them to act this way until the steam-engine was invented: and the way they did act turned out to be a vastly different way from the way they had intended to.

They did not intend to destroy the Family. They intended to improve it. They intended to take the agony out of it, so that life would become one grand sweet song. They did not object at all to the idea of two becoming one, and they expected that this new

arrangement would result in that very thing. With love uniting them, instead of the hideous old parental dictation, they could now be married and live happily ever after. And that is exactly what they did do—in hundreds of novels which now began to pour from the printing-presses. But in real life, somehow, things were different. Frequently these new-style lords and masters lost their jobs. It transpired that they didn't know very much anyway about how to manage affairs. Everybody, apparently, was living in a world that nobody knew anything about.

A girl might have contracted enthusiastically to obey the poor incompetent to whom she now found herself tied for life. But with children coming on, it would never do to let him have his full say all the time. Wives began, little by little, to have some say about things: and they kept on having more to say until, in a hundred years or so, it began to be noticed that men were lords and masters no longer. Some said they should be, and some said they shouldn't. The point is, they weren't. Woman, in the modern sense of the term, had arrived. She hadn't intended to. She had expected to go on forever being property, but only the property of the man who was "all the world" to her. Instead, she found herself directly related to all the world. A little later there were movements for woman's rights, feminist movements, movements for emancipation from the domination of man. But they didn't amount to much. All they did was to register a change in woman's status that had already taken place; not because of any particular intention to have it take place, but because the steam-engine had kicked up such an awful fuss.

In the old days, when a man and woman were de-

clared one there was no doubt in anybody's mind as to which one was meant. *He* was to be the one; and so far as the idea of property could control the situation it was even so. But when the man got to owning the woman and the woman got to owning the man, there were complications.

Property is an individual concept. Absolute ownership implies the right to do anything one wants to do with what one owns. One may keep it or give it away, just as one likes. If one has to give it away, one's property rights are to that degree restricted. But as it happens, everybody has to give away his property at death: and so, from the very first, in order to perpetuate the idea of individualism, a part of the idea had to be given up. It turned out that no individual could exercise absolute ownership. It was the family to which the property thereafter belonged: and when the family property was increased by the addition of a wife to one of its sons, it was really the family at large, and not merely the son, to whom this wife was now subject. He was her lord and master—he laid down the law to her—but the only law that he could lay down was the law of his family. It is commonly said of these times that the family was the unit of society. It was more than that. It was society. It was the only human society, at least, that everybody could visualize.

This did not mean that the wife had anything to say concerning the family affairs. Marriage had effected unity, so far as her status was concerned. It was even doubted in many quarters that woman had a soul, and it was hardly thought that she could have a mind of her own. Such scepticism is quite understandable: for if she did have a mind of her

own, what of it? There wasn't anything, apparently, that she could do about it.

What we know as marriage to-day is certainly not unity as these ancients understood the term. Husband and wife may be in the same boat: but the boat is likely to have two navigators now, with very different ideas as to what port it is sailing to. He may take the rudder awhile and head northeast. Then she may take it and head southwest. This is a lovely sight, no doubt, to those who are interested in equality: but it is likely to be criticized by those who are looking at it from the view-point of navigation.

I am not going to offer any theories as to how people should marry. I am simply calling attention to what has been going on. Man, through the ages, has seemed to be bent upon expressing his individual ego; and every step he has taken in that direction seems only to have merged that ego deeper and deeper into communal life. Woman, on the other hand, has been an indistinct figure. She has been thought of and has customarily thought of herself as only a relation to a man. She was content to seek her greatness in his greatness, to merge herself, as he never could, in the life of the race. And yet, when the Family was actually destroyed by changing economic conditions, it became incumbent upon woman to preserve the race by asserting her "individualism." The discovery that "women are people" is a discovery of very recent times.

Of course they really are not individuals. It is to escape becoming a mere individual that woman has put up with all she has put up with, and made a religion of her resignation. And it is to escape becom-

ing an individual to-day that she is passionately asserting her individualism. She wants, above all things, the right to love. She wants to love man. She wants to merge herself in the life of man. It must be noted that in the most passionate outbursts of feminism, among even those who most loudly assert that women must and shall enter all the trades and professions, no great leader has yet arisen among them to propose a manless society, or to suggest even a feminine colony in which women shall express themselves without the intrusion of the grosser sex.

The question on both sides is not whether to mate, but how. Shall it be according to the man's notion of self-expression, or according to the woman's? This is a question which is probably worrying more people in America to-day than any other. Even the pacifists seem to have no solution for it. They know in detail how to keep the armed nations from fighting, but they do not know how to establish peace in the family. That groups who hate each other should come to amicable terms seems to them quite reasonable, but that people who love each other should not quarrel seems utterly utopian.

These domestic quarrels are taken for granted to-day. For a hundred years the joke books have been full of them. Most people doubtless assume that marriage always was like that. As a matter of fact, marriage, when there was such an institution, was almost never like that. Woman did not oppose her husband's way of doing things until she could. Under the old scheme of things, she couldn't. His way was fixed. It was the way of his family, and his family was her family now. She had to adjust her-

self to it. If she learned to love him, it was an ideal match. But whether she learned to love him or not, she could not fight him anyway. There could be no war if they were one. It was only when man and wife became two that war could happen: and even then it could not amount to much so long as one side had all the instruments of warfare.

This subjection of woman was possibly not good for woman. It is even conceivable that it was not good for man. But it was a great thing for the Family. The Family could not have existed without it. For it was assumed all around that there must be a boss; and no institution could have two bosses and get anywhere. As soon as that Younger Generation, a hundred and fifty years ago, found it possible to disobey the family orders, it became impossible to reestablish the Family again. But human life went on. Nobody knew that the Family had been destroyed: and the romantic matings that followed often did their best to act like families.

It was the intention all around to follow the regular Family traditions. The woman had no intention of becoming boss. She took up that responsibility only when she discovered that her lord and master was not performing it. He could not perform it because he was not a human society, and did not even represent one. Economically, he was only a job-holder and was frequently out of a job. Economically, it turned out, his wife could hold a job as well as he could. The tradition was, of course, that he should have her wages; but Family tradition had gone blooey in so many ways that this application of it proved to be no longer tenable.

In a thousand ways, during the next century, this

new-style romantic marriage failed to reproduce the relations that the old institution of marriage had produced. It was never a question in the old days, for instance, whether young people could afford to marry. The family was there, all ready for the bride to take her place in it. Her coming did not upset things economically. If there was any shift in the balance between the two families, that was all figured out and attended to in the marriage dowry. So marriage, as a rule, took place when the girl was supposed to have reached child-bearing age, and the boy was considered to be physically competent to become a father. She might be fourteen, fifteen or sixteen and he, probably, a year or two older.

Definite rules were in existence, in all these Family societies, to protect pre-adolescent or unmarried girls. The two words were almost synonymous. In the normal course of events, these children were not likely to be disturbed by mature sex passions, and the practice of sex was strictly supposed to begin with marriage.

The younger generation did not intend to alter that. Nevertheless, it happened, in their actual experiences, that few boys of sixteen and seventeen, going on their own, could support a woman in the manner to which she had been accustomed. Like as not he could not support one at all; and as young people began to observe the disastrous results of such early marriages the tendency was to postpone marriage, either until they had something laid up, or until the man's earning power had been greatly increased.

To-day, in America, the average marriage probably occurs ten years later than was the custom in

former days. This is supposed to mean ten more years of continence. These are years of intensest sex desire, but no one had made any provision for that. The rules that were meant to protect pre-adolescents were taken over wholesale. They constituted the moral law: and generation after generation of young men and women suffered untold agony to keep that law inviolate.

But as each succeeding generation came along, the preceding generation observed it and noted that it was shockingly immoral. Preachers, moralists and good citizens generally did their best to stem the tide of iniquity. Every effort was made to "preserve the institution of marriage" and "protect the sanctity of the home." Laws innumerable were enacted, many of them laws that could not be enforced. That these laws could not be enforced became noted generally, but that did not stop any one from passing them. Everybody seemed to agree that they were righteous laws; and if a man did not intend to obey them himself, he still wanted them in existence as a protection to his daughters.

This attitude toward law became especially popular in America. No one could tell by the principles one professed to believe in upon what principles he really intended to act. Little by little, in fact, it was not expected of people generally that they should obey the laws. It was expected, rather, that they should not be detected in their disobedience. America soon became noted as having more laws and more lawlessness than any other great nation on earth. Simultaneously, in moral conduct, Americans seemed to have less and less regard for what they did, and more and more regard for what the neighbors might

think. In China, which still retained the marriage system, a married man who took a fancy to a woman not his wife, proceeded forthwith to bring her home with him, if he could afford to do so, and set her up in his household as a concubine; his parents, his children, his wife and all the neighbors being perfectly aware of what he was doing. When traveling in China I was sometimes asked how Americans were accustomed to meeting situations like this. I had to confess that I did not know. Nobody knows. The only way one can find out is by hiring private detectives, and they are apt to be unconscionable liars.

But a generation came along, soon after the World War, which seemed to drop some of this hypocrisy. That they violated the laws of marriage more than they had been customarily violated could not be proved; but they violated the hypocrisies that had developed about those laws to an extent that made them seem the most shocking Younger Generation that ever happened. They evinced an extraordinary knowledge, at least, concerning sex relationships. Their elders, as a rule, not only wanted it understood that they did not sin, but they preferred to have people think that they did not know how. The youngsters confessed to knowing how; and, whether they actually committed any sins or not, seemed to prefer that they should be suspected of it. They talked psychoanalysis and birth control promiscuously; and even those who had a reputation for being good were not averse to associating at times with divorced women and others concerning whom "people had talked."

These young folks "married" quite as frequently

as ever. At least, that is what the vital statistics say, and that is probably what they themselves suppose. They have evinced no compunction, except among little groups here and there, against promising to love, honor, and even to obey until death did them part. But the courts have more and more been called upon to do the parting: and where there has been no parting as yet, there is nothing to indicate that the twos have become ones. To prove that the institution of marriage has been utterly uprooted, I need only to note that young wives everywhere publicly admit that they disagree with their husbands in many ways, and that they have their way quite as frequently as do their husbands.

Now, as I said, I am not going to try to say how people should mate. They are somehow managing to do it in the America we know, although the old family traditions have gone completely by the board, and the romantic tradition which superseded them now seems to be going fast. The woman no longer gives up her whole body, mind and soul to the man selected for her by her elders, nor to the man of her choice. She has discovered that no man can be all the world to her; and yet without man, her world would not exist. And man, in his relations to woman, seems to be enduring this change. He has to argue with her now, instead of clubbing her, and he may not like that. Undoubtedly, he has not found peace in the love relation: and the woman he loves is likely to be the very person toward whom his anger rises most.

But there are times, even now, when unity is achieved. If we could only find out what those times are, perhaps we could detect some trend of evolu-

tion in this interesting matter of sex relationships. It seems to me that I can detect such a trend, but I do not want to be dogmatic about it. Only by actual experience can anyone's guess be justified. Nevertheless, I venture this statement: that each subsequent stage of human mating to which I have referred, from the mere conquest of one animal by another down to the present attempt to work out love between equals, has brought a greater and greater curtailment of the function of property.

The *idea* of property is still among us. We still imagine that we have property rights in each other, just as we imagine that individuals can and do own the various units of our collective industrial system. And so long as we imagine that, we will try to act as though there were such rights. So long as we imagine that we have a tail to wag, we are almost surely bound to try to wag it. We won't succeed. There is no chance, at least, except in many millions of years of animal evolution, of our developing any such appendage; and if we wag less and less intensively as the ages roll along, we are doomed to miss it even then. The more we wag in the meantime, the more trouble the tails we do not have will give us.

It appears that human relations have a tendency to wipe out the property idea. The only way we can own a railroad is by not owning it, at least not with anything like the ferocity with which we once assumed to own things. And the only way any of us has the slightest chance of attaining to anything that will even look like rights in each other is to forego almost all the claims that were once enforceable.

Do we really want our rights, as between man

and woman, or is there not such a reality as love? If we are individuals, it seems we will necessarily be most concerned with our rights. We may do our best to become one, but we shall have no illusions as to which one we mean; and we will unhesitatingly subject others to our program if we can. We may even try to become one: but if we are two, we can't. We can not do it with a club, and we can not do it with an agreement. On the other hand, if we are one we shall doubtless try, in spite of our systems, to realize our oneness. I merely suggest that we are likely to realize it more easily when the whole thought of a contract, of a bill of rights, or any other assumption of our normal twoness, is utterly absent.

Love is not the attraction between two bodies, nor between two souls, nor between two entities that are normally separate. That isn't love. That's a mere collision. Love is oneness. Love is peace. Where there is love, and the parties concerned are conscious only of that, peace is no problem at all. It is only when the notion of individual rights comes up that there is any such problem; and the more it is brooded upon, the more of a problem it is.

Chapter XI

LOOKING at human relations from any angle, it must readily be seen that man can not act according to any of his codes. But he must have a code. He can not act at all without one. He can not ignore the past because he *is* the past. Without this past he could not exist as a human being. The code is generally considered sacred, and it is sacred. It is as sacred as anything can possibly be. That is why it is absolutely imperative to tear it down. If it is not torn down continuously and kept abreast of changing human relations, it can not live; and if man is to do anything with his life he must keep his code alive.

Oh, yes, I know that this is perfectly illogical and absurd. But I am not dealing with logics. I am dealing with life, and life is illogical to the core. Even physical life. The only way a man can keep his body up is by tearing it down. The physiologists call the process metabolism. The body, it has been noticed, consists of billions of minute cells. Each of these cells has something to do; and as soon as it does its work, the cell is thrown away and a new cell takes its place. If we hang on to these old cells after they have done their work, we die. In fact, that is what we generally mean by death. Very seldom does any human body wear out. The fatal trouble is that it has not worn out fast enough. The cells that have

been used have not been eliminated, and that keeps the new cells from coming into existence.

They can not come into existence, however, according to their own notion of what a cell should be like. The notion is all there, and they must take it as they find it. They must begin exactly where the old cells quit. They must carry on the process: but since all life's processes are processes of change, they must be different from the old. If they were content to imitate the old cells in every particular, no baby would ever grow up.

There seems to come a time in most lives when these cells seem to feel that no further changes in the code are necessary. They think they know by this time, perhaps, just how a cell should act. So they inaugurate no changes. They figure on doing just what their predecessors did. The man they are working on is apparently all built up, and why not let well enough alone? But they do not fool the law of change. Change goes on, only it takes a different direction; as soon as building up stops, running down begins. The cells that imitate their predecessors too closely have hard work getting successors. So they keep on trying to do the work themselves, and they can not do it. Eternal destruction is the price of creation: and when anything remains as it is, it does not remain at all.

When we think of human life in terms of human relations, this same principle is ever apparent. Laws are necessary; but it is especially necessary that they be disobeyed. If we observe them too literally we are done for. The letter killeth. Only the spirit (and nobody knows what that is) giveth life.

America has recently been entertaining itself by

much discussion of the crime problem; but if any one has called attention to this Jesus point of view, his voice has been drowned in the general clamor. It seems to be assumed on all sides that there is a specific way, if we could only find it, of putting an end to crime. Everybody seems to think he knows what crime is. The fact is that nobody knows, and nobody possibly can know, unless he knows exactly what human relations are to-day. It is necessary to think of crime in terms of the violation of some code. But the codes did not come from human relations as they are. The codes came from the past. They were all at best nothing but guesses as to how man can live with man. If they were good guesses, the codes worked for a time. That is, they worked until human relations underwent some change. To talk about going back to an old code because it worked so well is sheer nonsense. If a code is working well it is high time to change it. Otherwise, we should find ourselves standing still. That would be death to all of us.

In the ways in which America is progressing, this principle is well understood. We are progressing, for instance, in aviation, in the conquest of certain diseases, in our knowledge of chemistry and physics and in the application of electric power to all sorts of human service. We could have made no progress in any of these lines in this generation, if we had not had the findings of other generations to begin with. We had to have their codified knowledge. But we had to have it to begin with. If we had taken these codes as something to end with, we should have made no progress at all.

After one has heard a group of scientists discussing a scientific problem it is highly amusing to hear a group of lawyers and judges and theologians discussing crime. Judge Ben Lindsey, to be sure, discusses crime to some purpose. But that is because Judge Lindsey is no judge. This is made obvious in every page of his illuminating book, *The Revolt of Modern Youth.* For Lindsey is constantly impressing on the reader that he had to drop all his judgments before he could get any data whatever upon these misdemeanors of the young. Judge Lindsey seemed to take Jesus seriously in the practical suggestion he gave as to how judges should act. He suggested, you remember, that they should not judge.

The only trouble with the average judge, official or unofficial, is that he judges. He judges human conduct. He thinks he knows how people ought to behave; and for that reason he can learn nothing about human behavior. A judge is the last person in the world to whom to look for any enlightenment on the crime problem. The General Electric Company would not turn over its laboratory to anyone who had convictions as to how electricity ought to act. The General Electric does not care how electricity ought to act. It wants to know how it does act. Its laboratories are full of formulas of electric behavior: but the company offers bonuses to anyone who can change the laws that are so painstakingly worked out. That is why we are making so much progress in electricity, and no progress in our treatment of crime.

The two most sacred codes in America seem to be the Ten Commandments and the Constitution.

I don't know which is the more sacred. Americans, I think, get them somewhat confused. It is their notion that God handed down the Constitution to George Washington on Sinai: or, however it was, it constituted a perfect code of American conduct, world without end, amen.

It does not occur to these Americans that the Constitution was American, and that it grew out of conditions that existed in America at that time. There were thirteen colonies remote from each other. They were jealous of each other. Each had formed certain customs; and each was anxious above everything that its way of life should not be interfered with by any political combination of the other groups. The thought of a central government made each of them suspicious. The smaller states would not consent to dictation from the larger; and it was no small task for the constitutional convention to contrive a scheme whereby these distant and suspicious peoples could be brought into one going concern.

But they did it. They rose sublimely to the occasion. They studied the precedents of history. They studied them reverently and with great understanding. Then they had sense enough not to apply any of them. The fact that they worked under the old conditions was sufficient proof that they could not work now. Here were new conditions to be met, and hence new principles to be invoked. The Constitution they devised was a magnificent piece of work. It was a sacred document, and I am not disposed to quarrel in the least with those who hold it equally sacred with the Ten Commandments. It is condemning neither to say that they are of no use to-day.

They weren't meant for to-day. They did not grow out of to-day's conditions and are not related to them.

This is not sedition, for everybody concurs. The Constitution recognized slavery, just as the Ten Commandments recognized women as property. The Ten Commandments applied strictly to a masculine society in the patriarchal age. They did not forbid rape, but they did forbid adultery, or the taking of a woman who belonged to another. Adultery was not considered a crime against the woman. It was a crime against the man. Thousands of years passed before society realized the crimes that men were customarily committing upon woman. Rape, in fact, is still sanctioned in a great many Christian countries to-day, provided the man be legally married to the woman he rapes. If she refuses to consent to his undesired advances he may consider it, in some states, as legal ground for divorce. Custom, no doubt, is far ahead of law in the matter of such intimate relations. Man has fortunately advanced way beyond the Ten Commandments; and to propose reading them in the public schools of America as a solution of the crime problem is an absurd bit of literalism which, I am glad to say, is not often taken very seriously. People may not understand why the proposal does not appeal to them, but they are likely to reject it nevertheless. Perhaps they reflect that it is only a judge or a theologian talking; and they are coming to look more and more for their guidance to those who are living in the life of to-day.

As for the Constitution, the America to which it applied has long since passed away. America has

moved out of the United States. Few people know this; but almost all Americans act upon it regularly. Virginia and Massachusetts are no longer strangers, but when the Constitution was framed they were as far apart as New York and Shanghai are to-day. There is still talk of states' rights, to be sure, but nobody knows exactly what a state is. Nobody lives in one. The only thing we do in states is to vote in them. We vote in these kingdoms in which we do not live, for law-makers who make laws specifying how those kingdoms shall be governed; and then we wonder why the laws they make do not seem to have any application to life.

A man from New Jersey, in the old days when the Constitution was alive, actually lived in New Jersey. New Jersey was a reality to him. It was only a territorial reality, to be sure; but man, in those days, lived for the most part territorially. That is, he functioned territorially. Farming was the main industry everywhere; and running a farm meant raising food for one's own family or to sell to the immediate neighbors. There was some world trade going on, but it didn't amount to much in the life of the average person. There was no Far Eastern question to the New Jerseyite of that period, and it never dawned upon him that his daily life could be determined by what somebody was saying in Peking. Also, if he was raising potatoes, he was not the least disturbed by the possibility that somebody in Berlin might invent a more efficient vegetable. He lived territorially; and when he thought of organizing human life he could think of it only in territorial terms. If there was to be a representative national government, he felt, it must have a representative

from his locality, whose business it should be to look out for the interests of that locality.

In a sense, that tradition still holds. Although life is no longer territorial, and political government now has little if any relation to it, the so-called "representative of the people" is still charged with the responsibility of looking after the interests of his local constituency. On account of the changes that have occurred, however, he can not relate government to the lives of the people: the most he can do is to relate a few people to the government. He can get jobs for them in this territorial institution, which is still functioning in the attempt to govern, although the actual territorial relations between people have disappeared; and the more jobs he gets, it is naturally concluded, the better his constituency is served.

Nobody likes to see government function this way. Even the politicians do not seem proud of it. Many of them would like to do something more statesmanlike than picking plums for the gang. But they seldom can. Everything that comes up has to be executed from that angle. Even prohibition. It was a lofty ideal, no doubt, that swept over this new America and induced Americans to decree that drinking alcoholic beverages must stop. It was an utterly new idea in government, but that did not matter. There was that great big expensive government on their hands, and they weren't doing anything with it: it ought to be put to some use, surely, besides finding jobs for the people who were running it. Why couldn't it be used to make everybody behave better? Everybody ought to behave better, oughtn't he? There was no doubt in anybody's mind

about that; and if the people of Rhode Island didn't want to stop drinking they ought to be made to, that's all. To be sure, it might seem like a violation of states' rights to make them; but the whole country was in a state of moral fervor now, and what did Mississippi and Georgia and Kansas care, anyway, about states' rights?

But when they came to enforce this idealistic decree it was discovered that they had to do it from the same old job-holding point of view. That, in fact, was the only way in which they could get the amendment through. Converting the public to the idea of prohibition was altogether too slow a process. It was much quicker and more effective to threaten legislators with the loss of their jobs. There were two political parties in the field: and the purpose of these parties was to perpetuate these parties. They were about evenly divided in most states, and any big mass of votes coming to one of them meant that it would carry the election. If any group wanted a particular law, then all that was necessary was to get a respectable bunch of people together who were willing to go after that law at the sacrifice of everything else.

For people all thought of themselves as individuals in America. They thought of human life as a career, and of political life as a political career. Elected folks aimed most of all at getting elected, and any organization with votes enough to elect could command the terms. It was not necessary to have very many votes. All an organization needed to have was enough votes to upset the balance of power between the two parties, and sufficient con-

centration upon the law it aimed at so that no other issue would matter.

When I said that this was the way they looked at things in America, I made an error. I mean that this was the way they looked at things in the United States. Real America had moved out of the United States. Real America had moved out of states entirely; so much so that the very people who held states' rights most sacred never seemed to be able to keep their minds on it. Real America had moved out of states and into steam and electricity and steel and oil and education and transportation and trade. None of these things was territorial in its nature, but they were the things in which Americans actually lived. They had no representation in Congress. That is, they were not supposed to have. Congress was made up strictly of congressional districts, and education and electricity could not be districted. When people wanted to know what the laws were that governed such things, they had to find out. Congress could not enlighten them; and whatever the lineup in Congress was, they knew the fundamental laws affecting these things would not be changed. Congress, to be sure, might pass laws that would interfere with what electrical scientists and educators wanted to do on the strength of what they had found out. But Congress, they all knew, could not really start anything. It could only stop something. It was not a place to get anything done. It was a place to get something prohibited.

If any group in the United States, then, wanted anything prohibited, all that was needed was to convince the legislators that they had enough votes behind their demand to cause their election or defeat.

A referendum was of no use. A referendum merely indicated that a majority of the voters were in favor of some project, and what the majority *favored* was immaterial. What the legislator wanted to know was upon what terms the majority would *vote for him*. The majority might believe in honest government and might know that he was a crook. A certain number, however, could be depended upon to vote for him because he had bought the nomination, was therefore the regular party nominee, and these voters were regular. Now, what he wanted to know of the Anti-Saloon League was whether its members could be depended upon to vote for him if he would promise to support their dry measures, regardless of how crooked he might be in everything else.

Thus righteousness prevailed in America and prohibition was enacted into law. But that did not mean that it was immediately enforced. It was a political enactment, and the politicians had to get what they could out of it. It was their business to serve their respective constituencies: that is, to give their henchmen as many jobs as could be obtained for them in the governmental machine. These henchmen were sometimes a disappointment to the high-minded prohibitionists of the period. Instead of enforcing the sacred law of the land, it is said that they looked at the situation from the standpoint of personal opportunity. They were actually "bought"; and those who had so sincerely bought the law were almost heart-broken.

What had really happened in America? Strictly speaking, what had happened had not happened in America at all. It had happened only in the United States: an institution created out of an America

that had once existed, but was totally unrelated to American life to-day. Real America had no government. At least nobody knew what it was. Americans generally, however, sensed that this thing they had been calling their government was not vitally related to them; and it became harder and harder to drag them to the polls or to get them to take any interest in politics whatever. When they did take an interest, and were not making a business of it, it was generally a mere sporting interest. They were interested in games. They were fascinated by contests. If one man set out to beat another at anything, there was sure to be a gallery. When they were busy with real things the people despised politicians; but they often got so interested in watching them run against each other that they voted for the home team as a matter of course.

If you asked an American where he lived he was likely to give you his geographical address. But that had become a mere metaphor: everybody understood that nobody, except in the remotest rural regions, lived in relation to the place where he got his mail. The people next door were not his neighbors, in the sense that such people had been neighbors in the old days when the Constitution was alive. A college professor in New York, for instance, might hold residence in a Riverside Drive apartment. Across the hall there might be a vaudeville performer, and half a dozen steps away one might find the name of a cloak and suit magnate on the door. They all "live" on the same floor of the same house, and they all vote on the supposition that this residence defines their place in American life. The same assemblyman assumes to represent them in the state

legislature, but everybody knows that he does not.

The college professor lives in the world of higher education. He is familiar with that world and does not essentially change his relation to that world by changing his address. If he prefers to live in Brooklyn, and to go to his classes in Columbia in the subway, it does not matter in the least; nor does it matter if he lives in Jersey and travels in another tube. But if he moves to Jersey he is disfranchised until he has gained a residence there. In government, residence is everything. A man's actual relations to America count for nothing at all. But out of this situation a good many Americans still believe that they are getting democracy and representative government.

This professor, erudite though he may be, has no idea how to vote. He doesn't belong to either party and is not interested in their race. He has a vague idea that jobs ought to be held by those who can handle them best; but experience in politics has given him no inkling as to how to get them filled that way. There may be some law on the statute books which is interfering with the university's progress, and he would like to get it repealed. Theoretically, he has a right to his say in what the legislature shall do; but actually, he can not figure out any relation between his assemblyman and this law. The assemblyman may want to repeal the law, too, but that makes no difference. An overwhelming majority of the people may be in favor of its repeal, but that is quite immaterial. All that this assemblyman can do is represent the interests of those who elect him: and there is no interest upon which a working plurality of voters can be depended upon to hang together to

the exclusion of all other issues. The vaudevillian has notions about law, too, and so does the cloak and suit man. It is possible that the interests of higher education run somewhat counter to the interests of cloaks and suits, and of vaudeville. But if so, there is no way to discover what the conflict is. If it is a matter that should come before a legislature, there is no legislature in existence that can attend to it. The only legislatures in existence are those which are concerned, not with people's actual relation to life, but with their irrelevant geographical location.

Such a legislature may be composed of excellent individuals: or of excellence, rather, trying to function through individualism. And the more excellence there is, of this sort, the more futile the legislature is likely to be. For they are not individuals. Each so-called individual life is made up of a million contacts with human society. In their so-called public life, however, these natural and normal contacts are ignored. Once in a great while some moral issue or some urgent public necessity is sharp enough to focus their attention generally. But that is the exception. For the most part the more intellectual and high-minded the members of such a group happen to be, the less it is a group. Each is willing to cooperate, even to sacrifice, for the working out of his own pet intellectual concept. But there is no common interest to compel collective action: that is, none that is likely to be discovered in this high-minded, dispassionate way.

The result is that "good" government never seems to last very long. The people almost invariably return the gangs to power and the high-minded

decide that the people are not fit to govern themselves. This, I think, does not necessarily follow. Human life demands cohesion. It can not get along without it: and there is cohesion, albeit not of a high order, in the gang. The gang gets some things done. What it gets done, to be sure, is a scandal; but it works out about as well as we can expect of a government which is so far removed from human life.

I am not advocating a new kind of government. It may appear that I am advocating a soviet in place of a federation of states. As a matter of fact I am not advocating anything. I am trying to call attention to our present human relations. Modern science has done away with a lot of ancient ideas. We are living in an industrial age, an age of collective functioning, an age which came upon us not by any design on our part but because of the discoveries which modern science has made. These discoveries have made it impossible for us to act as individuals. We cooperate, perforce, not merely with those who agree with us, but with those whose whole cultural background is as far as can be from our own. Governmental precedents do not enlighten us as to how to manage our affairs in this new life that human beings never lived before. Just as the advent of power-machinery destroyed the feudal Family, leaving men and women to grope their way into hitherto unheard-of sex and marital relations, so the perfection of this machine is nullifying all our ancient theories of government. We are sloughing off the old political order, whether we will or no. Even those who think they are hanging on to it most desperately are breaking from it quite as radically as the revolutionists. They may shriek their devotion to the Constitu-

tion, but they can not keep their minds on state lines; and in the practical matters of life they seem to be quite as devoted as anybody to the institutions that have obliterated those lines. They purchase the best automobiles that these hated modern viewpoints have been able to develop. Generally, in emergencies, they patronize the most scientific surgeons they can find. They are not dogmatic in the furnishing of their houses, and seek the very latest ideas in modern plumbing instead of the system in vogue among the founders of our glorious republic.

Nobody knows, in fact, who founded this America we are living in. Washington and the others may have founded the United States, but that is something else again. Their names are rightly held in honor, but it is not dishonoring them to remember that they were revolutionists. It was because they were revolutionists that they were great, and not because they were able to devise a perfect system of government for a country that none of them could possibly know anything about. They were not able to do any such thing, and they never pretended that they were. If they had so pretended, they would have been prize boobs; but to hear the average eulogy of the Constitution to-day, one would think it unpatriotic not to conceive of them in that category.

The United States is not America, but it is a powerful institution still existing in America. Americans are compelled because of the conditions of modern life to think industrially; and then they are compelled, because of their political traditions, to *try to think* territorially. How it will turn out I do not know: but I do know that this confusion is leading to no end of war. Some excellent Americans

will even want me shot at sunrise for calling attention to this confusion, and if they should succeed in bringing me to trial I might get to entertaining a lot of nasty thoughts about them. I am quite sure, nevertheless, that there is no real antagonism between us. Human nature is not in conflict; and neither they nor I would engage in such a fight because it was the natural thing to do. The conflict, if any, is merely between the actual relations between man and man and what Man conceives those relations to be.

I do not think I could engage in war. Not because I am a conscientious objector but rather because I am an unconscientious objector. War does not seem to me, at this stage of human history, to be the human way to settle anything; and so long as I see human life from that angle it would seem impossible that I should fight, even to make others see it from that angle. But I recognize that this is not the accepted point of view among Americans: that is, when they are not living in America for the time being but are trying valiantly to live in the United States instead.

On the other hand, when they become absent-minded enough to live in the America that actually exists, I win. In that country nothing is settled by war. There is much disagreement; perhaps quite as much as there is in our political and religious and moral life. When the automobile that my dogmatic friend and I are riding in suddenly stops we may have totally different theories as to what should be done. He may be firmly convinced that we are out of water, and I may have an equally positive conviction that we are out of gas. But we don't fight. We don't even argue very much. We just find out.

But as to whether America itself is out of loyalty, out of step, or just out of luck—that, to many excellent Americans, seems to be a very different matter. That is something to fight about. That is something that necessitates invoking our codes, and trying to act upon them. We can't do it, of course, but we can kick up a lot of war in the attempt.

Chapter XII

WHAT is crime? There is a lot of talk about it in America these days; and it is high time, it seems to me, that someone found out what it is.

I confess that I do not know, and I do not know anyone who does. The definitions they give me do not define.

There is the legal definition, for instance. No one accepts that, not even the lawyers. Crime, according to this definition, is a violation of a statute that has not been repealed. But we have hundreds of thousands of statutes that have not been repealed. Many of them are being violated regularly. It has been found by experience that they do not work, so they have become dead-letters and are presently forgotten.

Once in a dog's age someone is haled into court for the violation of one of these statutes. That, at least, is the excuse for arresting him. The reason he is arrested is apt to be something else. As in the case of Upton Sinclair, he may be arrested because of his unpopular social theories, but in court he may be solemnly charged with the crime of playing tennis on Sunday. When this happens, however, it is usually news to the majority of people, including judges and jurors, that such an act is a crime.

If local feeling runs high enough, to be sure, it

is sometimes possible to obtain a conviction in such cases. But it is never possible to make a crime out of the act nominated as a crime, no matter how many statutes it happens to violate; and such convictions are generally looked upon not as prosecution but as persecution. Playing tennis on Sunday, in communities where tennis is commonly played on Sunday, may be a crime, but only in the legal sense of the term; and the legal sense of the term does not seem to count with anybody.

Crime is more commonly looked upon as the violation of some statute that is known to be the law of the land. But this, surely, is no definition: and the people, moreover, who think they hold this view, do not hold it at all. They may loudly assert that the violation of the Volstead Law is a crime, but they refuse to call their fathers criminals because they violated the Fugitive Slave Law, or their earlier ancestors criminals because they violated the legislation governing the tax on tea. Nor will they admit that Jesus was a criminal. Nor the early Christian martyrs who, by refusing to renounce their religious dogmas, palpably violated the law.

To assert that crime is the violation of a good law would be obviously absurd; for who is to judge whether a law is good or not? Is it the individual, the law-enforcing agency, public sentiment or posterity? If the individual is the one to judge, then all laws are automatically annulled. If the law-enforcing agency is to judge, then all the great martyrs were nothing but criminals. If public sentiment is the right tribunal, all progress is crime; and if we must wait for the verdict of posterity, then it is obvious that we can not tell in America to-day whether any

of the crimes we are trying to suppress are crimes or not.

Some will doubtless try to dodge all this by saying that God is the only judge: but that is only a dodge, for there is no agreement, and no agreement possible, as to how God looks on any debated question. No one has yet arisen to admit that God was on the other side but that God was wrong. Uniformly, if people believe in God at all, God's opinion of what is right coincides exactly with theirs.

The great majority of thinking people will not advance any of these definitions. They are more likely to propound the theory that crime consists of any anti-social act. But this definition is not only questionable but useless. Moreover it is against the law. The law does not permit a defendant to defend himself on the ground that his alleged crime was a benefit to the community. It does not permit a murderer to prove that his victim was such an utterly useless member of society that his elimination was a positive social advantage; nor will it accept the thesis of a thief that the gentleman he stole from had too much property for his own and the public good.

In America, on the other hand, an attempt to overthrow the government is considered the most heinous of crimes: and the question of whether such an overturning would be socially beneficial or not is not debatable. In the almost universal way of looking at things, no such attempt can be tolerated until it is successful. If unsuccessful, those who attempt it are traitors. If successful, they are heroes.

The last successful attempt of this sort occurred a hundred and fifty years ago. The revolution in

this instance was so successful that it is considered a mark of honor even yet in America to be able to prove one's lineal descent from these revolutionists. But this does not mean that the Sons and Daughters of the American Revolution believe in revolution. To them, revolution is likely to be the ugliest imaginable crime. This may seem absurd on the face of it; but if so, it is an absurdity shared by conservatives and radicals alike. Revolution is no more tolerated in Russia than it is in the United States. In the eyes of almost everybody it is a criminal act to attempt to overthrow the existing government, unless it happens to be a government that he would like to have overthrown. If he would like to see it overthrown, he will call such an effort social: if he would not, he will call it anti-social.

In the meantime, vast realms of conduct that are recognized as anti-social are not recognized as criminal. Refusing to marry, for instance, or refusing to work and living on one's income instead. A man may believe devoutly that tobacco is an utterly evil thing, undermining the moral structure of all society, and yet not believe that everybody who sells it is a criminal. He may not even believe that it should be accounted a crime in the eyes of the law. The chances are, in America, of course, that he will so believe, but it does not necessarily follow; for some Americans who believe that liquor serves no useful purpose are still opposed to the Prohibition Amendment.

It is clear that people do not believe that crime is any of these things they say it is, however sincere they may be in saying it. They speak of the enforcement of law and the suppression of crime as though

they were one and the same thing; but clearly, they do not want all the laws enforced. All the laws can not be enforced, even if the majority wanted them to be. There isn't law-enforcing machinery enough to do it, and no one is willing that there should be enough. America has about all the courts at present that the tax-payers will pay for, and almost all the judges have more than they can do. Every sweeping attempt to enforce some particular law, such as the Prohibition Law, simply fills the docket with names of defendants who can not be brought to trial. The authorities have to be selective. They have not only to ignore the enforcement of most of the laws—especially the old dead-letters—but they have to choose as to how they shall enforce the particular laws that they are working on. In New York, for instance, United States District Attorney Buckner made a particularly brilliant record as a Volstead Act enforcer by the ruse of ignoring the vast mass of "small offenders" and devoting himself to "padlock proceedings," which were civil and not criminal actions against property-owners.

The problem of law-enforcement, under the difficult American system, is undoubtedly related to the problem of the suppression of crime. But they are not the same problem; and an enforcement campaign means, at best, that the police and the courts shall concentrate their attention upon some particular kind of law-breaking. What kinds they shall ignore while doing this is never specified. The choice is left to the police, and where the police have the say as to whether they shall enforce any particular law or not, one might expect that there would be a great deal of bribery.

And so there is. I do not mean that American police are more corrupt than the police of other nations. I mean simply that they engage in much more corruption. There are more opportunities for it. The American system is cut out for bribery. The only way a typical American law such as the Prohibition Law can be passed is to buy it from the legislators —threatening them with the loss of their jobs if they do not pass this particular law. Then the only way an enforcement service can be inaugurated is to buy one from the politicians—giving them that much patronage, in the form of police appointments, with which to build up their political machines. Then the only way to get the enforcement officers to enforce the law, even if it happens to be more profitable to them not to enforce it, is—well, I can't tell you, because the way hasn't been discovered yet.

The police are never inactive in any American city. It is never alleged that they do not make a lot of arrests. Being a policeman in America is a career, just like any other career: and other things being equal, a policeman is likely to try to make the highest possible record of arrests. There are always plenty of things to arrest people for; and if the churches don't start an enforcement campaign, the police are likely to start one of their own. If it is a crime to sleep in the park the police do not have to be awakened to their duty. It is only the crimes that people are willing to pay good money to commit concerning which the police are ever charged with being lax. The fat, lazy cop in America is a tradition of the long ago. The typical American policeman of to-day is a keen-eyed, energetic arrester of law-breakers. He may be somewhat choosey as

to what laws he enforces, and against whom they shall be enforced, but that is to be expected where most of the laws are admittedly unenforceable, and those whose enforcement is most loudly called for have been placed upon the statute books by a system of political dickering.

But the crime waves which have shocked America have not had to do with the violation of such laws. Even the prohibitionists are likely to see a difference between bootlegging and murder. Selling liquor, they will admit, is not a crime in some places: it is a crime only in those countries that have passed prohibition laws; but killing another person, they will tell you, except in self-defense, is recognized as a crime always and everywhere.

In this, however, they are mistaken. Killing human beings is quite as likely to be classed as a virtue, even though the killer have no personal grievance against his victims, does not know them, and is convinced himself that they should not be killed. Just a few years ago, in the United States, a great many boys were imprisoned for refusing to kill under just such circumstances. Many of these conscientious objectors were sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment: and it was years after the war was over, after they had already served terms longer than the average burglar or hold-up man ever has to serve, that they were released.

It must be seen that crime is relative. It can not be defined; and although the sentiment is overwhelmingly in favor of its suppression in America, there is no agreement among the people as to what it is.

As close as we can come to a definition, perhaps, is to say that crime consists of actions which are

socially intolerable. This is no definition, for everybody disagrees as to what is socially intolerable; but killing another person for one's individual advantage would seem to be a crime about which there is no debate. Most of the states assume to punish this crime with death.

The theory of capital punishment is that killing human beings is a perfectly justifiable act under certain circumstances; in fact, that it is the normal human procedure toward our worst enemies. Murderers and traitors are enemies of human society, therefore human society must and should kill them.

Every time the State executes a murderer, it impresses the lesson upon him, and upon all who have any interest in the proceeding, that taking the life of a human being is a fine, moral act, providing it is done under the rules.

Who makes the rules? The State.

What is the State? The State is an organization that has power enough to make and enforce the rules.

How does it demonstrate its power? By killing those who stand in its way.

I am not criticizing the State. I do not know that a State can act in any other way. I merely observe that this is the way the State does act. This is the lesson that is emphasized by every execution; and if people are individuals engaged by their very natures in a struggle against each other, I can not well see how any truer lesson can be taught.

If there was any wisdom at all in the teachings of Jesus, such an attitude toward our enemies of course can not work. Come to think of it, it does not work very well. Murder goes on: and it is going on

fastest, apparently, right here in America, in the most perfect State that ever was. Eleven thousand murders a year is the latest figure, with other crimes of violence in proportion. Everybody is talking about it, and almost everybody is referring to it as America's most terrible problem: for, regardless of how we feel about violation of the Volstead Law and playing tennis on Sunday, it would seem that we can all agree that murder is the most terrible of crimes.

But there's the rub. There are a lot of us, apparently, who do not so agree. Vast communities in America, it seems, actually tolerate murder—*within certain strictly specified limits.*

In Chicago, in New York, and in all the large cities, the existence of these communities is well known. The newspapers refer to them every day. They are known as gangs.

I do not mean that all gangsters are murderers, nor that any sort of human conduct is tolerated among them. Revolution is not tolerated. Let anyone start a rebellion against the constituted authority in any one of these gangs, and he will be executed without mercy: that is, unless he is successful. If he is successful he becomes a hero, and any youngster in the block who can trace a relation to him does so proudly.

Disloyalty is not tolerated in any of these gangs. Strange to say, gangsters who are at war with other gangsters remain loyal to gangdom when either comes in conflict with the common enemy. The common enemy, of course, is the police.

But murder is tolerated, providing one does not murder anyone toward whom one is supposed to be loyal. One may have ever so strong a personal griev-

ance against another member of the gang, but he may not shoot him. The gang will not permit any such high-handed, individualistic procedure. The gangster may, however, murder folks against whom he has no grievance, if that is the way he has chosen to get his living. His line may be to break into offices after dark and kill the watchman, or to lie in wait for messengers who are entrusted with the delivery of large sums of money. Killing such people seems no more immoral in the eyes of the citizens of gangdom than killing Germans or killing murderers have seemed to us. One naturally kills his enemies, does he not? But one does not injure, even in gangdom, any person toward whom, *by the commonly accepted code,* he is supposed to be loyal. Human nature is a funny thing. Even in gangdom man can not live unto himself alone.

Everybody who thinks it through must admit that this is an intolerable situation. There can not be a State within a State, but there is; so there is nothing left to do, is there, except for the good State to make war upon the bad one?

It seems to me that that depends. If war is the only way to peace, then making war on criminals is the only way to handle the crime problem. It is, I admit, the only method in existence now; and if it seems to work well, it would be rather futile to abolish it in the interest of some untried scheme. But no one claims that it works; and in the meantime, the teachings of Jesus do seem to work wherever they are tried.

They are tried in a limited way, often, upon children. There is considerable argument, to be sure, as to whether children should be punished, but there

are no two opinions as to whether or not they should be loved. Making war upon them is nobody's ideal: and when Jesus visualized the principle upon which human beings might be successful in their human relations, He frequently used the illustration of the Family. Not that He was much of a family man himself. He didn't marry, so far as is known; and when his own family relations were once called to his attention He asked the rather extraordinary question: "Who is my mother?" and "Who are my brethren?"

Within the family, nevertheless, He detected a concept of unity. Equal justice was not the dominant ideal. Children were not cared for according to their deserts. They were cared for, generally, according to their needs; and if one needed more attention than another he was given it. It mattered not that he was sick and crippled and utterly useless, while another might be contributing much more to the common wealth. Not justice, but love, was the principle invoked; and within the family it worked. The story of the Prodigal Son is repugnant to all existing social concepts because it is so palpably unjust. But it represented the human way for a father to act. The old gentleman might have considered justice the only possible principle upon which families could deal with each other, but within the family, nothing at all mattered except that unity had been restored and the boy that was lost had been found.

Between family and family, he might have thought, there might be peace. If they had differences, they might go to war about them until righteousness prevailed, or they might patch up their differences by referring them to some disinterested, dispassionate tribunal. But all that had nothing to do

with this situation. This was peace of a different order. This was the realization of unity among folks who were not separate units at all but just naturally members one of another. This was a passionate peace.

If it should turn out that we are all one Family after all, and anybody discovers the fact in time, it strikes me that there may yet be a solution of the crime problem. It will follow, of course, that we will give up the whole notion of warring upon criminals. How we shall give it up I can not say, but I know that we shall give it up; for human nature, it is plain, does not make war upon its own members when it once recognizes that they are its own.

Human nature loves and cherishes its own, but there seems to be a great disagreement among us as to who our own are. The biologist has discovered a biped and declared that this is Man. The psychologist, without discovering an individual mind, has nevertheless imagined one and declared that this mind is our ego—our respective self. But universal human experience has proved that nobody can exist unto such a self and has tried to attach its love and loyalty to various groups; and it has succeeded admirably, the only trouble arising when these groups have come into competitive conflict with other groups.

Man can not live unto his individual self. He can not find himself there. He can not express himself except in other human lives.

Even the gangsters who make a business of murder are not selfish. The police all know and recognize this. If they were selfish, and did not forever place loyalty to the gang above their own individual

interests, the police would have an easy time with them. If that were true, in fact, there would be no gangs.

Not infrequently a dying gangster is picked up by the police, rushed to the hospital, and asked to identify his assailant. The police may know who shot him. They may have caught the man almost red-handed; but if they can induce the dying boy to identify his murderer they may consider themselves very lucky. The chances are all against it, unless the boy can be persuaded that his assailant was not a real gangster but a stool-pigeon employed by the police. A stool-pigeon may actually be employed to make him believe this, for there is no honor among police in the treatment of gangsters. Lying to them, telling them that their pals have squealed on them, promising them all sorts of rewards for information, and torturing confessions out of them by the third degree—all this is part of a policeman's routine work. But it is seldom effective. In the big cities the murder of gangsters by gangsters is seldom detected. The chances are that if the man who shot him is brought before the victim, the boy will declare that he never saw him before—and then turn his face away and die.

There is and can be no selfish reason why he should do this. He has nothing to gain individually by it, and he probably hates the man whose life he thus saves as hard as man can hate. He may hate him, at the moment, even more than he hates the police, but it is in his code that he shall not give the police any assistance. He will let his gang know who did it, and only wants the chance. For the gang is his life, and it is as natural for him to protect the

gang as for a mother to protect her child. The police, on the other hand, are at war with his gang. He may not hate them individually for their lying and cheating; he may take it for granted that the enemy must follow such tactics. But they are not his people. They are the enemy, and have no claim upon him.

This boy I speak of is a typical criminal. He is the type of person who holds us up on the streets. He is utterly inhuman, apparently, in his dealings with us, but he is intensely human in his dealings with those who come within his code. Is the trouble with him or is it with his code? If he had your code instead of his, and attached such loyalty to it, would there be anything fundamentally wrong with him then?

But where did he get his code? It will be admitted, I think, that he did not get it out of his own head. He got it from the gang. He got it in exactly the same way that you and I got ours—out of his contacts with human life.

It is quite likely, moreover, that he has had some contact with the government whose laws he flouts. And if he does not respect that government as much as a citizen is supposed to, it might be well to find out exactly what those contacts have been.

He may live in Chicago, or in New York, or in Pittsburgh. It doesn't matter much where he lives, conditions are fundamentally much the same. A scheme has been hatched, say, to put over a grand steal upon the city; and in order to put it over it is necessary to have a certain group in power. This group will need all the votes it can get, and this gangster has a vote. How will it get his vote?

Surely not by editorials in the newspapers declar-

ing that there ought to be a seat for every child in school. Such editorials are aimed to catch some votes, but not his. Nor can his vote be obtained by reasoning with him that it is much better for his business to have thieves than honest men in power. That may be all right in principle, but he wants something more concrete to go on. Just how, specifically, is he related to this whole plan?

The answer is that he is not dealt with at all. No aspirant for office can make individual deals with all the voters. He has to deal with groups; and so far as this man's vote is concerned, that is all attended to by some deal with the gang leaders, who pass the word along as to how the ballots shall be marked.

Reprehensible, isn't it? That is, when the method is followed by criminal gangsters. When good people follow the same method, and they mostly do, it is called party politics.

It may not be, of course, that the group that is so ambitious to become elected has any sinister motives at all. It may want to stand behind a righteous President; and the election may be a primary election in Pennsylvania, where considerable opposition may have developed among the wicked to certain administration measures. Under such circumstances, what chance is there of getting this bad citizen to vote for good citizenship?

The answer is that there is exactly the same chance. Any deal that goes with the gang-leaders goes with him. A straight money-deal will do. If all the gang-members and their wives and sisters and sweethearts can be hired as "watchers," and the pay of a watcher is set at a high enough figure, an ex-

cellent group of votes should be delivered. But whether good citizenship wins out or not depends, of course, on what arrangements have been made with all the other gangs.

It can not be said of this boy, then, that he has no contacts with American democracy. But those contacts, for some reason or other, do not stir his loyalty the way it is stirred by his contacts with the gang. The law, to be sure, as interpreted by the police, may characterize certain lines of conduct as criminal, but that means nothing to him. When he wants to know how to behave he does not look up the law. Neither does any of us. He, exactly like the rest of us, consults his code: not an individual code, of course, but a code which grew out of his contacts with human life.

Well, what are we going to do about it? At present, we are making war on the criminals, but we aren't having very good luck. On the other hand, peace by negotiation is utterly impossible, for the two points of view are so antagonistic that there is no place where negotiations might begin.

But there is a basis of union, nevertheless. It can be found in the only force that holds society together at all. If we can release that force we need not concern ourselves overmuch about an intellectual agreement. It is the force of human nature itself. It is our universal passion for unity.

The most striking phenomenon of the underworld is its loyalty. There is no real individualism there or anywhere. If there were, there could be no crime. Crime is a phenomenon growing out of the actual relationship of all human life. Where no such relationship is recognized, as in the animal world, the

taking of life is not criminal but merely a matter of course. But in human life it is always recognized, excepting among very young children, and it necessarily attaches itself to other human lives.

This beautiful passion of loyalty does not assert itself more beautifully anywhere than it does in the so-called underworld. There are plenty of reasons for this, but we need not discuss them now. What to do about it is the problem. At present we are making war upon it; and in doing so we are only making war upon ourself. Jesus suggested a different course, and the more I think about it the more I realize what a human suggestion it was.

It was not non-resistance, but it was not any futile police warfare either. It was an aggressive campaign to overcome evil—with good. To meet the enemy with a concentrated, irresistible fire of friendship. To recognize him, no matter how confused and lost and antagonistic he seems to be for the moment, as our very self. Don't judge. Forgive. Help. Love.

Of course, we will have to give up all our own fool notions of individualism if we try that scheme, along with our precious doctrine of everybody's right to make war, within reason, upon everybody else. But there are signs in America to-day that that is exactly what we are coming to.

Chapter XIII

AMERICA is preeminently an industrial civilization. Everybody will agree to that, but not everybody will grasp its meaning.

To many people, for instance, the statement will mean merely that there are many large industries in America. This is hardly the case. It is more accurate, it seems to me, to say that America is in many large industries.

The United States, to its founders at least, existed in the States, rather than the States in it. It was in their several localities that life functioned. With good luck, these localities could exist without a central government tying them together, but no central government could exist without them.

To discover where any people really lives, then, it is necessary to discover where it functions. When America was dominantly a country of individual farms, which were mainly devoted to procuring a living for those who actually operated them, Americans were about as close to being individualists as people can be. But this could not go on. Relations had to be established between people and people and between localities and localities.

A man's contacts with the rest of the world were still very few, but they were enough so that some sort of government seemed necessary. There were only

two sorts, naturally, that could be thought of. One was the traditional government—the kind of government that existed where these people had come from and which demanded loyalty to a sovereign across the sea. The other was a government representing the various districts in which these people were really functioning at the time.

But the time came when the life of the people was no longer lived in relation to their districts, nor to their States, but to their industries; and as that time came upon us, it is interesting to note, the very word "American" came to have a different connotation everywhere. Heretofore, it had connoted a democratic point of view, and a certain rugged independence of character that might be considered upstanding, or merely uncultured, according to who the appraiser happened to be. But presently the word "American" came to suggest an industrially-minded person, a man who did things rather than one who theorized about them; and the Americans who attracted most attention at home and abroad were the "captains of industry."

It is doubtful if many readers can remember, or perhaps they never heard, who was the richest man in America at the time of the Revolution, or during any period up to the Civil War. On the other hand, it is doubtful if our children will remember who was President in the days of Rockefeller and Henry Ford. For, as the America that now exists began to take form, American industrial genius became recognized throughout the world: while, both at home and abroad, it seemed that America was becoming politically inept.

Everybody knows who Jim Hill was, but few will

either know or care what State he was born in, nor whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, nor even whether he might have believed that monarchy is a better form of government. Jim Hill is as typically American a name as Abraham Lincoln; but he did not come from a State, he came from railroading.

The railroads he launched seemed to be tying the States together; and when the great industries were built up on a nation-wide scale, few people could detect any other political significance. As a matter of fact, these institutions bound the States together no more than the sunrise binds together all the electric lights in town.

These industries were as social in their nature as any organization human life had ever known. They bound *people* together much more intimately than any government had ever done. But it was an utterly new social union in which they now functioned. It was not based upon consanguinity, nor upon geographical location, nor upon harmony of religious or intellectual belief.

Great groups of people—thousands upon thousands of them—presently found themselves working in one unit, and working together in a way that people had never worked together before. In the old days, no matter how much people might cooperate, everybody's individual labor seemed to count for something; but now everybody's labor was utterly tied up with the labor of everybody else. It got so after a while that a man could hardly tell what his own particular contribution to the big job was. He was just a cog in a machine that was too big for him to look at. He punched holes all day, perhaps, in a piece of iron, without even knowing what the holes

were for, or what sort of contraption the piece of iron would eventually be fitted into.

When he got the hole punched he passed the iron over to the next man, who did something else to it. He didn't know what. Also, he didn't know what church the other man belonged to, nor what political party, nor where he was born. It seemed to make no difference to the thing they were doing what part of the world the other fellow came from, or whether his body was white or black or his soul saved or damned. All he knew was that there were thousands of these other fellows whose lives were being melted up with his into one indistinguishable mass; and his sense of individuality was insulted.

Cooperation in the old days had not been like this. It had been a common experience, even in individualistic America, for the neighbors to come together to do work that could best be done by crowds. They organized "bees" in those days, and enjoyed it. They held contests to see who could husk the most corn, or pare the most apples for drying; and they even pooled their muscles when some neighbor wanted to put up a barn. But each person in those days could see the job he was working at and could comprehend his exact relation to it; and if there were people in the community whom one could not be cordial with, one simply did not call upon them for any such cooperation.

But now, as this new and sinister form of cooperation developed in America, the old neighborly cooperation began to pass away. The old-time spirit seemed to be absent. Social life in the rural districts became colder and colder. No one seemed to know why it was, and seldom did anyone suggest an ex-

planation: but we were coming on new times, it was generally observed, and in these times everybody seemed to be thinking only of himself.

A strange result of an increase in cooperation, was it not? Well, not so strange, when we come to think of it. For the new industries around which big cities were now springing up so fast were not located merely in those cities. They might have their physical location there, but their functional location was everywhere. For these industries were making things that everybody wanted, and making them more cheaply than they had been made by the old-time methods. People were drawn less and less to their geographical neighbors because they were not so dependent upon them as they once had been. It would be nice, of course, to have them more cordial, but it was not now necessary. One could not live by himself any more than he ever could: but he could live more and more by mail-order catalogs, and by the labor of millions of people all over the world—people whom he did not know and might be frightened to meet—who were being hired to work in factories by these captains of industry who were now attracting so much attention in the country.

I smile when I hear our preachers berate the "materialism" of modern America as opposed to the more spiritual life of the good old days, in the same breath, perhaps, that they inveigh against the selfishness of labor unions, the prevalent disrespect for law, the neglect of parents to surround their children with the proper home influences, and our general failure to elect men of sterling righteousness to rule over us.

The preachers I refer to venture no explanation

of why the old-time ideals are not working any longer, and they give no hint as to how one may be spiritual under the conditions which actually exist. Conditions, apparently, have nothing to do with the case.

Our horsemanship, no doubt, has likewise deteriorated; but the fact that one can not develop horsemanship on a Ford seems to me to be pertinent. But not so. They prefer to scold us for not seeing the stars after the sun has risen; and if we take exception to it, they think it must be because we are going back on the stars.

My metaphor is not exactly perfect: for it happens that no human being is actually shocked by the sunrise. The sun has risen so often now that we have learned how to take it in our stride. It is necessary, then, to imagine how we would feel if to-day's sunrise were the first that Man had ever known.

That, I submit, would be a real surprise. Everybody would recognize that things weren't what they used to be, but nobody would know what to do about it: and we would doubtless do so many foolish things that it would sound almost like sense when preachers arose to suggest that we return to our starlight practices. Nevertheless, we would not follow them. Even the preachers would not be able to show us the stars which they might urge us to accept as our guide. They might show us a lot of charts, but the charts would lose their force. In the meantime, there would be the sun—and the Younger Generation, who had never been used to starlight anyway.

What that younger generation would do to our

starlight morals would surely be a scandal; and the chances are it would not have any sunlight morals either—not yet. It takes time to develop a moral code. It takes the experience of millions of human beings, from generation to generation.

Well, that is what happened to us. Industrialism came and absorbed the world we lived in. We had no knowledge of what it was, or how it would act, but we had to live in it just the same. We had to find our way, and we had nothing but the old charts to guide us. We were not exactly in the dark. We were in a new light, but the light was so terrible that our eyes were unequal to it.

It can not be said that we had no warning whatever. For industrialism came first to the Christian world, and to the very sections of it that were most familiar with the Christian Bible. In these sections the words of Jesus were held in special reverence. Not the teachings of Jesus, but the words. There was no agreement, in fact, as to what his teachings actually were; and the Christians used to argue the matter with each other endlessly. They often had pitched battles about it, after which the winners would put the losers in prison and torture them until they reached the correct conclusion. If they still refused to be enlightened they were burned at the stake.

Some of the sacred words that led to such ructions were: "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good. . . . Love your enemies. . . . Do good to them that hate you and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you. . . . Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me. . . ."

As one faction reasoned it out, these words meant that anyone who doubted the theory of the virgin birth would be burned in hell for eternity: therefore, it was the kindest thing one could do to put such a person on the rack and pull his bones apart until he confessed his error and could thus be saved. And pity for the unfortunates, whose souls might be lost through any further promulgation of the false doctrine, made it imperative that the unrepentant should be killed.

The opposing faction, as a rule, did not so much object to these methods as they did to the atrocious heresies in whose behalf they were employed. For the opposing faction was sure that its interpretation of the words of Jesus was the only correct interpretation, and they went to death rather than give assent to any other. If they did not have to go to death, however—if, by God's grace, they should become the dominant power instead—they saw to it that their correct interpretation was enforced on allsoever by the same sweetly reasonable methods.

The gunman of to-day, I should explain, must not be confused with the churchman of yesterday. The gunman is materialistic: the churchman was spiritual. That is a tremendous difference, only nobody knows just what the difference is. Perhaps the difference lies in the fact that the gunman doesn't make so much fuss about words. He is loyal to whatever gang he is loyal to, and lets it go at that. The churchman was loyal only to the truth: that is, to the particular conception of the truth that was held by his gang.

But I am drifting. I started to explain that industrialism came first to those people who believed

that the words of Jesus constituted the Absolute Truth. They supposed, of course, that Truth was Absolute. Jesus had hinted a good many times that it wasn't, but there was nothing in their experience to permit them to grasp any such conception. He tried to point out that he was not destroying any law, even when he proclaimed what seemed to be an opposite principle; but there was a different organization coming, he said, and in that organization all relations would be so different that the old rules simply could not be applied.

I am not trying to suggest here that Jesus saw industrialism coming. It is my personal impression that He saw nothing but Life: but He looked at that so much more simply than people had ever looked at it before that he realized that it would have to get into vastly different relations with itself. The old ideas weren't getting people anywhere, in spite of their righteousness. Ideas of justice, of rights, of property, were not getting them anywhere; and those who were most assiduously trying to live by such ideas were not living at all. They were dead. That was the only objection He seemed to have to them. There was more life, Jesus seemed to feel, among the outcasts, among the sinners who didn't pretend to be anything but sinners, among the propertiless, among the disreputable gangsters and the underworld of the day.

At any rate, He loved that underworld. He identified himself with it; and a person's attitude toward that underworld was the same, so far as He was concerned, as that person's attitude toward Him.

He believed in God. I don't know what his conception of God was. If I did know, it would mean

that I could entertain it exactly, and I do not feel big enough to do any such thing. A lot of preachers tell me that they know, but I somehow have my doubts. They don't quite strike me as being big enough either.

But living in relation to God, He was sure, was a very different thing from living in relation to property. Also, it was very different from living in relation to the ancient rules that kept the Pharisees arguing about exactly what God meant. It was the Creative Life, rather than the life of possession; and it consisted of doing the Word rather than quarreling about it.

In the Kingdom of God, property would not count. Neither would all this matter of rights based upon possession. Property righteousness would have to give way to creative righteousness. He said all this much more eloquently than I can, but that was the idea.

What He said was: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

It is no wonder, everything considered, that they crucified Him. And it is no wonder, everything considered, that those who held the words sacred, and tried to apply them to their other hand-me-down ideas, got to fighting over the words instead of doing them. These words simply would not work in the kingdom of property, nor in the kingdom of competition of man against man. There had to be another kingdom, a different sort of organization entirely, if this more abundant life were to be realized.

I think it quite probable that Jesus thought this reorganization would occur in his generation and

that He himself would participate in its inauguration; and, considering the meaning He attached to the very word "I," it is not difficult to believe that his conception was correct. For He did not use the pronoun "I" as other people used it. One's real self, as He saw it, is not the individual self. One's real self is Life—universal life, manifesting itself in every Son of Man—and in order that this real self shall be glorified, that which we have been accustomed to calling self may have to become a sacrifice.

As to this kingdom coming in his generation, I think quite possibly it did. At any rate, it is here now; and just when it got here is a hard matter to figure out. As soon as Man evolved such a concept of Man as Jesus gave expression to, human life for all of us was changed. That is, of course, if it were true.

It is quite conceivable, in the case of such a sunrise as I spoke of—the first sunrise that anybody had ever experienced—that nobody would notice that the sun had risen. To most of us, in fact, the darkness would doubtless seem deeper than ever. Not until someone was able to adjust his eyes to the new light would the light really shine for any of us. We would go on just the same as ever: that is, we would try to; but we wouldn't get anywhere now, for the lights by which we used to steer would not now serve us. In order to be human now, it would become imperative for us to be unlike any human beings that ever were.

But someone would have to see the new light before the new age could really dawn. He might be crucified for seeing it and entertaining the extraordinary concepts that would be sure to accompany

such a vision, but that would not blot out the light nor change the course of human nature. It is his seeing it that would eventually change the course. Because He saw, we can see. Because He lived, we can live also.

That is, if it were a real event. If there were no sunrise, and He had only imagined one, the old lights would still be valid. Even if He induced everybody to accept the idea of a new light in their place, no fundamental changes would occur. For each individual would accept, not the sun, but his particular theory of what a sun ought to be like; and we have so many points of view and so many devious methods of rationalizing about them that our theories would never jibe. Then, there would be nothing to do but to fight for the right theory.

Moreover, nobody's theory about the sun would work—if there were no sun; whereas if there is a sun and we recognize it, almost any theory about it will do to begin with, until we can formulate a better one. Jesus' theory about God, it seems to me, was rather unimportant. Right or wrong, it probably will not affect God very much. But his vision of Man as a being who can not express himself in property or power or a personal career, but who can find himself only in creative service, was about the most important human discovery that was ever made.

That is, of course, if it was true. Only time could tell. And not until the days of modern industry was it ever apparent that Man was that kind of being at all.

I say this in spite of the "sordid materialism" of our times. I say it in spite of rotten politics and

crime waves and bestiality and war; and I say it in spite of the almost universal careering that is going on in Man's insane efforts to get ahead of himself. For this is the industrial age, and none of these things belongs to industry. Every one of them belongs to Man's theory about industry—a theory which did not come out of industry at all but out of the age of property which preceded it.

Modern industry, as we are beginning to open our eyes to it, is compelling us to see everything in a different light.

Chapter XIV

IT IS customary to speak of the modern industrial system as "capitalism." This leads to much confusion: to much the same confusion, it seems to me, as the calling of our current system of mating and bringing up children "marriage."

The present system, I tried to point out in another chapter, is not the marriage system nor the family system as these terms were understood for thousands of years. Marriage, in the old days, did not imply merely that a woman was joined to a man. It meant that a woman was taken from the family to which she had been subject and joined to the family to which her husband was subject. She did not select her husband and he did not select her. Such matters were attended to by the two families concerned. But after the union was made, she was the property of the second family; and her children belonged to it and not to the family from which she had come.

There were emergencies, to be sure, in which a man left his father and mother and clove unto his wife: but this only indicates that human nature could never be completely obliterated by the property mold into which it was poured. The system remained a property system so long as the institution known as the family could control the economic situation.

The system of mating that succeeded set out to

be the same old property system. The same old rituals were employed and there was no conscious attempt to uproot the property idea. But as the generations passed, it became evident that this property idea could not hold. Woman, under the new conditions, could not be property any longer. Eventually she became a person.

All the younger generation had aimed at was a "free contract." What it got was a free woman. The woman had not intended to become free of man's domination. She merely wanted to become free of those influences which seemed to be keeping her from becoming completely dominated by the great, big, beautiful man she was always dreaming about.

In the throes of adolescence she was quite likely to see this man in the first young dandy who happened to stir her sex impulses. In the throes of human experience she was likely to learn that he wasn't quite the master of creation she had fancied he was. For they were both in a new world whose laws had not yet been discovered. He did not know any more about them than she did.

They both had their ideals, but ideals are uncertain guides. An ideal is made up of one's longing plus one's conception of how that longing may be appeased. But one's longing grows out of one's actual experiences in life's relations, and one's conceptions come from the experiences of former generations with possibly an altogether different set of relationships.

Grandmother may have learned to love her husband and forget the boy she wished she could have married; and by resigning herself to the inevitable she might have succeeded in living a tranquil and

successful life. But her experience may be of doubtful value to her granddaughter who has married the boy of her choice and has discovered to her sorrow that he can not cope with the problems of life. The granddaughter, however, will not necessarily reject the grandmother's experience. She is unhappy, and if she attributes her unhappiness to marrying against her parents' wishes she may now set up Grandmother's system as the ideal for all young people, especially her own, to follow.

Just as those eminent churchmen tried to express their great love for humanity by torturing human beings, this good woman may now try to work out her ideal of resignation and self-sacrifice by becoming a tyrant in her own household.

But Grandmother's lovely resignation to the inevitable was not an ideal. There was nothing else for her to do: and it turned out all right, everything considered, because all concerned understood fairly well how to live a family life. But no one knew how to live the kind of life that this so-called "free contract" between young couples called for. There was no longer any such institution as the family; and calling the new arrangement a family did not make it a family.

And calling the new industrial order a "business system" did not make it one. Just as society tried to apply the traditions of the family to the new kind of social relation, so the directors of industry tried to apply to industry the rules and traditions of business. But the rules did not work in either case. One by one they had to be discarded. For both the family and business were based upon ownership; and forces were now loosed which could not be owned.

Steam could not be owned. In order to do anything with steam it was necessary to disregard the laws of ownership and discover the laws of steam. One could not, for instance, purchase a bag of steam in the way that one had customarily purchased a bag of valuables, and bring it home as the proud possession of his family for ever and ever. In order to have any steam that was worth anything it was necessary to organize great groups of workers in ever so many different lines of employment, and keep them working collectively toward a common aim.

Steam was more valuable, apparently, than gold, but it could not be stored up in the same way. It was worth nothing unless it was working; and little by little it became apparent that it was not worth very much unless it was working at work that great multitudes of people wanted to have performed.

If it was set to work making shoes or clothes, or grinding flour or sawing boards, its value became instantly apparent. There was a steady demand for these things, if the people could only afford to buy them; and when they could afford to buy them, there were tremendous profits. When they couldn't afford to buy them, we may now recall with a smile, the economists figured it out that the "demand" had ceased. The steam, in that case, became suddenly worthless, and the man who thought he owned it gave orders to have it shut off.

For it never dawned upon anybody, in spite of the way steam acted, that it could not be owned or that it was not owned in exactly the same way that property had been owned before.

In the early days, when property *was* property, it behooved the owner of a large family to own large

flocks and herds. If through some epidemic he lost a lot of his wives and servants, it behooved him to sell a lot of his cattle; and if through some distemper he lost a lot of his cattle, it behooved him to sell a lot of his servants and wives. He might make a deal with some of his wealthy neighbors; or he might, if forced by necessity, call in the services of one of those despised and homeless wanderers of the period who got his living by taking advantage of other people's misfortunes, and was known as a merchant or business man.

He hated to do this, of course; for to fall into the hands of a merchant, or capitalist, was a bitter ordeal for a respectable man of property to undergo. But he had to do it. As the responsible head of a large enterprise, he had to see to it that the balance between production and consumption was kept fairly even. He must have enough land and enough cattle to keep his underlings employed; and he must have enough underlings to take care of the land and the cattle.

But times had changed a lot before steam-power was discovered. Now the supposed owner of this new kind of property seemed to have no control over the situation whatever. Like as not, just when he thought he was getting rich, demand would suddenly cease; not because the people had died from an epidemic but because they were out of a job. That being the case, there was nothing to do but throw his own people out of a job too. Then there was starvation generally until somebody had the nerve to start up a factory again, and these employees began to buy something, and somebody else saw the market improving and took a chance on opening up *his* fac-

tory; until, in a little while, everything was going at top speed again.

This attempt to manage industry by the traditions of the merchant became known in time as capitalism. It got its name because the supposed owner of the industry generally had to go to the pawnbroker, or capitalist, to borrow the money that was needed to keep the enterprise going until the goods produced were finally bought and paid for.

The pawnbroker knew nothing about steam or how it worked. His training and his traditions fitted him pretty well to appraise jewelry and trinkets; but he was not, and never had been, interested in production. He was interested only in lending money to desperate people, taking advantage of the person's need to exact all the usury he could.

But neither was the new "owner" of the industry likely to be interested in production. He might have noticed, with his tradesman's eye, that the workers were not producing as much as he wanted them to for the wages he was paying them; but that was a problem not of production but of business. What he was interested in was profit. If a product wasn't selling at a profit, he lost all interest in it. That the people might need it terribly was not his concern. If they couldn't buy it, he quit producing it; and if they could buy it, it was up to him, he thought, to charge as high a price for it as he could get.

That was capitalism, but it was not modern industry. It was not industry at all. It was just an effort to apply the old rules of ownership to a phenomenon that could not be owned.

Industry did not abide by those rules. Industry was born of different parentage; for the very peo-

ple who had discovered the industrial methods had not discovered them in any book of rules. They had discovered them by finding out how things act, regardless of any traditional attitude on the subject.

Henry Ford once remarked to me, as an explanation of why he could not think of becoming President: "You can ordain a man to be a bishop but you can not ordain him to be an electrician. In order to become an electrician, he must find out how electricity acts." There, in a word, was the complete difference between the new age and the old. But it was more than the difference between industry and the Church, and more than the difference between industry and politics. In that remark Mr. Ford also pointed out the difference between industry and business.

Industry is the child of science and inevitably tends to act according to what it finds out. Business is the child of the Institution of Property and inevitably tends to act according to authority. But authority can not run industry, any more than the church can proclaim the correct doctrine in astronomy, biology, and physics. The result is that industry is now running away with business, just as science has been running away with the Church and human life has been running away with the State.

Mr. Ford might well have added that, while we can not ordain a man to be an electrician, we can and often do ordain one to own our electric light plants. The ownership of these things descends by inheritance, or is proclaimed perhaps by an election; and the ordained owner, be he an individual heir or a Union of Soviet Republics, forthwith assumes to issue orders to the works.

The works, of course, disobey the orders. The works will work according to their own laws or they will not work at all. But they are of no use to an owner unless they work, so business has been compelled to yield ground constantly. Year by year, since the dawn of capitalism, business has marched steadily backward and industry has forged ahead. It is still riding industry, but it is not in control of it. It is riding as a man might ride a running horse with his face toward the horse's tail. At each new change in the scenery, he may issue an optimistic or a pessimistic pronouncement, as the case may be. But he is not taking the horse anywhere, and every observer must see it.

Industry is the application of power to the job of supplying human wants. Business is just trade. Business never did control production; but before power was applied to production, business could and did handle the matter of *surplus* production.

When the Family was the dominant social institution, the great bulk of the world's production was carried on in the home. Profit was not the aim. The Family, which might consist of hundreds of blood relatives, along with the women and slaves they had acquired, aimed primarily to produce what the Family needed; and if there was a surplus, that was sold for what it would bring. It wasn't exactly sold for profit: it *was* profit. Anything it would bring was profit. The Family did not maintain an accounting system for the purpose of ascertaining whether it should continue in existence or not; and it never thought of abandoning its family status just because it was not a financial success. Its object in life was to live, and production was merely incident to re-

maining alive. The bulk of the world's production in those days consisted of production for use: and not until the bourgeois revolution of a century and a half ago was it ever conceived that the world could carry on the bulk of its production upon a profit system.

And sure enough, it can't. A few economists arose, to be sure, to explain how it could: but the more these economists outlined the laws of business, the more they failed to outline the laws of production. Production did not lose its character just because methods had been discovered to produce things ten times faster than they had ever been produced before. Production, whether fast or slow, must serve human need; and if set to any other purpose, it becomes upset.

These machines, to be sure, were not set up on the great estates to serve the needs of the families who lived thereon. There was something in the very nature of the machines that rendered this impossible. They required the cooperation of great masses of workers and a sort of cooperation that the family had never learned. Each machine, also, could do only one thing, no matter how many hundreds of workers it took to make it and to keep it going. If a machine had been invented that could supply the bulk of the things people needed, and produce ten times as much as the old methods could produce, there probably would have been no bourgeois revolution. The various families would doubtless have installed such machines: for the families were not poor for the fun of it, and there was no objection, even by the head of the house, to their multiplying their production.

A cursory study of the habits and characteristics

of the great *seigneurs* of Europe, before the revolution, leads me to believe that they had no fundamental objection to their serfs being well fed. The only reason they let their serfs starve, apparently, was because they themselves did not have all they could spend. The land was theirs, they felt, and the serfs were theirs; and what the serfs raised on the land was of course theirs. That being the case, they spent it on themselves; and if there was nothing left for the serfs to eat, it was too bad but it could not, naturally, be helped. But if the serfs had been able to produce twice as much, say, as the lords could spend, there is no reason to believe that the lords would not have been generous. I think they would have given some of it to the serfs. They would have done it because they could: for they were, after a fashion, in control of their estates.

But the capitalists were not in control of their estate; and when the machine they set up eventually began to produce ten times more than the capitalists could spend, they could do nothing about it. Overproduction under the family régime meant easy times; not only for the head of the house, but to some extent for the underlings as well. But overproduction under the trade régime meant hard times all around.

The capitalists may have understood business, but they knew nothing whatever about that machine. It was of no use to them unless it was running; and when it did run it produced so much that it was quite likely to ruin its owners. In spite of this, instead of learning how to produce things more slowly, the owners were constantly under the compulsion of

discovering faster and more ruinous methods of production.

Owners of shoe factories, for instance, might be toboganned into bankruptcy because the market had gone against them. In that case, of course, the factory would have to close until the existing stock of shoes could be disposed of; which meant that all employees would be turned out to starve until they could find some other job. This was generally a long time: for, the shoe market being bad, all the shoe factories would be closed or nearly so and there would be nothing doing in the only line of work with which they were familiar; and, since one market affects another, all lines were likely to be slack.

All Americans are familiar with just such situations. Men tramping the streets until their shoes were worn out might prove to be shoemakers who had become barefooted because they had made too many pairs of shoes. Carpenters might have built so many houses that they had to move outdoors. Even farmers, under this funny régime, might lose their farms and starve to death because they had raised too much food.

In the course of time, business had a wonderful inspiration. That was the notion that things would be all right if production could only be limited. It was an inspiration born of sublime ignorance of the machine it was assuming to control. But every business man seemed to get it, no matter what he was dealing in.

What he was actually dealing in was human nature, but that never occurred to him. He somehow had the idea that production could be carried on for profit; not merely as an individual adventure against

the world but as a world system. The business man of old had been an individual adventurer, and his business consisted of keeping a sharp eye out for human desperation, in any place he could find it, and so manipulating things that he could get some personal profit out of it. And now that he had come into possession, as he supposed, of the machine upon which the whole world depended for its subsistence, he thought he could run it on this same principle. That is, if it were not for the other business men.

It was his competitor, he thought, who was forever making him cut his prices. It was his competitor, he fancied, who was always driving him to the wall. If competition could only be eliminated, he reasoned, that would solve the problem. If he and his competitors could only manage to combine into one unit, they might hold up the whole world.

That was not exactly the way he expressed it. What he said he wanted was world prosperity: and world prosperity, as he saw it, depended upon the world's not producing wealth until the world had wealth enough to purchase it.

Several things, however, upset this plan. One was that those who succeeded at it failed. Any gang that limited production usually eliminated itself. In America, also, there was a great cry against the trusts, and combinations in restraint of trade were made illegal. It was the theory of the great business minds at this juncture that they should get together to keep the people from patronizing them too much; for it was obvious to them that if prices were not higher, the people would buy an awful lot of stuff: and this would make business so good that the machines would all get to running at full tilt again,

and that meant over-production and disaster. On the other hand, the people did not object to the business men fighting them, if they could only be depended upon to fight each other too.

For everybody, it must be remembered, was *dealing* with industry, which is based upon knowledge and is by nature social, but *thinking* about it in terms of property, which is based upon authority and is by nature individual.

Everybody, in fact, was a business man. Everybody was selling something for profit. The leaders of business did not know this: and they didn't mean, when they proposed this combination scheme, that the sellers of labor should combine too. They said that was "un-American."

But the sellers of labor did combine—millions of them. They formed what they called labor unions, and the purpose of these unions was to sell labor in as small packages as possible for as high prices as could be obtained.

They, too, intended to limit production: and they found themselves in a terrific war with the business men who also wanted production limited. The business men, it seems, only meant to limit the production of the things they had to sell, and they didn't want anybody to limit the production of the things they had to buy.

The fiercest wars occurred over the eight-hour day. It was hard work, as a rule, to get the worker to consent to working only eight hours, but the labor unions finally put it over. The individual worker usually preferred to work ten or twelve: not that he liked the work, but he was just as certain as could be that an eight-hour day would not pay as well.

The unions, however, convinced him that it would. By limiting the production of each worker, they reasoned, it would be necessary to hire many more workers, and the competition for labor would be so keen that higher wages would necessarily have to be paid.

When the worker got that through his head he joined the union and the fight against the employers began. The theory was all false and showed that the labor leaders did not know much more about industry than the employers did, but it all turned out pretty well just the same. Wherever the worker was able to force an eight-hour day, he not only had more time to himself but he did get higher wages. Not, however, because the eight-hour day limited production. It was because it increased production. It turned out—and if people had only studied industry instead of economics, they might have discovered it sooner than they did—that a modern industrial worker can do more work in eight hours than he can in twelve.

But business men were studying business, not industry; and the eight-hour workday, which was much more to their advantage than the ten, had to be forced upon them by these labor wars.

And when I say war, I mean war. It was the prevalent theory in America, to be sure, that there should be no wars of this kind; but everybody's attitude, nevertheless, was an attitude that made war inevitable. Everybody believed that there was a fundamental conflict of human interests. Even the Socialists were committed to the theory, and were accused of preaching "class war." The people generally did not like that: not, however, because they

believed in less war than the Socialists did, but in more. It was the socialist theory that the actual war was confined to the two classes, and that the interest of each worker was tied up with the interest of the whole working class and the interest of each employer with the whole employing class. The masses of the people, on the other hand, believed that there was war all around, that everybody is and should be everybody else's competitor, and that their very lives were at stake in this competition.

Nevertheless, it was their notion that folks *should* not fight. It was their notion that they ought to reach agreements with each other—getting together not for the purpose of abolishing war between them but only for the purpose of establishing rules so that the war might be carried on without actual physical violence.

To them, the State seemed to be the natural medium through which such rules could be enforced. That the State depended upon violence for the enforcement of its rules, and that whoever controlled the most force eventually became the State, were considerations which they doubtless did not consider.

Even the labor unions, in a great measure, shared this point of view. In Colorado, for instance, they decided to wrest the eight-hour day from their employers by purely political methods. They decided to enact an eight-hour law and pledged their candidates in advance to such an enactment. The candidates, it seems, wanted to be elected, and they promised the law. Of course they didn't pass it, for they had other things to consider. After many years, however, the unions did get some of the laws they were looking for; but even then they were dissatis-

fied because the organized violence of the State, known as the law-enforcing agencies, somehow seemed to favor the gang with the most cash and the laws were not enforced. Whereupon the workers organized a lot of violence and the eight-hour day became a fact in those trades where the unions could enforce it.

Industry did not object to the eight-hour day. Industry behaved better under it than it had behaved before. Production was generally increased and consumption also increased. Workers with more leisure demanded more comforts and luxuries than they had in the old days when all they wanted after they left the factory was sleep. In order to get those things they demanded higher pay. They fought for it and got it; then they bought more things and business boomed.

Industry was quite willing that business should boom, but the business men still quite generally objected. It stood to reason, they said, that the more they had to pay the workers, the less they would have for themselves. Prices, they also said, must be based upon the cost of production, and it was to the public's interest that that cost should be low.

This *did* stand to reason, but it wasn't true. Industry demonstrated that it wasn't true, but the people were listening to arguments, not to demonstrations. Only a few people here and there, chiefly engineers, were studying industry and were learning what was going on. They learned that modern machine methods made the shorter workday economical. They also learned that high wages pay. And they learned furthermore that it is utter folly, under modern methods of production, to base the price of

an article upon the actual cost of production. That price, they discovered, must be cut many times: it must be pared and pared until it approximates the cost of *potential production* instead.

But business men did not understand production, to say nothing of potential production. And the people generally, even the labor unionists, believed the business men. They all believed that they could get only what they fought for, and they went on fighting instead of finding out the truth. They went on fighting for things, the things it seemed that only money could buy.

But a few listened to Industry.

"Seek ye first," said Industry, "the organization of the creative power—learn the righteousness of service rather than the righteousness of rights—and all these things shall be added unto you."

Chapter XV

IT HAS been generally assumed that the so-called capitalist system was a system of production for profit. There are two slight errors in this. For the capitalists were not primarily interested in production for profit. They were primarily interested in profit, and if they even suspected, as they sometimes did, that non-production would return greater profits than production, they went in strong for non-production. The capitalist system, therefore, was not an industrial system; for no industrial system could possibly be a system of non-production.

The second error lies in the assumption that there ever was a capitalist system. There wasn't. Karl Marx, marvelous analyst though he was, did not say the last word on that subject. The last word, I think, must be credited to Milt Gross, not for any profound remarks concerning anything in particular but for popularizing the query, "Is Dis a System?"

War is not a system. Competition is not a system. Nobody who wants to get anything done ever thinks of employing either. A system is a method of getting something done. There may be right and wrong methods, and one method may come into collision with another. But the collision is not a method.

One may conceive, to be sure, of a mischievous god or devil employing collision as a method of

raising hell on earth; and in that sense war and competition may be classed as systems. But only as a system of raising hell. One may also conceive of the principle of the survival of the fittest as a system for the production of different forms of life, and in that sense capitalism might be called a system: for it produced millionaire life and slum life and prostitute life and many other interesting varieties. But a system is not merely a method: it is a method in relation to a certain aim; and none of these things was ever conceived of as the aim of the so-called capitalist system.

The aim of the industrial machine was obvious enough. It was built from the ground up for the purpose of manufacturing things. People might use the machines for other purposes, but that did not obscure their purpose. One may use books as ballast for a canal boat, but books are not made for that purpose. One may use spark-plugs as missiles with which to break his neighbor's windows, but the purpose of the spark-plug is not affected by that. Likewise, one may, and one often did, employ the wealth-producing machines for the purpose of acquiring profits, but this need not confuse us as to the real purpose of the machine.

It did, however, confuse us; for the idea of wealth and the idea of property were confused in almost everybody's mind. Wealth consists of things which answer to the wants of Man. It remains wealth so long as people want it; and when they stop wanting it it is no longer wealth. Who owns it does not affect its value: its value goes up or down according to the degree of intensity with which it is desired. Property, on the other hand, is not wealth but a mere

title to wealth: and it remains property regardless of whether it is wanted or not. One may own stock in a trolley-line and the stock may become utterly worthless, but this does not affect his proprietorship. He has as much property as he had before, and *as property* it is just as safe. It is even safer, in fact, for nobody will now try to steal it from him. But with no change whatever in his property status, such a person may lose all his wealth.

The industrial machine produced no property. It produced only wealth, the property status of such wealth being absolutely outside its jurisdiction. People always went to lawyers, not to industrial experts, to ascertain who owned anything. They consulted engineers, however, when they wanted any new wealth. The lawyers were no good for that: the creation of wealth was utterly outside *their* jurisdiction. No matter how wise he was, nor how expensive, there was no more wealth in existence when a lawyer finished his labors than there had been before.

Lawyers studied property and became acquainted with its laws. Engineers studied wealth and became acquainted with its laws. The capitalists found it necessary to employ both types of experts. But there was this difference. They employed the engineers for the sole purpose of making wealth; they employed the lawyers for the sole purpose of making wealth theirs.

Human nature, people supposed, was acquisitive. The engineer, *as an engineer,* however, was not acquisitive. As a citizen he might be quite as acquisitive as a lawyer, but his engineering had nothing to do with his citizenship. His citizenship was all a matter

of law. Acquisition was all a matter of law too, and he could construct no acquisitive machine. He could make guns, to be sure, and guns could be employed to cinch one's title to wealth; but there was nothing in the gun that said whose title would be cinched. It might be used to back up the decisions of the courts or to overrule them. It might be used by his employer to shoot a thief, or by a thief to shoot his employer. It might be used by himself some day to shoot Germans, or it might be used by some German to shoot him. But all this made no difference in the making of the gun. When he constructed a gun he had just one aim; and that was to construct one that would do all a gun was required to do, and to construct it as economically as possible.

For guns were wealth too, even though their purpose might be to destroy wealth by battering down buildings and damaging other guns, or even by putting an end to the creative potentialities of human life. Guns were wealth because people thought they wanted guns, and it was not up to the engineer to impose his notions upon them. Engineering, then, could not be acquisitive. No matter how harmful the thing he created might turn out to be, engineering concerned itself only with the discovery of the laws governing creation.

And in order to create wealth, it was discovered, competition had to be eliminated. Engineering demanded coordination. To keep each part of the machine from interfering with any other part became the chief aim of the engineer. If a steamboat had two engines, they must be coordinated so that each engine assisted the other. If they competed with each other, or pulled against each other in any way,

the boat could not possibly achieve its purpose: and if the various departments of a factory were to pull against each other, the factory could not accomplish what it was designed to do.

This was not a new principle. The Family, when it was the dominant institution in the world, understood it very well. The Family could not have two heads. It must be a unit or it would be nothing; and when it ceased to be a unit it became nothing. And industrial enterprises, it was discovered, could not be industrial enterprises if they pulled against themselves. Within the enterprises, all the various forces had to be coordinated. The fact was so obvious that even the business heads of these enterprises became dimly aware of it in time.

But how about "capitalism"? Did any sponsor of capitalism ever dream of coordinating that? Obviously, no. For capitalism was based upon competition. Capitalism was not a "scramble for wealth," as it has so often been called, but a scramble for the ownership of wealth. If capitalism were once coordinated, there could be no such scramble. If capitalism were coordinated, there could be no competition, and hence no capitalism.

The Family was engaged in supplying the wants of the Family: and within the individual family everything had to be coordinated for that purpose. There could be no scramble there, not even a scramble to see who should be the family's head. If there was such a scramble that family went out of existence; for a house divided against itself could not stand.

Capitalism was not even a house divided against itself. It never became a house. Capitalism was a

mere household tradition which survived after the house itself was wiped out. Marx figured it out that the capitalists had become the dominant class in world society, in place of the feudal barons; and as fast as anybody has been able to acquire money enough to be called a capitalist he has seemed generally willing to accept this analysis. But a dominant class governs, and the capitalists have not governed. The feudal barons governed badly: nevertheless they did lay down the laws by which their subjects produced and distributed wealth. In the very nature of the capitalist's position, he could do nothing of the sort.

He knew nothing about the laws of industry: but had he understood those laws he was not in a position to do much of anything about it. If a feudal lord discovered that his subjects were producing more than was being consumed, he might issue orders that they quit producing and go to consuming for a change. He could do this because they produced, in the main, the very things they customarily consumed.

But no capitalist found his organization doing that. He might have many thousands of employees, but they would all be engaged in making just one or two things, and they were likely to be things which they themselves scarcely ever felt the need of. Steel rails, perhaps, or cash-registers, or derricks, or cranes. The workers could not eat these things and their wives could not wear them; children never cried for them and could not have digested them if they had. There was no point, then, in declaring a holiday now, and telling the workers that they need not return to work until they had used up the prod-

uct of their toil. If a factory was shut down, it was not a holiday; it was hell.

The difference between the new and the old times was not that the ancient worker worked individually while the modern wage-slave toiled away in a great machine. That merely seemed to be the difference between them. The real difference was that the ancient worker worked within an organized society, while the modern worker worked in a world that had no organization. The Family was a human society. Capitalism was not.

When the worker built a fence in the old days he did not build it for himself, either to fence himself in or out; and when he made a harness, he did not necessarily make one to wear. He did these things because the family needed to have them done. He did them for *society;* and society, although it had only a few dozen or a few hundred people in it all told, was so well organized that it made some provision, at least, for the needs of every member.

But society made no provision for the machine-worker's needs. It couldn't, for there wasn't any society now. Somebody, somewhere, could use his product, but where to find that somebody was a problem. There was no longer any relation between producer and consumer: that is, there was the same relation that there always had been, but there was no social organization now that could do anything about it. The Family was the world's social organization once, because it had managed to be producer and consumer and was organized from top to bottom to function in both capacities. But now neither production nor consumption was organized. Neither could be, unless the other was. Producers just went

ahead making things which somebody guessed that somebody would want to use. But there was no direction to it, no system—it was all left to luck.

The capitalists can not be accused of lack of diligence. They did their best to find markets for their products. They combed the world for them; and if people thought they didn't want such things they set out to educate them into wanting them. They got the naked heathen to hankering for pants; and when Christian missionaries helped to build up such a demand, they applauded the missionaries. Then they got their governments to send troops and gunboats to force these heathen hordes to buy other things as well. Opium products, for instance, and Bibles and beer, and habit-forming medicines for body or soul.

Capitalists did this, but not capitalism. There was no organization of the capitalists of the world, either to adjust production to consumption or consumption to production. The capitalists could not organize production, for production was not their line. They could not organize to supply human wants, for supplying human wants was not in their line either. They had set out, not to supply human need, but to take advantage of it: and while a few may organize here and there to take advantage of all others, everybody can not. Everybody may set out individually on such an expedition, but the result will be not organization but disorganization.

A group of pirates may get together to carry on piracy upon a larger scale than ever; but they can not organize the world's shipping on any such principle. As soon as the world's shipping is organized on any principle, piracy ceases to be: for piracy

consists in one boat's taking advantage of another boat.

It is not surprising then that the capitalists got together, in so far as they did get together, as national rather than international combinations. This does not prove, however, that rivalry is a human passion, nor that people are naturally acquisitive. For human nature does not exist in the individual. Human nature is a product of human relations. Without human relations, there can be no human nature at all: and the way one expresses his human nature depends upon his conception of what those relations are.

Capitalism was not a world system and the capitalists did not conceive of it as such. It did not occur to them that there could be a world system. They conceived of human life as strictly an individual matter; and the more "capitalistic" a nation became, the more this idea spread.

But this did not make human nature individualistic. It only made people try to be individualistic. Even when they found that they could not be, it never occurred to them that human nature was the cause. They always attributed it to "circumstances," as though human nature *might* exist *without* circumstances.

Since there were so many of us, they reasoned, it was necessary to restrict individual liberty; imagining, once more, that there could be liberty if there were not many of us. Hence, there must be agreements. There must be contracts, and contracts must be held sacred. Likewise, there must be laws in every State, and there must be force by means of which the State can compel obedience to these laws.

And if there should happen to be a disagreement between two different States, what then? Well, there were several different answers to that, but they all seemed to work out in about the same way. There was the patriotic answer and the militarist answer and the pacifist answer; there was the economic answer and the judicial answer and the moral answer; the biological and the psychological and the theological answer. But unfortunately they all had the same outcome—war.

The patriot who imagined that human life was individual immediately gave up every individualistic thought. In fact, he gave up all thought whatsoever, and abandoned himself to the common cause. He found that he didn't love himself as an individual at all: he loved only the group with which he now identified himself; and anyone who didn't identify himself with that group filled his soul with loathing and contempt. This type of person never counted the cost of his infatuation. Prepared or unprepared, he was willing to die on the altar of his country. If the militarists were not ready for war, he was a good deal of a nuisance; but if they were ready, he was a great asset.

The militarists were more calculating. They always knew, they said, that human nature was like this, and so it behooved the State to be prepared. Not to go to war would be dishonor—and a nation's "honor" was something so sacred that it couldn't even be a matter for arbitration and discussion—but to go to war unprepared meant ghastly slaughter. Not that they were opposed to ghastly slaughter but, human nature being what it is, the ghastly slaughter should be inflicted on the other

side. It is more blessed to give such things, they thought, than to receive.

The pacifist would hear no such talk. It made him mad. The individual conscience was supreme with him; and that the State should thus swallow up all individual life, and the militarists turn us precious human entities into cannon fodder, was to him an outrage. "Come, let us argue!" was his watchword, seemingly forgetting that words lead to blows. That we *had* conflicting interests he did not doubt: but did not man have the faculty of reason, and was not reason superior to passion? The answer is that it wasn't. Pacifism is not superior to peace: and the pacifist, if he had been passionately peaceful, instead of passionately pacifistic, might have discovered it. The pacifist seemed to believe that we ought to love everybody, and he hated almost everybody for not doing so. In the end, he generally enlisted in any war that promised to end war.

The economists reasoned less violently. They saw the economic causes for these international ruptures, but they were helpless to do anything about it. One thing human nature was not interested in was political economy. People might believe that it was man's chief business to get ahead of himself, but it was dull reading when you tried to figure it out. Political economy, then, was no force whatever. It was so unpopular that the writers and professors had hard work to make a living. But each had hopes. Sometimes, after a millionaire had become very rich, he hired a political economist to tell him how he did it.

The judicial attitude toward war was somewhat

more understandable. Many who would not fall for the fury of the patriots assumed this attitude. War was justified, they said, only if the cause was just; so it behooved everybody to view the situation calmly, patiently weigh the issue and, if it appeared that one's country had right on its side, one could then see the justice of employing force without stint. Needless to say, this attitude had no effect upon war. In a controversy between nations, the people of each nation could hear only one side anyway. Besides that, people sometimes loved their own country somewhat more intensely than they loved the other one; and the judicial-minded never rose to suggest that this disqualified them as judges.

The moral answer was somewhat different. The moralist could go to war and consider the good of the enemy in the bargain. The enemy country would be much better off, he could see, if it were taught a lesson. If trade was bad in some country with an outlandishly rotten government, and the capitalists of a good country wanted a steady market there, they could generally depend upon the moralists to help them get it. From the moral standpoint, it was our plain duty to extend the blessings of civilization to such benighted lands. Perhaps this was not exactly loving one's enemies, but it was as close to it as a moralist could come.

In the meantime, the biologist might call attention to the fact that war, while it might result in the survival of the fittest nations, was resulting in the elimination of the fittest individuals. Since there were no individuals, however, they could hardly stop war with such an argument. Only in the realm of reason did people seem to be individuals, and

people do not live in the realm of reason. They live in the realm of passion. There was no reason whatever in nationalism, but people could be terribly passionate about it. Biologists might prove that life is an individual matter, and people might accept their proofs. But they couldn't make it work. Living unto oneself was impossible. People could die for their countries, and they did.

The psychologists added much to the literature of war, through the discovery of many unconscious motivations. But these motivations were always inside the individual; that is, inside of a being that did not exist. That our inborn instincts inevitably pushed us into war seemed quite understandable to them: but that our *human relations* were crying for expression was a concept that never entered their heads. Nobody, not even the behaviorist, acted like an individual: but when the behaviorist wanted to know how human life behaves, he studied the individual instead of studying human life.

The theologian was as helpless as anybody. His God was very likely to be a God of Battles. He presided over all battles, apparently, and was interested in the triumph of the right. This being the case, and God being so powerful, it behooved the battlers to get Him on their side. That was about as far as theology could go, but it was far enough. The battlers, no matter what side they were on, invariably got God on it. This accomplished, the war went on.

War went on in spite of the fact that people did not want to fight and did not even want the things they fought for. The Spaniards, individually, did not want Cuba, but Spain did, and all the Spaniards

wanted to be Spain. Few, if any, Americans wanted the Philippines, but Uncle Sam did; and it was a sacrilege in most American eyes to deny to this precious uncle anything he felt like grabbing. It required no ideal on the country's part to call forth devotion and sacrifice on the part of its subjects or its citizens. People would support the nation, in fact, in attitudes which they would be ashamed to assume as individuals.

As people, many of them thought it wrong to be selfish; or the height of bad manners, at least, to be always solicitous concerning their own interests. But they did not want their nation to be unselfish; and they did not really expect it to have any manners at all. It was supposed to parade its weapons in all the ports of the world, so that everybody would be impressed with what a terrible fighter it could be. It was supposed to support itself by international tariffs: and if one country could get the best of another in a trade arrangement, everybody in that country thought it was fine.

This was called "business," and it was. But even the business men were ashamed to admit the principle when they dealt with their private customers. They never hung out signs saying that they intended to trim their customers according to the opportunities that presented themselves. In their private dealings, all such motives had to be camouflaged; but in all the commercial relations of one nation with another, no one seemed to suspect that any other principle than that of pure hoggishness could be followed.

Here, I submit, was an interesting situation. All the world going to war, and practically all going

for the same motives, with scarcely a selfish motive discernible anywhere. The fighters were not fighting with each other. In fact, they had nothing to fight about: nevertheless, they were giving up home and loved ones, even their personal ambitions and their precious "careers," and subjecting themselves to mutilation and death in order that this *collective self* of theirs might somehow find expression.

Was it the herd instinct? Never before in human history had any such manifestation of collective passion been possible. Always, it seemed, men could be depended upon to fight for their families. They would also fight to ward off invasion or to achieve an ideal: and once in a while some great genius like Hannibal could organize great armies with the promise of loot. But never before were *nations* mobilized like this. Never before, in fact, had there been such nations. Never before had man thought of himself in such huge collective terms.

That the development of capitalism could have resulted in such a resurgence of nationalism was, to many, the great surprise of the war. Capitalism, it was supposed, was international. It depended upon the continuance of world trade, the uninterrupted interchange of manufactured goods, and it was knitting the world together in mutual interdependence. War, therefore, between the advanced capitalistic nations, was seen to be absurd.

And so it was. But it happened. And after four years of hell and nearly a decade of hysteria, nationalism seemed to be as strong and world peace as far away as ever.

For nationalism was not only a concept of Man's *collective self:* it was about the only such concept

the average man was able to grasp. He could not live unto himself. He could no longer live unto his family; for the Family, as an expression of the collective self, had passed away. Whatever it might be as an ideal, in actual life it was not a unit and could not function as such.

Baseball teams could function as units. So could political parties. And so could nations. To be sure, the only way they could function as a unit was in triumphing over some similar unit; and the fan, the partizan and the patriot could not use these units, to any great extent, in the actual work of life. But they could get enthusiastic about them.

They could not get enthusiastic about capitalism. They could favor it. They could agree, intellectually, that it embodied a perfectly practical principle. They thought that they were individuals, and capitalism seemed to give full rein to individual ambition. In America, especially, where capitalism seemed to be most dominant, almost anybody might hope to get rich. But while getting rich was fine, and all that, one could hardly forget himself in the task. It was the one pursuit above all others, in fact, which required that one fasten his attention at all times upon his individual interests, and human nature found that irksome.

Human nature wanted to express itself, but it wanted to express a larger self than that. The churches, as a rule, did not know this, or there might have been a great revival of religion in America. The churches, dominated as everybody else was by this individualistic concept, said that people ought to be unselfish, but never noticed that they were.

Church-going fell off generally, either in quantity

or intensity. People could not forget themselves any longer in the customary religious formulas. They could do it, to a certain extent, in the old days, when each separate denomination looked upon itself as the One True Church, more or less at war with all the "false" religions, but it was impossible to do so now. Not that people wanted war, but these sectarian wars individualized their own particular sect for them; and they were able to forget their own individual selves in the larger self of the Church. But the force that had destroyed the Family had also obliterated the lines which distinguished sect from sect: and when the churches "united" in evangelistic campaigns, for the purpose of getting sinners to meditate upon their individual soul's salvation, the human appeal became fainter and fainter until, especially in the great industrial communities, these revivals ceased to have any pull at all.

A lot of Americans tried to solve the problem by getting drunk. The churches said this was very selfish of them. The fact was, of course, that they were doing their desperate best to forget themselves—to lose their individual identity in a more social being than the silly scramble for riches permitted them to be. The one thing, generally, that a souse did forget was his own individual interests; and unless the experience left him later in a position where he was even more forcibly reminded of them, he was likely to bless alcohol for the rich experience.

Many who were not drunkards became alcohol fans. In Prohibition America, *The Old Soak,* by Don Marquis, made a tremendous appeal. Capitalism, with its eternal lesson of individual industry

and thrift, was generally recognized as practical and hateful. It took some no-account bum like Rip Van Winkle to give these practical folks the thrill they were looking for when they went to the theater to forget themselves.

As the old sects lost their ability to absorb the individual, thousands of educated and cultured people went in for occultism and mysticism. Sometimes they called themselves mere investigators, but it was evident that they didn't want to investigate. They wanted to be fooled, and it annoyed them to have their fakers exposed. By all sorts of affirmations and incantations they sought to bring the larger self into consciousness: for while they did not doubt that man is an individual entity, they fled in fright from individualism as it was working out.

This was pretty good soil, it seems to me, for the nurture of nationalism. Nationalism gave everybody a chance to escape from his individualistic concepts. He could get drunk on it. He could wave the Stars and Stripes and scream about the Constitution until he imagined himself, not poor, little, limited John Smith, but the Incarnation of America: and that he didn't have the slightest conception of what America was made this all the easier. Whatever his notions happened to be would serve for the moment as American ideals, and each hearer could substitute *his* notions by a similar process.

There were a few meaningless phrases which they could all employ. Liberty. Justice. Americanism. The Fathers of this Glorious Republic. That America was not at all the sort of country that the fathers had intended to found; that nobody now believed in personal liberty; that human nature is not interested

in justice, and that none of the hundred-percenters themselves had the slightest intention of being just —all that was immaterial. The important thing was that human passion was asserting itself. Man could not, and would not, be an individual. In this case, he would be "America," whatever that was; and he was willing to wade through blood for the opportunity.

Unfortunately, this nationalism had its limitations. Wading through blood was about the only way this passion could be consummated, so long as one tried to express it through one's *nation.* For nations were not complete human societies, nor were they units of human society. Nations, after all, were nothing but political subdivisions of the earth; and human life on that earth was no longer political. Human relations were no longer determined by geographical boundaries: and the people of each nation were quite as dependent upon the people of other nations as they were upon their own compatriots.

For this was the Machine Age. It was not the age of capitalism, for capitalism was merely an attitude toward the machine—an attitude that was generally taken by the people everywhere, but generally discarded by the machine. The machine had made strange bed-fellows. It had related everybody, in some strange manner, to itself, and it had related everybody to everybody else; but the language of the people was still political; and it is no wonder, with such a language, that they could not easily perceive what their relations were.

There was nothing, however, essentially wrong with the passions of this period. Those passions were human and they had to find some outlet. Peace

schemes, on the other hand, were merely reasonable; and so, between passionate nationalism and dispassionate methods to secure justice and safety and riches and ease, human nature grasped at nationalism.

Chapter XVI

PACIFISM had all the logic, but nationalism had all the songs. There were no songs of peace: that is, none that would stir anybody. Peace, in everybody's mind, was something to consent to against one's feelings, not something which called one to let all his pent-up feelings out. When poets tried to eulogize peace they wrote dirges. War might make its entrance in a regular riot of enthusiasm, but peace was a solemn personage who must be greeted with a grand hush.

Its emblem was the dove: and while nobody had anything in particular against doves, it wasn't exactly the sort of emblem that the machine age could rally around. A guinea pig would have meant much more; for the guinea pig was associated in the popular mind with scientific research. The dove was associated with nothing but the absence of color and the fact that it couldn't fight.

The steam whistle should have been the emblem. It was the steam whistle that had called Man into all these new relations and challenged him to find himself in a bigger world than Man had ever lived in before. It was the steam whistle that rendered all his former concepts inadequate. It was the steam whistle that had brought woman into his life as a being who challenged him to learn how to love

her, instead of merely managing her as he had through the ages. The steam whistle, to be sure, had brought anything but peace; but if he wanted peace—and he surely did—it must remind him that he could not find it in any passive, pastoral existence, but must create a new and greater harmony out of this terrific chaos of steam.

But the dove was the emblem; and solemnity, not power, was the inspiration of most of the pacifist proposals. The most solemn institutions still extant in the world were the courts, so they proposed another court. This was to be the most solemn court yet: for it was to be a world court, and was to mete out exact justice, not merely between individuals and corporate groups, but to the nations of the earth.

The Supreme Court of the United States was the generally accepted model. It was the most august court that the world had ever known, for it sat in judgment over forty-eight different State governments, and every State bowed to its decisions. It sat in judgment, in fact, over the United States Government itself, restraining the executive and overruling legislative authority.

It seemed that one had to know nearly or quite as much as God in order to sit on such a court, for its decisions were held in nearly or quite as much reverence. That is, they would have been if it had not been for the members of the Court themselves. For the Court often split, five to four; and what the four frequently said about the inept reasoning of the five was frequently satisfying to the most irreverent citizens. Nevertheless, the States had not taken up arms against each other since 1865, and the paci-

fists reasoned that it must have been this Court which kept them from doing so—this Court, and the fact that war between the States had been outlawed.

One thing, it seems, they overlooked. In its century and a half of existence, the people of the United States had not sung one song to this august tribunal. When they sang, they sang of swords and cannon, and of those who spilled their heart's blood and not merely their cranial gray matter for their country.

Song is an outburst of emotion, and courts were recognized, of course, as being free from that. Peace, likewise, in the popular concept, must be free from emotion too. There are really very few things which human nature can sing about. It can sing about loving and it can sing about fighting: but it can not sing about arbitration or the judicial determination of issues.

"Jesus, Lover of My Soul" has stirred millions; likewise, "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "Rock of Ages, cleft for me—*let me hide myself in Thee.*" But I can think of no hymn that has ever had a vogue which celebrates the notion that we will now get exactly what's coming to us; although the hymnals are full of the suggestion that the enemy will presently get what's coming to him.

"Onward, Christian Soldiers!" can be sung. "Onward, Christian Judiciary!" could not be. One reason, perhaps, is that judges do not go on. They go back. They go back to the records, back to the ancient formulas, back to the musty conceptions of property rights. And we can not visualize them "marching as to war." For they do not march: they sit.

"Be seated, Christian Judiciary!
Seated as in the United States Supreme Court."

Just try that on your heart-strings and you will notice that it will not sing. Human nature may lose itself in love or hate, but it simply does not vibrate to the notion of the judicial settlement of disputes.

There is still another reason why the passion for human unity could not express itself in all the legalistic proposals of the pacifists. Human experience counts for something, and in all human experience people never seemed to love each other overmuch in court. People went to court when they hated each other; and usually, after "justice" had been meted out, there was quite as much disunity as there had been before. Courts certainly could not symbolize happiness. Litigants can not be happy, even when they are defeated; while "victory," in litigation as in war, is sheer misery. The hand may become quite enthusiastic in its contest with the eye: but let it once attain the right to gouge out the hated optic, and every exercise of the right can result in nothing but a pang.

This is not true of tennis or of baseball. These things are play, and everybody knows it. The players play that their interests are antagonistic; and so long as the thing is kept on a play basis, no harm results. If they once got to hating their opponents, or to committing the murders and mayhem which the playful fans call upon them to commit, human nature would soon discover that that was not what it was looking for at all.

In fact, it has discovered this. But it took the Machine Age, apparently, to bring the fact to con-

sciousness. In spite of modern war, in spite of the present-day ability to inflict pain upon humanity upon a larger scale than was ever possible before, and in spite of the fact that the machine that was designed to serve human need has been dedicated all these years to individual greed, it can not be denied that there is more humanitarian feeling in the world to-day than there ever was before.

I see no sense in urging human beings to be kind and generous and sympathetic. We have much more kindness and generosity and sympathy in the world to-day than we know what to do with. This so-called age of capitalism has been an age of unprecedented tenderness. It has been an age of charity and philanthropy and of heroic self-sacrifice. I will grant that it has been an age of luxury too, a "materialistic" age and an age of vulgar ostentation. People have built hospitals, no doubt, in order that they might gain a reputation for goodness, and the sons of the wealthy have enlisted as privates that they might become known for their democracy. Nevertheless, if one will honestly contrast this age of "materialism" with any of the more "spiritual" ages that preceded it, it must stand out as an age in which one of the greatest driving forces in human conduct has been the desire to alleviate pain; and not merely among one's own kinsmen either, but among people of distant lands whose sufferings might easily pass unnoticed.

There have been no observable biological changes in *genus homo* since the days when criminals and insane persons were deliberately tortured, and hangings were spectacles that everybody was supposed to enjoy. We are still torturing criminals to-

day, to be sure, but we do not mean to; and we are trying our stupid best to care for the insane.

Grasping, greedy, materialistic America seems to take the lead in all this sentimental yearning to allay human suffering; and hard-boiled atheists can frequently be stung to contribute to foreign missions, not because they think that any heathen soul will thus be saved from sin, but that some more children in spiritually-minded India may have their sores treated by modern specialists.

Our materialism, whatever may be said against it, works for cleanliness, for sanitation, for freedom from disease; and it works to achieve these, not merely for individual advantage, but for the common good of the whole human race throughout the world. I am not a patriot, and I do not want to exalt my country above others: but I can not help noticing that we are more materialistic, thank God, than any country in human history has ever had an opportunity to be; and the more we deal in matter, the more everything seems to matter to us.

Even our Fundamentalists partake gloriously of this materialism. They may demand the most ancient formulas for their soul's salvation, but they do not carry the principle into their everyday lives. When they take their baths—and they seem to bathe quite as frequently as the Modernists—they demand something more than spiritual water; and they do not go to Moses or St. Paul for a holy tip on what a bath-tub should be like. They install the most modern of materialistic plumbing. The electric lights that light sinners on their way to hell are good enough for them. They may disagree with us in theology and in the superficial matters of the law,

but they are one with us in the weightier matters of human relations—in garbage collection, in sewage disposal, in obedience to railroad time-tables, in stalwart opposition to the sale of rotten meat, in the construction of school buildings (if not their curricula) according to modern scientific standards and not according to Bible notions as to how fire may be prevented, and in ever so many other purely materialistic matters that bring Americans into relation with each other.

In America, it seems to me, more than in any other country on earth, human relations are determined by modern scientific discoveries: and in America, it seems to me, perhaps less than in any other country on earth, is this fact recognized. For America, in its actual experience, has been industrial, while America, in its thinking, has been capitalistic: and the result to date is a country fairly bursting with love for humanity and with no idea whatever of what to do about it.

So far we have been waging wars with it—wars which nobody wanted to wage. Simultaneously we have been waging war against crime, and crying our eyes out over the plight of the poor criminals. We have been increasing the police forces annually and calling desperately for sterner methods of repression—and have then heaved great long sighs of relief every time a jury has failed to convict or a decent human governor has issued a pardon. Americans are inflamed to hatred easily enough; but to do their best they can not keep grudges, and felons who do not get a speedy trial are quite likely to be freed.

If ever a people wanted to be friendly it is the

American people of to-day. That they are money-lovers is not apparent. They are scrambling for money, perhaps, as no people ever scrambled before; but most of them seem to want it for the fun of throwing it away. They are not friendly. They do not know how to be: and furthermore, it is against their principles; but they are so prodigal by nature that the moralists have had to institute Thrift Weeks in order to inculcate the finer qualities of selfishness and greed.

The capitalists of America, as a rule, are no more free from this besetting passion to get rid of their money than are the working and professional people. The millionaire, in spite of his devout belief that his money is his and that nobody else has any claim on it, is likely to be a soft-hearted boob. Any tale of distress is pretty sure to get him; and he is so aware of his weakness that he has to hire secretaries and go-betweens to keep him from hearing of the misfortunes of others. He permits himself of course to give "systematically"; but to give as he would like to give he thinks would be a sin.

It may be observed, to be sure, that a lot of these people are not really self-effacing in their benefactions, and that their real purpose in giving away their money is to make a big name for themselves. Have it that way if you will: it still remains true that, so far as their feelings are concerned, they can not find themselves in themselves. Palaces and luxuries do not satisfy them. Even the love and loyalty of their own families is not enough. They must spread out somehow into the life of the community if life is to mean anything worth while.

This is all contrary to their reason and their un-

derstanding. Their reason tells them that they should look after their own interests in this grand, free-for-all struggle for the survival of the fittest, just as their theology tells them that they should look after their own souls and let the damned be damned. But their human nature is constantly telling them something different. Their human nature is forever impelling them to win life by losing it.

Can any biologist explain this? Or any psychologist who bases his science upon biologically transmitted traits? Can they explain why it is such a common occurrence in our time for men to risk their lives to save the lives of would-be suicides, or of utter strangers whose existence or non-existence would seem to be no concern of theirs?

The Church, with its bloody history, can scarcely claim credit for the greater humanitarianism of modern times. I can scarcely give it credit for its own missionary movement, which has led so many thousands of earnest churchmen to give their lives to heroic service in famine-stricken and plague-stricken lands. For many centuries, although the Church fought valiantly against all intellectual conclusions at variance with its own, it evinced almost no interest in the physical welfare of those over whom it held jurisdiction, not to mention the sufferings of Africans and Hindus and Chinese. I am not speaking here of whether the missionary movement has been good or bad, or whether the great philanthropic movements of modern times may not have caused more suffering than they cured. I am speaking simply of human nature and its motivations: and I can not help noticing that this strange passion on the part of human beings to minister to

the well-being of utter strangers, to the sacrifice of one's own comfort and at the risk of one's own life, is one of the most outstanding phenomena of our despised, materialistic, machine civilization.

Human beings, for many thousands of years, have been loyal generally to their own kin; and once in an age the world has been inspired by some story, such as that of Damon and Pythias, which indicated that it is within the potentialities of human nature to strike up a friendship that will mean more than life. But greater love, it was supposed, had no man, than that he lay down his life for a friend. That is, until this machine age. Now, we often read in the newspapers of strangers who have risked their lives to save strangers and then run away to avoid identification.

When I call this age "materialistic," the reader may surmise that I mean to be sarcastic. To me the term has no meaning whatever, for I can not distinguish between material and spiritual. Matter, it seems, according to present-day scientific concepts, is the phenomenon which results when the electrons come into certain relations with each other; let them come into certain other relations, and the resulting phenomenon may be light. These electrons themselves are not conceived of as matter, but as units of energy; and not as playing upon otherwise inert material—for no material is now conceived of as inert—but as *materializing* rather, and *becoming* the things of which, through our senses, we may become aware.

If, on the other hand, one were to conceive of the universe in diametrically opposite terms, I can not see that it would make much difference. One

might then conceive of matter as self-existent, and of energy as the phenomenon which results when certain units of matter are brought into certain relations with each other. But no scientist will attempt to disassociate the two. He will not become aware of motion unless there is something moving, and he will not observe anything moving without becoming aware of energy.

If he is a physician he may try to build up his patient's body by removing such mental strains as he can. He may order quiet, which is not a thing, but a condition of things. On the other hand, he may try to improve the patient's mental condition by treating his liver, and he may order a pill. There is no sense, however, in calling one of these physicians spiritual and the other materialistic. Both have the same aim and both employ the same principle. One is not trying to cure the mind and the other the body, but both are trying to cure the *patient*. That patient is neither matter nor spirit, and neither physician would think of treating him as such. He is both matter and spirit; and he is matter and spirit which can not be disassociated and have any patient left.

Only a priest, it seems, can cure a soul and let the body go hang. Only a priest can ignore all physical conditions and get any results. Unfortunately, however, we can learn nothing from this; for nobody knows and nobody can possibly find out whether he actually gets any results or not. The only spirituality with which we can possibly deal is that which manifests itself in the observable relations of our material universe. To call America materialistic, then, and India spiritual, is meaningless. There is

as much matter there as there is here; and if there is not as much spirit here as there the fact can not be demonstrated. It is generally conceded that there is as much energy.

To be sure, some so-called materialists may assert that there is no such reality as spirit. That makes no difference. They do not deny that there are certain phenomena which some people call spirit; and it is the actual phenomena, not the names, with which we have to deal. Calling electricity steam would not stop a single motor. The only thing that can stop progress in any line is failure to observe how forces act.

Human life in America is acting in strange new ways. It is passionately asserting individualism and passionately denying it to everybody. It is passionately piling up property that it does not want piled up and passionately proclaiming ownership of things that can not be owned. It is passionately rebelling against the very moral codes it is passionately asserting, and it is passionately destroying the political institution it so passionately worships. Also, it is passionately waging wars that it does not want to wage, and is passionately trying to escape from war by learning how to fight more viciously. In the meantime, it is developing a tender-heartedness that the human race never saw in action on such a scale before, and a passion for loving service the like of which the world never knew.

Human life, let me repeat, is made up of human relationships plus the human conceptions of what those relationships are. It would seem that there is a considerable discrepancy in America between these two. Our human relations have changed rapidly, but

our understanding of those relations has changed not so rapidly. The machine has opened up vast new channels for the expression of human passion; and where our habits of thought have not stepped in to enjoin it, we have expressed this passion in glorious acts of friendliness. On the problem of war or peace, however, our old ways of thinking have held us in restraint. In that matter we have been bound by the concepts of the past. With no end of passionate loyalty to all to whom we feel related, we have not yet been able to see that this Industrial Machine, in which America lives and moves and has its being, has related each of us to all the world.

Our loyalty, then, has found its outlet in nationalism, even though it is obvious that nationalism leads to war. And the only way to peace that we have so far been able to think of is not the way of passionate expression but the way of coercion and of court procedure. Not the way of life, but the way of logic. We have not even dreamed of a joyous, singing, dancing, human peace, but of a dull, dreary, passionless but profitable peace, to be evolved out of the erudition and hair-splitting intellectualism of a super-Sanhedrim which shall be known as the World Court.

And not, remember, a peace between human beings, for no world court has ever suggested that. This Court is not to deal with human problems, but is to concern itself only with the conflicting claims of sundry grotesque institutions known as national governments.

Chapter XVII

I HAVE no intention of opposing the World Court program, nor the plans of the League of Nations to secure peace among the powers. Peace between governments is the noblest political notion I know of; but after admitting that, I am not altogether sure it would make life worth living. There is a far bigger job to think of: and that is, peace between man and man.

Since only governments can make war to-day, it may seem to some that only governments can make peace. But governments can not make war out of nothing; and they can not make peace out of nothing either. In order to make war they have to have a lot of misunderstanding. If we remove the misunderstandings that exist to-day, no government can possibly make war.

Governments, incidentally, do not go to war. They simply arrange wars for their people to go to; and it is the people, not the governments, who must be supplied with the misunderstanding.

Of course, if we are individuals and human nature is naturally antagonistic to itself, we might have a perfect understanding and still fight. I would know that it was to your interest to kill me and you would know that it was to my interest to kill you. But in that case it would hardly be worth while for any

government to come between us. We couldn't be friends. We would still want to kill each other: and there would be no particular point in living unless we had at least a ghost of a show of achieving our wants.

It is no wonder that peace by contract does not appeal very strongly to human nature. If anybody has a gun pointed at your head, it is small comfort to reflect that he is under bonds not to shoot. Human nature wants life, not mere longevity: and we can not live unto ourselves. We must live in other human lives or we can not live at all; and we can not live to any great extent in contractual relations. Life is a passion, not a contract. It is what the other fellow *wants* to do, not what he has agreed to do nor even what he feels himself morally obliged to do, that concerns us most.

We may imagine at times that it is the police, or the government, which keeps us from being murdered; but if people generally wanted to murder us, all the protection the government could give us would not amount to much. Nor are we protected greatly by the prevailing belief that murdering us would be a sin. What keeps us from being murdered is that people do not want to murder us. They want us to live. They wish us well. It is not in *our* preparedness but in *their* passions that we manage to live at all.

But a good many gangsters do want to murder us. At least, they would just as lief do it as not. Not, however, because they are more murderous than we are, but because they do not include us in their loyalties; and so long as that is the case, we can not be stirred to enthusiasm by any proposal to make peace

by negotiation with these various gangs. Conceivably, it might be advantageous. It might result in fewer murders and hold-ups. But that isn't the big idea to any of us. What we demand is that they shall take their place in our social order, and abide by its rules, or that there shall be war to the bitter end, in which we shall hang every mother's son of them.

Unfortunately, however, we do not know what our social order is. We do not know our own place in it, to say nothing of theirs. It is one grand, united nation, we say on the Fourth of July, and it can lick any other nation on earth. Our social order is not a nation and our greatness does not lie in our fighting power: but so long as we are haunted by this concept of what our human relations are that is about the best explanation we can give. On days that are not specially dedicated to patriotism, however, we note that our nation is governed by various gangs of scheming politicians, that the government can't be trusted to manage anything, that the less power it has the better it will be for everybody, and that the best thing anybody can do is to tend to his own business and let politics alone.

Under the circumstances, it is hardly surprising that the gangsters go back to their own business. They can at least visualize *their* social order; but we of the upper world are not able to visualize ours. We have one. It is here, and we are living in it: and insofar as we do live in it we are enjoying peace and prosperity and a human life. But we are not thinking in it. We are still thinking in terms of gangs and gunmen: specifically, in terms of a grand gang which we call the good old U. S. A., whose great-

ness can properly be measured only in terms of guns.

A patriotic demonstration without a parade of guns is quite unthinkable to us. The Fleet and the Flag are almost inseparable symbols. For while the human society in which we do most of our living has no need of fleets, the national order in which we do most of our thinking rests and can rest upon no other basis.

People often wonder why the nations can not get together to end war, and they cite, strangely enough, the example of the American Union, under our glorious Constitution. It seems to me that these people can not have read history. I was taught, away back in my school days, that these American states got together under that Constitution and *had* a war.

Not that I want anybody to believe the school text-books. Those histories told me that the Civil War actually united the country, and I can not believe that. I can not see how war can unite anything; and since the country was not at all united when I read these statements, I am sure they were incorrect.

Since then the various sections of America have been coming together rapidly; not through war, however, but through peace. The war did not bring this peace. It brought hatred and disunion; and the people of the different sections loved each other less after it was all over than they had before it began. But the Machine brought them together. Through industry, they got on speaking terms again. When our politicians went South to fix up matters, they achieved nothing that pleased anybody; but when the engineers went down, there was a different story.

I do not claim that America has yet achieved unity. Through industrialism, however, it has gone

farther toward unity than any other equally populous section of the earth; and the farther it has gone in this direction the more abundant has life been for everybody. It was not the Constitution, however, and it was not the Flag that brought us to our present estate. The Constitution did not keep us out of the Civil War, and the Flag has been of no use whatever in the settlement of our so-called industrial wars. It has been called upon often enough. It has been employed by all the regiments that have been called out to shoot down strikers, and it has figured in every public meeting to inaugurate the "American Plan," designed to put the labor unions out of business. But no peace was ever achieved by any of these actions. The most that was ever achieved was victory on the one side and increased hatred on the other, somewhat similar to the situation that resulted from the Civil War.

Nevertheless, much peace has been achieved on the industrial field. Many industrial managers, moreover, know exactly how it was brought about. They are not always permitted to apply their knowledge to prevent further troubles, for the business heads of industrial enterprises usually know nothing about industry, but to those who have impartially studied the Machine, the way to peace is no longer a mystery.

It is not the way of patriotism. It is not the way of gun-power. Nor is it the way of individualism or of democracy. It is not a political way at all and it is not dependent either on coercion or on contract. It is a scientific way, and it depends only upon the nature of the Machine and the nature of Human Nature.

Strictly speaking, there never have been any industrial wars. There have been many wars in industry, but none of them has arisen over any industrial dispute. There has been no fighting as to whether water runs up hill or down, no groups that "favored" its boiling at 212° Fahrenheit, and none that opposed; and not a blow has been struck on the question of whether high wages or low are best for an industry, or whether more could be accomplished by the eight-hour day or by the twelve. There have been blows aplenty on the question of wages and hours, but only upon the political aspects of the question. The disputes that came to blows were not concerning which schedule was best for the industry but upon whether the workers had a *right* to the schedule that they favored. And this amounted, as it transpired in very many cases, to a question as to whether they had a right to put the industry on a paying basis.

Strange to say, there have been no disputes as to whether industry should be public or private; but there has been no end of bad feeling on the question of whether it should be publicly or privately *owned.* It is the question of ownership, not of function, that has caused all the rows. For no capitalist is now so unintelligent as to want his factories to function privately. He wants other people to work in them and he wants still others to consume the things they produce. On the other hand, no socialist is so unintelligent as to think that anything can be produced by social ownership. No kind of ownership, he knows, can produce or distribute a single article of wealth. Only labor—that is, the application of human knowledge—can produce wealth.

And this labor must be social, regardless of who owns the works or for whom the work is being done. No lackey could even black his master's shoes by himself. It requires human knowledge to perform even so menial a task. The slave must have some degree of reason and understanding, or he would never do as a slave. But he does not inherit reason or understanding. They are not in his blood. They were achieved not by any man but by millions of years of contact between man and man, and have been transmitted, not by the physiological route, but by speech and symbols and the other phenomena of human relations.

Every industrial engineer understands this. His sole objective is to coordinate human effort: that is, to socialize it, so that no worker shall be working against the labor of any other. The most hidebound, individualistic capitalist, when he hires an industrial manager, hires him to socialize the plant.

For the Machine will not run on any other principle. Contrary to almost everybody's conception, *the Machine is human.* It is the most human institution the world ever knew. It was conceived in human knowledge and born of the fact that human life must serve human life; and that it was dedicated by the superstitious to the principle of individual profit did not and could not change its nature.

Not once in its century and a half of growth has the Machine been untrue to human principles. It has served Man to the full extent that it has been permitted to serve, and it has united Man in such bonds of interdependence that, no matter how individualistic or sectarian or nationalistic his convic-

tions may still be, he now perceives the necessity of doing away with war.

While the Machine has been doing all this, the struggle for its ownership has led to many wars. But the Machine can not be held accountable for that. No machine that was ever invented has ever produced a single pound or a single drop of ownership. Ownership is produced in courts and legislatures. These institutions do not find out what the laws of human being are; they assume instead to say how human nature shall behave, and to call their say-so, laws. The Machine, however, operates strictly according to the laws of human being. When ordered to operate another way, it doesn't get angry and demand any change whatever in the laws. It simply doesn't operate, and lets things go at that. In a word, the Machine is discovering for us exactly what the laws of human being are. And the laws of ownership, it has already discovered for us, are not laws of human life: not in these days, at any rate; for ownership does not achieve any of the things that human nature now craves.

Ownership of women was tried for thousands of years, and no one dreamed, until the Machine came into our lives, that a more human relationship could exist. Ownership of workers was also the accepted notion, prior to this Machine Age, and the slaves themselves could not see how things could be otherwise. It was natural enough, under the circumstances, when the Machine did come, that man should try out ownership on that. But the more he concentrated on ownership, the less use the Machine became to everybody: only as he concentrated upon human service did the thing really work.

As to public or private ownership, the disputes have been most comical. It has been assumed, for instance, that if Henry Ford leased Muscle Shoals, the enterprise would be private; whereas, if some bureau of our political institution took direct charge of its operation, that would make it a public enterprise. No one stopped to ask which institution had been behaving more *as if* it were a public concern —the political government or the Ford Motor Company. No one, at least, openly favored government operation because he believed in conducting industry for the benefit of the gang in charge; and no one openly favored Mr. Ford's idea because of a conviction that industry is public in its character and should be managed in accordance with everybody's interest; and yet a little observation compels us to conclude that Mr. Ford is considerably more public than the government. He is much more responsive to what the public wants. The government, at best, is responsive only to what the public votes for, and not very responsive to that.

It was not that the American people could not think. They could think marvelously on almost all other problems than that of human relations; but they could not think about that problem because, whenever it came up, they tried to think about it in political terms, whereas they were living in an industrial age.

They could even think intelligently about human relations when they were not aware that they were doing so. There is no relation in modern life more vital than the relation between householder and plumber; and when the householders discovered that their pipes were not serving them, they almost in-

variably called upon men who understood the laws of plumbing. It was only in the selection of senators and other office-holders that they seemed stupid. For no one, not even the senator, seemed to have any clear idea of what a senator was for. His relation to human life was hard to figure out; and it became more or less accepted all around that he existed for the purpose of getting and keeping his job.

In a vague way, to be sure, each office-holder was supposed to "represent the people," but what that meant was hard to say. The plumber represented the people in a much more definite way. He might not be the ablest person in the profession, but still he represented the body of human knowledge about plumbing and was in an excellent position, at any rate, to draw upon and to apply that knowledge for the public benefit.

The office-holder was in no such position. If he was not elected outright to serve the party by finding jobs for its henchmen, he was likely to be elected because he could make good speeches. Not that the public felt any special need for speeches, and it never occurred to the voters that they were engaged in the solemn duty of choosing the public speechmaker: what usually occurred to them was that the time had approached to choose somebody for something; and it was their bounden duty to choose the "best man."

Best for what? There was no agreement whatever as to that, and there could be none; for whatever the man might seem best for at the time he was elected, he would be called upon for a very different line of service after he actually got the job. At election time the people may be all stirred up over the question of whether a Roosevelt shall be given

a third term, or whether it is best to be run over by a steam-roller or to stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord; and in the ensuing argument it is only natural that they shall elect a low tariff President instead.

This is as good a system, doubtless, as could be devised. It is "representative" on paper, at any rate, even if it doesn't represent anybody; and nobody will care, by the time the new President is inaugurated, what the country does or doesn't do about the tariff. The question then will be: Can the President keep us out of war? And the electorate will decide that he can and he did, and they will show their appreciation by reelecting him. Then we will go to war and everybody will forget politics and stand behind the President until—oh, until something else turns up.

I am not criticizing our political system. I know of no better way to select people for jobs, until we have some notion of what we want them to do. I do not advocate clear thinking on the subject, for I do not see how any clear thinking is possible. Assuredly I have no suggestions to make as to how anybody shall vote; for I haven't the slightest idea how to vote myself. If I am asked to choose a woman, I must know ahead of time whether I am expected to choose her as a wife or as a stenographer or as the one most fitted to swim the English Channel. When I am asked to choose a man for a public office, however, I am given no directions as to what I am likely to have to use him for.

I can not see that politics is public any longer. I think it was once: and I think it still is in some countries which have not advanced as far indus-

trially as we. But politics in America is a mere hangover. We are living in the Machine; and it is in the Machine that we are doing all the thinking that counts. We are intelligent in the selection of our electricians and plumbers because they represent us in the world in which we live. We have no political intelligence because politics is a world in which we do not live. I see no possibility of our developing an intelligent attitude toward witches. The less witchcraft intelligence we have, in fact, the more will our minds be free to deal with realities; and the more America forgets about politics, the more will she learn about human problems, which happen to be problems with which politics can not deal.

Peace by negotiation is a matter of politics. Industry is not acquainted with the word. Industry does not "make" any laws or any bargains: and collective bargaining in industrial disputes is not at all an industrial idea. Industry is neither autocratic nor democratic. Industry acts not upon one man's guess nor upon the majority's: but it acts at once upon any principle which anybody discovers to be true.

The history of industrialism to date is not the history of capitalism. It is the history of the fading out of capitalism. Capitalism was unchallenged and unchallengeable when modern industry began. Today it is utterly discredited and few, if any, capitalists believe in it. Capitalism is a superstition, in about the same class as the belief in an eternity of torment for all who dare to dispute the authoritative Word. The race is not entirely free from it; and insofar as we are haunted by it it is difficult to think very clearly, but everybody is escaping from it fast.

Capitalism is the belief that modern industry can be conducted on this same principle of authority. Labor unionists and Socialists have shared in the superstition almost as much as have the capitalists: and when they have sought to change human conditions they have concentrated their attention upon the transfer of authority. The Machine, however, doesn't give a damn for authority. A Rockefeller, a Ford, or a Soviet Government may have title to it, but it will run only for those who find out how to run it.

If we do learn how to run it, it will take us anywhere we want to go. But it will not take any individual where he wants to go. It must take all of us or none: for it takes all of us to run it, and we've all got to ride.

It is quite conceivable, to be sure, that we do not all want to go to the same destination. It is obvious, at any rate, that we do not think we do; and that brings us back to politics again. Who shall steer? Who shall choose the road? Is it not necessary that we decide such questions in either an autocratic or a democratic way?

If we are individuals, yes. If we are not individuals, no. And the Machine has discovered for us the fact that we are not individuals. That being the case, there is no necessity either for a Big Stick or a vote. What is necessary is that we shall find out what we want.

That is the way of passion. For it is inconceivable, by a vote or by any other process, that we shall all decide to do what we do not want to do. More bunk has been written about the "element of will" in human life than upon any other subject. Will is

not and can not be anything but the expression of desire; and human beings, because they are human, can desire nothing more than the fulfilment of human life. Concededly, we disagree as to how human life shall be lived most abundantly. But it is not a matter for argument. It is a matter for discovery and demonstration. When we find out, we shall know. And when we know the truth, the truth will free us from politics as well as from our other superstitions.

We shall be free to do what we want to do because we shall know how. We are always free to do what we know how to do, if we want to do it, and there is no other freedom. No wonder Jesus enjoyed the society of sinners rather than that of the professionally good. The sinners were going directly after what they wanted and they did not try to camouflage the fact. The good were going after what they wanted and lying to everybody, especially to themselves, as to what their real motives were. Neither was making any headway. Neither side was getting what it wanted. But the sinners might learn something and the righteous could not. The sinners were alive and hence might live more abundantly; but the good didn't have a chance, for they were already dead.

In America, thanks to the Machine, we have already learned how to do a lot of things that everybody has wanted to have done. And in America, thanks to this same Machine, we may yet learn what we want to do about human life.

If we want war, all we have to do is say so. Thanks to the Machine, we can have it on a bigger scale than ever. On the other hand, if we want

peace and sic our passions in that direction, the Machine will produce it, pronto.

The Machine is not moral, simply serviceable—just like human life. It *is* human life, but in a higher dimension than it has ever been lived before.

If we want to fight and are afraid to, the Machine can't help us much. Its nature is to give us what we want, and give it to us abundantly; and so, if we are going after something we don't want, politics is far the better way. It is far better in that case to establish a world court. Courts are interested in justice, not in human longings; and they may conceivably set up a system that will keep us from attempting the things we want to do.

That is, unless human life happens to be very much alive. If it is very much alive, its only hope lies in the possibility that it may really desire peace on earth, and in turning to the Machine—not to politics nor to patriotism nor to courts to get it.

Chapter XVIII

HUMAN life, in America at least, is very much alive. It doesn't know what it wants, and it doesn't know what it is, but its vitality is unquestionable.

The general notion is that man is an individual and that he ought to be individualistic but that individual selfishness, nevertheless, constitutes our great social problem. If man could only cultivate sufficient unselfishness, it is generally supposed, along with such a sense of justice that he would not infringe on other people's rights, then we could all fight each other in perfect peace.

Just how people are going to fight each other in peace, deponent doth not state. But there must be a fight—for life is a struggle and it is up to everybody to "win"—nevertheless, we should not fight except where it is perfectly right to do so, but should tend strictly to our own business: save our money and keep everybody else from getting it, grab each opportunity or somebody else will grab that too, become good husbands and fathers, good neighbors and, above all, good citizens; always ready to sacrifice our own interests, desert our families and set out across the seas to kill people we do not know whenever Congress decides that it is time to have a war.

I grant that it would take considerable states-

manship to draw peace out of such a mess as that. But the mess is not in human nature: it is merely in our way of looking at it.

As a matter of fact, nobody can be an individual; and if there is any individual selfishness, it constitutes no problem at all. It is human loyalty that constitutes the problem. For no human being can live unto himself; and everybody, because he is human, is passionately loyal to some group outside himself.

It is not our individualism, but our human passion, which makes us fight, even when we think we are fighting for ourselves. If we were really individuals we would fight only when we had to, or when fighting was fun. If we didn't want to fight, and could make a safe getaway, we would.

But that isn't human nature. Humans are loyal. Unselfishness is their dominant passion—the passion to live beyond themselves and in the lives of other human beings. It is this non-selfishness, these loyalties, that cause our wars.

Loyalty to one's gang is the dominant passion of the modern criminal: that is, of the criminal who is causing us the most trouble in these latter years.

The seemingly individualistic "crimes of passion," on the other hand, are not due to selfishness but to loyalty to one's code. Men murder women who have been "unfaithful" to them, not at all because sex jealousy is a human passion but because the notion that one can realize his love only in the *possession* of his loved one is so strongly entrenched, not in our passions, but in our way of thinking about them.

In some human societies outraged gentlemen have unhesitatingly murdered their wives for accidentally

dropping their veils in public places and allowing their faces to be seen. No American gentleman would think of doing that; not because his passions are different but because he has a different point of view. There is no indication that there ever was any sex jealousy in humans before the institution of private property on earth, and there is no reason to believe that such jealousy will continue after the idea of possession has been thoroughly discarded.

It is passion, to be sure, that causes a man to kill the thing he loves. But it is not selfishness. He doesn't do it for fun. He does it because his code has been violated, or he thinks it has, and this code is more precious to him than life. Man, because he is Man, must have a code. He can not express his passion unless he has one, and no one is able to invent a code for himself. The notion that he can express his love only in possession has come down to him, not in his blood, but in his education; and it is little wonder, under the circumstances, that he tries to express it with an ax. Of course he is very wicked or he would not do so; but this, unfortunately, does not help us solve the problem. If he does not learn how to love, he will continue to explode in hatred, and if he does learn how to love, no one need worry about how wicked he is.

But it is not the loyalty of wicked people that is causing us the most concern to-day. It is the loyalty of the righteous. Loyalty to the State, for instance, is generally recognized as a virtue, and this is the loyalty out of which international war is made. Loyalty to religious convictions flowers in bigotry and persecution; and loyalty to God has been the motive of the most inhuman deeds of history.

Loyalty to one's ideals likewise divides us into warring camps; for contrary ideals, developing out of different contacts with life, inevitably seem base or wicked or tyrannical; and out of the willingness of all sides to fight and die for their ideals, the ugliest of hatreds is developed.

These loyalties, whatever they be fixed upon, are surely not selfish. And yet they exist in everybody: and if they did not exist in practically everybody there could be no human life. In order to live a human life it is necessary to live in the lives of others, or in some way to live beyond one's self: and in order to live beyond one's self it is necessary to hold someone or something more dear than self. In this I am not suggesting what human nature ought to be. I am merely noting what it is. This being is Man. Not an animal. Not an ego. Not a mere creature of habit or of appetite; and not a spirit that can be satisfied with even an eternity of individual life, but a being who will unhesitatingly throw away that life for some incomprehensible principle, even when he thinks himself a fool for doing so.

The martyr, dying at the stake, may seem to be sustained by his hope of heaven; but the infidel, without any hope of heaven, exhibits the same fortitude. The policeman, in the path of duty, does heroic things; but the thug, in the path of iniquity, is equally heroic and self-sacrificing.

This loyalty is universal. It can, to be sure, be broken down occasionally: but those in whom it can be broken down present no serious problem to society, for they automatically go out of human life. The Judases can be depended upon to hang themselves. The criminal who can be bribed to turn

State's evidence is an easy mark for the law. Such a person is not likely even to remain a criminal, for crime does not pay. Those who have used his disloyalty, of course, have no further use for him. If given liberty he can not use it, for if one lives unto himself he can have no life. He may become a "detective" to be sure, and join one of those weird agencies whose members get a living by double-crossing each other, and by peddling their unreliability to anyone who is fool enough to buy it. But they constitute no great social problem, any more than would a corner grocer whose packages all turned out to be full of sawdust. Even if there were no law against such a proceeding the neighbors would soon learn not to patronize him. It is the *human* criminal—the man who, no matter how selfish he may think he is, still manages to live in relation to something beyond himself—who is the great menace. The Judas in Man may make him despicable, but it is the Christ in Man that makes him dangerous.

If he is not a criminal he is more dangerous still: for the world of the criminal is a small world after all, compared with the world of the idealist and the patriot. The man who fights for his gang may make us most uneasy, but it is those who sacrifice for their class or their nation or their ideals who are making the whole world shake.

This strange being, who must live beyond himself, has now come into power beyond his wildest dreams, and he wants to use this power unselfishly. There isn't a doubt about that. Every act of his betrays the fact; besides, in the very nature of the power, it can not be used individually. This power

is social. It requires the most unheard-of cooperation to bring it into existence; not merely the cooperation of the living, but the cooperation of the millions who have lived in ages past: and those who have attempted to use it for their individual interests have not lived powerful lives at all.

Man, ever since he became Man, has *wanted* to use power unselfishly. Being a man, it was impossible that he should find himself in himself; so he has ever yearned to merge himself in some being greater than himself. To be sure, he did not wish to leave himself out. When he devoted himself to God, he made sure first that God was on his side. When he succumbed to the Family, it was because he could not find equal self-expression outside of it. But he didn't know this. It was his notion, always, that he was giving up something by being loyal to his family and to God. And when the Machine came into his life, endowing him with more power than either God or family life had ever given him, he set out to express himself as never before. He did not mean to desert God or the Family, for he recognized them both as sacred: but he became more interested in his newly discovered power.

In this great metamorphosis, he *thought* he had at last discovered the secret of individual expression; but although he became an individualist he did not become an individual. It was as necessary as ever that he live in relation to a Self that was greater than self: but *to whom he was now related,* he could not see. Economically, to be sure, he was related to the Machine. But it did not occur to him that the Machine was sacred. It was not super-individual, as was the Family, or superhuman as was

God. He could find his secular life in the Machine, he reckoned, and his social and religious life outside.

He did not meet with much success. His life was so tied up with the Machine that the gods outside of the Machine became more and more indistinct. In common parlance, he became "materialistic"; not exactly repudiating religion and the religious life, but adjusting himself to this supposedly non-religious mechanism, and giving it so much of his time and attention that "spiritual matters" had to be neglected.

The more a community became industrialized, it seemed, the less of this spiritual life remained. In the rural regions the old gods still held sway, but in the cities "godlessness" developed. But man continued to be Man. He lost none of his passions and none of his human nature. He could not worship as he once had done, but the call of his nature to a life that was greater than his individual life was as imperative as ever. And he found an outlet for this unselfish passion, among other things, in nationalism.

That he could find unselfish expression in the Machine did not occur to him. In order to be loyal in any relation, one must have some sort of notion as to what that relation is. The Machine revolutionized man's relation to Man, but man could not see it. He could see, however, that new laws were necessary. Laws, he thought, were made by States, and he found it fairly easy to visualize his relation to the State.

When he approached the Machine, either as employer or worker, he went strictly in his own interest. No one had the faintest idea that he could go

there for any other purpose. One might go into the nation's service, however, not to get but to give. So human beings went to work, sordidly and selfishly, and to war enthusiastically and passionately; not because it is human nature to fight, but because it is not human nature to live unto oneself.

This is all quite understandable: for this was the first time, to anybody's knowledge, that the human race had ever come upon the phenomenon of machine production. Trade had never been looked upon as a very honorable road to wealth. "Gentlemen" would not engage in it. The very word "nobility" was associated in everybody's mind with the control of human societies, not with the freebooting processes of the business adventurer. A business man, it was thought, could not be noble. He had no responsibilities, no social obligations. He simply took advantage of everybody's necessities to make all the profit for himself that he could make. The business men themselves usually shared this notion of business: and machine production was all in the hands of business men.

But the story does not end there. Nor, in spite of the gross materialism of the Machine civilization that ensued, did man degenerate into a selfish beast. Decade after decade, in fact, while "capitalism" seemed to be conquering the earth and ruthlessly crushing out all its ancient ideals, Man himself became less self-centered and a far more decent and human being than he had ever been before.

His *wars* became more cruel, but *he* did not. In his personal contacts he became more gentle and more tender-hearted, and his sympathies broadened amazingly. He went in strong for schools and hos-

pitals, for orphan asylums, for the care of the insane, and for a thousand and one charities that the world had not known before. His Machine civilization, to be sure, seemed to be producing insanity and desperation and poverty much faster than his charities could alleviate them. But that was not intentional. It was something no one knew how to avoid.

His wars were more cruel than ever now, not because he had developed more cruelty but because he had developed more powerful fighting machines; and with his greater genius for organization, whole nations, instead of mere armies, could now be mobilized to fight those wars. And Man, instead of becoming craven in this holocaust of materialism, threw his tender flesh in with these onrushing tides of death-dealing machinery with more courage and fortitude than the race had ever shown before. It had never been expected before that slaves and underlings should be brave. Courage in the old days belonged only to gentlemen, but rustics and factory-workers now vied with lords to express the great unselfishness that was in them.

Mention should also be made of the Red Cross, which the age of chivalry did not know. It took materialism to organize mercy on the battle-fields. To be sure, it proved to be good fighting tactics in the long run, and the organization by no means lessened the totality of human pain; but its motive was unquestionably merciful, and it extended its precious services to friend and enemy alike.

But that is only one phase of the story of man's new relation to man: for, in the course of time, even in his business man became unbusinesslike and human. He set out at the start with his new-found

power to make profits for himself. Business had no other object, and he did not dream that machine production could have another object. But the farther he went with machine production, the more he became engrossed with the service he was performing and the less the mere business aspect appealed to him.

Often he did not know this. He thought he was in business only to make money; but after he had made all that he could possibly want, and more, the job he was doing so appealed to his imagination that he could not lay it down. To his imagination, remember, not to his acquisitiveness. Piling up gold can not appeal to the imagination. Misers can not dream great dreams. People who went into this new kind of business for money and nothing more seldom made much money. The great fortunes—here in America at least—were generally made by people who cared comparatively little for the money and were simply crazy about their jobs.

Andrew Carnegie, the thrifty Scot, knew the value of a dollar. But he did not know the value of a hundred million dollars in any such individual way; for the simple reason that such an amount of money has no value whatever to an individual. Nevertheless, he did not stop work when he got his hundred million. Money, in these large figures, had no purchasing power for him, and it could add nothing whatever to his personal security; but it was the only thing in existence by which a man could seem to measure his achievements in industry, and Mr. Carnegie found this industrial achievement of his most interesting. He kept at it until he was physically ready to retire: then he measured

up the whole thing in money and gave the money away.

Rockefeller, who slew the Philistines of the oil country, did much the same thing. Large-scale philanthropy, in fact, became the fashion among American millionaires—among the people who were supposed to be motived solely by acquisitive instincts. I do not aim to prove that they did any good with their gifts: I am simply calling attention to what kind of folks they were. They wanted to do good. They wanted to help. They wanted to alleviate human ignorance and human pain, among millions of people whom they had never seen but to whom, in this strange new age, they seemed to feel that they were in some vague way related.

In direct conflicts with their employees, or with their competitors, they were ruthless enough. But that is understandable: for in all human history direct conflict has never bred anything except ruthlessness. But this Machine they were all working in was breeding something besides conflict. It was making things that people wanted. It was serving humanity in a most interesting way, and little by little, in spite of their business principles, a good many business men became somewhat interested in this system of service.

Carnegie, for instance, instead of following the established practice, decided to go in for quantity production of steel; thinking that people might buy more rails, if the price were low, than they had expected to buy, and that a little profit on a whole lot of steel would suit him just as well as a lot of profit on a little. That was service. Incidentally,

that is what made him the second richest man in the world.

A few years later, Henry Ford improved on this formula. He proved to be the best business man yet because he knew nothing whatever about business. He was only a mechanic: and making motor-cars was a mechanical, not a business, problem to him. He had his motor and he had managed to get a factory to make it in; but the market was bad, and all the other manufacturers had decided to curtail their production. If he had studied business instead of industry he would doubtless have gone in for limited production too: for in spite of Mr. Carnegie's amazing success, American business had not yet discovered the secret of it.

But Ford was a mechanic with limited means, and the problem, as it presented itself to him, was one of how many cars he could manufacture. The other manufacturers laughed at him. They had studied the market and they all limited their output. This meant that it cost much more to build each car than it otherwise would, and that a much higher price would have to be placed upon it; and this, in turn, meant that each car would be harder to sell and that much more selling-power would have to be expended in its sale. After calculating, then, on the increased cost of production per car, and the increased cost of selling it, and adding both costs to the price, they went ahead and manufactured cars which very few people could buy. Ford, on the other hand, manufactured all the cars that he could manufacture with his limited equipment, and you know the rest. He didn't have to spend much selling-power. The cars sold themselves. He doubled, tri-

pled and quadrupled his factory equipment before the other manufacturers recovered from their shock; and as he did this, he held to the same unbusiness-like principle that he had first followed, setting the price, not according to the cost of present manufacture, but according to what they might cost if all the equipment were being utilized. This made it certain that all the equipment would be utilized, and it was.

But Ford went further than that. Mr. Carnegie considered his customers, but Ford considered potential customers from an angle which even the most progressive had generally overlooked. Nobody could buy anything, he figured, unless he had some money: hence it was not to the interest of manufacturers to keep people poor. Wage-earners might be good customers if they had money enough; and this mechanic was such a simpleton in business that he actually acted on this discovery. Without any particular pressure from anywhere, but just because he thought he could do it, he suddenly doubled wages throughout the Ford plants, instituting a minimum of five dollars, and later of six dollars, a day.

Old-fashioned Business was jubilant. One of Wall Street's very prominent financiers whispered his jubilation to me at the time. He advised me as a friend not to interview Ford, as I was thinking of doing: for everybody in the Street knew, he said, that "this bubble is going to bust." He thought it would burst in about six months, and the world would hear no more of Henry Ford after that. It was absolutely impossible, he said, that Ford could last two years.

The benevolent old gentleman who was kind

enough to give a newspaper man this tip on the industrial situation has now been gathered to his fathers. He would not know Wall Street if he were to enter it to-day: for Wall Street now knows so many things it then knew were not so, that it is not the same sort of place at all. An entirely new set of leaders has sprung up. They are lawyers, many of them, but it is not merely their knowledge of law that has given them their present prestige. It is because they have studied industry and have learned that it can not be managed upon legal principles but that it must be run on industrial principles instead.

"Our industry is not owned by anybody," one of these men recently said to me. He is a man who is never quoted, but he is the acknowledged master mind in one of the greatest business concerns of America.

"The stockholders do not own it," he said. "All they own is the stock, and they have no ownership interest in the industry itself. In fact, industry is not owned in America generally as it was just a few years ago.

"When I was a boy, a man who owned an industry really owned it. He owned it, not because he had put his money into it, but because he had put himself into it. He was jealous of its every action, and he was even more anxious that the industry should obey his orders than that it should make money for him.

"In those days, when stockholders bought stock, they usually figured on buying the industry with their stock and on participating in its control. The election of directors was apt to be a big political

event to them. They voted anxiously for 'good' directors, and inaugurated campaigns to turn the rascals out. There were a lot of rascals in, in those days, and they are now out; but they were not turned out by these methods. Quite as likely as not, these methods put them in; for the stockholder was in no position to select competent managers.

"The experience of buying stock," he went on, "did not equip them for the job of directing industry at all. They had only put their money, not themselves, into the industry, and they knew nothing about how to run it. They discovered this fact in time and began eventually to buy stock in a different way.

"Now, when they buy stock, they ask for stock that behaves well. They do not investigate the industry at all. The chances are they do not know where it is located or what it is producing: they are satisfied to know that it is a stock which pays good dividends regularly, and one that they can rely upon.

"There is no necessity, in modern business of this sort, for the business to make all the money it can this year. The main thing that the directors have to keep in mind is that the credit of the institution shall be always sound, and that it can get all the capital it can conceivably have need for at any time. In order to do this, we know we must manufacture something that the world is sure to need, at such a low price that the world can be depended upon to buy it constantly from us.

"If we do that, capital may depend upon its steady profit and will be completely satisfied. The *great* profits of modern industry may now go elsewhere, and there is no ownership which will interpose the

slightest objection. The great profits, it must be remembered, are those that can be found in more economical production, in heartier cooperation and in more effective human service. The way is clear now, for the first time in industrial history, for labor to discover and to take those profits."

That from Wall Street, but I submit that it is *not* capitalism. It is not production for profit. It is just one little glimpse of the Industrial Revelation now coming to a world that still thinks of itself as individualistic and capitalistic.

I shall not attempt to list the reforms that have occurred in industry in our generation. Most of them have been so blighted with bunk that I should hate to have anyone think that I was advocating them. There is the so-called company union, for instance, usually organized by employers to keep their employees from joining real labor unions; and there are "profit-sharing" systems designed solely to speed up the workers by making them think they are partners, instead of the mere suckers that they frequently are. There are also any number of nauseating "welfare" schemes, in which workers are asked to receive their reward in geraniums and music instead of in filthy cash.

Also we have no end of inspired chatter known as Service Talks, in which, although no employee is in the least enlightened concerning industrial relations, very much is said about the necessity of loyalty and cooperation in the works. The makers of G. G., he is told, have taken Service as their watchword; and each employee should now consider himself a loyal Soldier of Service, under God and the Constitution and Glorified Glue.

As a matter of fact, if industry were organized for service, most of these armies of service would be demobilized. For the service performed by Glorified Glue is, in all probability, to keep the public from buying Perfection Paste. To-day, even in the most modern and best organized industries in the country, there is no one upon whom a customer may rely for information as to how his needs may best be served.

Take the automobile industry, for instance. There are a lot of good cars—wonderful cars—but there is no way for me to find out, except through expensive blundering, which is the best one for me to buy. Very many people know, or they could find out easily. But they are engaged in the automobile business, not in the automobile industry; and the most they can do for me is to think up reasons why I should buy the car they represent.

The result is that I have to spend several thousand dollars, instead of one, until I have finally hit upon one that seems to answer my need. One's first few purchases are likely to have little to do with the suitability of the car. All one is likely to learn from them is who is the best salesman.

Nevertheless, the automobile industry is organized for human service to a degree that would have been considered utterly impracticable a generation ago. If it had not been, there would have been no such automobile industry as there is. Following Mr. Ford's lead, it has already freed itself from many business principles; and insofar as it has done so, it has prospered.

It was the fundamental principle of business that labor should be purchased in the cheapest possible

market and that its product should be sold in the dearest. It was Mr. Ford's foolish notion that labor should be bought at the highest possible price and that things should be sold at the lowest. And just because human nature is what it is, and not at all what Business assumed that it was, the Ford notion worked.

It was not that Ford was more generous and philanthropic than the business men. But their generosity and philanthropy could no more heal the wounds which their misconception of human nature continually created than the Red Cross could put an end to war.

There could be no peace in industry while this Business notion prevailed. It was a perfectly sound notion, to be sure, if human nature were individual and could find its fulfillment only in the triumph of one over another. But human nature was not that: and to attempt to run the Machine upon the assumption that it was, could result only in wars which nobody much enjoyed.

War all around. Conflict of interest between producer and consumer, between worker and management, between enterprise and enterprise, between combination and combination, and even between human life itself and the Machine that had endowed it with this miraculous power.

But human life, because it was human life, would not live unto its myriad individual and supposedly antagonistic selves. It would express its human loyalties somehow; and it insisted upon uniting with other human lives in loyalty and self-forgetfulness, wherever it could visualize a common interest. So worker united with worker, employer with employer,

grafter with grafter, and gunman with gunman; and in these unions the tides of human passion were let loose.

Let loose for war, of course; there could be no other outcome, so long as everybody supposed that human life was individual and that it could be expressed only in the path of individual interest. Nevertheless, when the war was once on, individualism was forgotten. Loyalty was the watchword now; and if anyone suggested a reasonable course instead, he was generally turned upon and trampled.

Mr. Ford himself did not escape. His preoccupation with mechanics had rendered him immune from nationalistic hysterias, and he naïvely tried to stop the World War with a Peace Ship which was intended to supply Europe with a cargo of much-needed reason. That his proposal was reasonable no one can deny. It would have been much more sensible for all concerned to have listened to his suggestions instead of waiting for the decision at Versailles. It would have been as profitable for France and the other victors as for the vanquished. But it was not in line with human nature that it should concern itself with self-interest; and Ford and his ship were hooted from the seas.

In his own world of industry, however, he launched a peace that was in line with human passion. It did not go very far, perhaps, but it made a start. It eliminated some of the wars, at least, to which the industrial world had hitherto been committed. He did not make war on his customers, as had been the custom; and he set a pace in this direction which the whole automobile industry had to follow. Also, he did not make war on his workers

according to the old formula. Everywhere such wars had been waged the workers had combined in defense; labor unionism grew by leaps and bounds and strikes were the order of the day. The average manufacturer at the time was sure that Ford was ruining the whole industry: but the industry, instead of being ruined, thrived wonderfully on the principle that Ford's leadership compelled it to adopt. It has been remarkably free from strikes; and labor unionism, along the old lines, does not thrive in it.

I do not mean this as a eulogy of Henry Ford. I think his shops need unionizing; I am simply noting that there is no necessity now for them to unionize on the war principle. The workers are not having a merry time in them. Mostly, it seems to me—and I have been among them a good deal—they are working for money; and doing anything merely for money is disagreeable.

Ford is not working for money, which happens to be the reason he has so much. He has a thousand times more than he can possibly want; but he is working as hard as ever, and as joyously, for he is utterly engrossed in the service which the Machine he is working in is giving. Until all workers can work like that, the machine civilization will not fully have arrived. But it is on its way. And it is much closer to-day than it was a quarter of a century ago, because Henry Ford was not a trained business man and therefore did not know so much that wasn't so.

Chapter XIX

ALTHOUGH the American people do not know it, American industry has largely abandoned the principles of business. The results are most interesting.

Americans have learned to work together on a larger scale than have the people of any other civilization. Big jobs do not appal them. They understand the Machine principle; and they know it will work as well upon a big scale as it will upon a little one. If six million people in New York City need water, water for six million is presently supplied. Enough for everybody, not only to drink but to splash in and to throw away. The best of water too, in every house and on every floor. Londoners, who are quite as intelligent as New Yorkers, think it is wonderful, but Americans know that it isn't any trick at all. All that is necessary is to consult the engineers, apply the Machine principle on the scale called for, and there you are.

European visitors are uniformly amazed at the cool, matter-of-fact way in which American manufacturers will throw out whole acres of perfectly good machinery in order to install some new process that has been found to be more efficient. But the American knows what he is doing. There is no sense, he knows, in doing things by slow and difficult methods when once you have learned how to do

them easily. The machine system is natural enough to him. It means the making of things in labor-saving, time-saving ways: and when they are made that way, each man's labor counts for much more than it did before. Often he can charge less for the product, he knows, than his European rival, and pay his employees very much more in the bargain.

American engineers are not greater than those of Europe. They possess no more knowledge and they have no greater fund to draw from. They can do more here, however, than they can in most countries, because they are permitted to. For the American mind, which imagines itself to be so individualistic, has actually succumbed to the machine principle.

The machine principle is the antithesis of individualism. It is the collective principle, but not at all as collectivism has been supposed to be. For militarism is collective, and the machine principle is as different from militarism as it is from the principle of individualism. Militarism is collective action directed by some supreme authority, while modern industry is collective action directed by the discoveries of modern science.

In militarism, obedience is the prime desideratum, and the soldier is trained not to think. In industrialism, mere obedience does not work, and the more thinking each worker does, the better. It took a good many years, to be sure, for the managers of industry to grasp this point; for industrialism was new and they tried to run it on military principles. They hired bosses to drive their men: but bosses who explained things to their men, instead, got so much better results that the practice had to be discarded.

For a great many years, likewise, management sought to frighten the workers by threatening them with the loss of their jobs. This was good militarism but bad industrialism; for while frightened folks can fight quite desperately they can not work efficiently, and ways had to be devised to put them more at their ease. The "competition" of prison labor is a bugaboo that scares no real industrialist. Prisoners under guard may perform much hard labor, but it takes men who do not have to be watched to get much done.

Militarism, it is now apparent, can not even fight wars any longer. It takes industrialism to wage them successfully: and unless a nation is industrially mobilized, its army in these days is utterly helpless.

In 1914 the Czar mobilized sixteen million men, and in the very act of mobilizing, the sixteen million met defeat: for the mobilization unmanned Russian industry and seriously hampered agriculture. The army could not fight, for it had nothing to fight with, and it was a question how long it could eat.

America, in 1917, mobilized five million, but this helped the Allies not at all. For America could not use the army it had mobilized: and even if the whole five million had been thoroughly trained in military maneuvers, they would have been of little use.

For it was not until 1918 that America thought of mobilizing industrially. When she did think of it, she did it quickly, and the results astonished the world. It astonished even those who directed the mobilization; for after a year in which almost nothing had been accomplished, two million Americans were actually landed in France, the Hindenburg

Line was broken and Germany surrendered. I am not boasting that America won the war. From my point of view she won nothing but a lot of trouble; but it must be undisputed that she suddenly manifested military power that she was not suspected of having. And she not only equipped and transported this tremendous army, she did it at no sacrifice of the usual standard of living at home. Wages became higher than ever. Instead of having to scrimp, great groups of the working-class population enjoyed their first taste of extravagance, and poverty was almost abolished throughout the land.

There were, to be sure, some deprivations. If an American housewife, for instance, during this period, wished to buy an iron bed, she was confined to a choice among just thirty different styles. In peace times she could have six hundred different styles to choose from. But in peace times, on the other hand, she was less likely to have money enough to buy the bed at all.

Business was not good in 1918. *Business* was much better in 1917. That is, there was much more of it. But business was taken out of industry in 1918, and industry was much better off without it.

Industry could not give the American people what they wanted in 1917, because there was too much business around. The American people wanted an army that could fight. The business man himself wanted such an army. He was as patriotic as anybody, and if patriotism could have produced such an army, we would have had it the year before. But only industry could equip such an army: and industry could not equip this army and get it to France while it was making so many things that people did

not want. It was perfectly willing to make everything that everybody really wanted and run a war on the side, but if the people really wanted the war—this was Industry's ultimatum—they would have to go without some of the things they didn't want.

That was about all there was to the industrial mobilization of 1918. It was carried on, not by the Government, but by a group of business men who had lived to learn the difference between business and industry.

It was called the War Industries Board. It had no authority in law, and the Constitution had never conceived of the existence of such a body. Its sole legalistic existence rested upon a proclamation by the President, which gave it the political status, say, of a Thanksgiving service. It was war time, to be sure, and the President, under the Constitution, was supreme commander of the Army and the Navy; but he had no jurisdiction over the private property of American citizens, and he could not take away their liberty except by due process of law.

Now, if a man owned an iron bed factory, it was his private property, was it not? And that being the case, he had the right, hadn't he, to manufacture any style of iron bed he wanted to? Undoubtedly, every American must answer, unless there is a law which prohibits his making certain kinds. But there was no such law. Moreover, no such law could be passed in America, and it could not accomplish anything if it were. Nevertheless, by virtue of the *power* that was invested in it, and not at all by virtue of its *authority,* the War Industries Board prohibited the manufacture of five hundred and seventy kinds of iron beds.

And it limited all American industry in much the same way. It said what should be manufactured and what should not: and its orders, moreover, were uniformly enforced.

It is interesting to note, incidentally, that the War Industries Board did not have to punish anybody for breaking its laws. Any one could disregard them if he wished and he would not go to jail. In fact, he wouldn't go anywhere. If those orders were not followed he simply found himself going it alone, and that meant not going at all. He might manufacture any sort of useless dewdad he had a mind to, but he couldn't get it to market. The railroads wouldn't carry it. He couldn't get a tin box to pack it in. He couldn't get it loaded or unloaded anywhere. Moreover, if he ever got out of material with which to make it, he could just sit there and whistle for material until the war was over.

Still, he had perfect liberty. So long as he violated no law—theoretically, at least—he could do whatever he chose: but having chosen not to work with American industry he could not compel American industry to work with him.

For American Industry had decided to coordinate. That was all that had happened. It decided to organize its various parts so that they would all more or less tend to work toward the same end. That end, they said, was *winning the war*. But they could not wage a war successfully, it was obvious to everyone, unless the people of America were successfully fed and clothed and sheltered, and a lot of other wants were incidentally attended to. So the War Industries Board not only asked the Army and Navy what they thought they needed, but took pains

to find out what the American people thought they needed too.

And they found out, to their full satisfaction, that the American housewives who might want to buy iron beds could get along very nicely with only thirty styles to choose from. And if the iron bed industry, it was discovered, would concentrate on making just thirty styles, instead of six hundred, it could make a direct saving of about 30 per cent in the cost of manufacture, and release a vast supply of iron with which to win the war.

I often wonder what would have happened if American industry had continued this coordination for, say, two years. It was just beginning to learn how to coordinate, in the nine months following the institution of the War Industries Board, when the war blew up, and did away with the necessity, it seemed, for any further coordination.

It could not coordinate, it was thought, simply to supply the wants of the people. That is, in ordinary peace times. It might be nice, in a way, to abolish poverty permanently, and to do away with all involuntary unemployment, and to build twenty billion dollars' worth of homes and things like that instead of spending that amount in carrying on a war. That might be nice, it was thought, if the people really wanted things done that way. But everybody seemed to think they didn't. It took some big thing, like a war, to capture their imagination and secure a general willingness to coordinate.

For war was collective, and it was passionate. In peace, according to the American notion, everybody is an individual and must be reasonable.

Nine minutes after the war was over, therefore,

the people who built up this bit of machinery for the coordination of American industry kicked it all to pieces, and went back to the business system of running American machines. That was, to have them all running against each other, not to supply people's wants, but to provide a sufficient variety of trademarks. Back to six hundred styles of iron beds; not because anybody wanted to have six hundred styles to choose from, but that there might be six hundred sets of salesmen with six hundred different sales talks, each one designed to prove that nobody could sleep properly on any one of the other five hundred and ninety-nine kinds.

It was a great war while it lasted. It provided an outlet for passionate expression that peace had never provided. Millions of Americans had their first experience of living for something more than their own selfish interests, and they found the experience great. It was a day of idealism. It was a grand moment of exaltation. If nobody had been hurt, one might almost say that the war was worth all it cost.

A reaction set in soon, however, for it was noticed that the war did not do any of the things it was expected to do. It was expected to make the world safe for democracy, but dictatorships now sprang up everywhere. It was expected to end war, but it seemed to have ushered in a militaristic age instead. It was expected to inaugurate a new order upon earth, but it brought such an ugly array of new disorders everywhere that disillusionment was complete.

All of which is also quite understandable: for it is not war, but industry, by which human nature gets what it wants.

If any people wants to express itself passionately in war, industry will provide a way. If it wants to express itself passionately in peace, industry stands equally ready to fill the order. But Industry can not devote itself to business. Industry is human: and if human beings want to be thoroughly businesslike, they will have to revert to some pre-human stage of existence, where each individual could rely upon his individual fangs and claws in his personal quarrels with all other individuals.

It is even conceivable, if we insist upon it, that Industry may bring us back to such a state. It is only through the application of scientific, industrial principles that we are now able to fight as we do; and we have already learned so much about fighting—so much more than we knew in 1918—that another world war might result in general extermination. With some of the lately discovered gasses, a single flier may destroy a city; and the next war, if there is one, is almost certain to be a war upon non-combatants.

Perhaps here and there some "lucky" individualist will escape the almost universal slaughter and have an opportunity to try out his individualism. He may then play Robinson Crusoe to his heart's content, with the single restriction that he can not hope to return at last to civilization, because there will be no civilization to which he can return. He could not live on the remnants of civilization, for the dead could not maintain the sanitary systems which had been in vogue, and he must flee for his life to some remote spot where Nature might have grown something that a man could eat. He might, of course, find a Man Friday: but if so, he would feel compelled to

kill him; for the good American principle of fighting one's way to success would now be in force in earnest, and whoever found such food and kept it would be the one to remain alive.

But this is not a pretty picture: and our business men who insisted upon putting an end to the coordination which they established in 1918 had no intention of going as far as that. All they intended to do was to grab what they could; not because they needed the money but because they could not understand that anything but a grab system was natural.

Europe would now be needing so much, it was thought, that everybody could sell it something at a profit. That is, every American business man. The European machinery was all so disorganized and demoralized that it could not possibly supply the demand. A few economists, Mr. Vanderlip for one, called attention to the obvious fact that Europe could not spend much money until it had some money to spend, but they were hooted down. We would rebuild France at a profit, it was thought; and France, being victorious, could simply take the money out of Germany. Since Germany was utterly helpless, these great business minds reasoned, the rest of the world could live on her. Since she had no wealth left, she could pay the bills for everything.

But somehow it didn't work out that way.

America, however, did remain prosperous, in spite of her business genius. Ending her industrial coordination did not ruin her entirely: it simply brought on a panic in which some thousands of the most "wide-awake" young millionaires suddenly lost their fortunes and wondered what on earth had become of them. There was a good deal of talk at this

time among business men about seizing this opportunity "to force labor to its knees." But labor was not forced to its knees, either because the unions were too strong or because better counsel prevailed, and the machine in general was kept going. Had the workers been forced to their knees, of course, the machine would have stopped, for machines can not be run by people in any such ridiculous position. They must not only be upstanding but fairly well-to-do, and able to consume a goodly portion of the machine's products.

Since the Machine was kept going, this country enjoyed prosperity. In spite of the war, and in spite of an investment of billions of dollars in it, upon which there is no likelihood of any return ever being made, Americans generally became better off than ever. They didn't enjoy themselves, of course. They had a rotten time: for with their notion of what human nature is, it was inevitable that they should get to organizing against each other and get in each other's way as much as possible. So they organized, not only in business schemes, but in color schemes, and in racial groups, and in moral movements to attack the immoral, and in Ku Klux Klans and in anti-Ku Klux Klans with a Ku Klux Klan spirit, and in associations for and against everything they could think of.

Nevertheless, the American Machine was a perfectly wonderful Machine: and so long as that was kept running after a fashion, the people just could not make themselves poor. The most they could do, with the Machine running even in the crazy way they now insisted upon running it, was to make themselves unhappy.

For it was generally known by this time that the Machine could not be run simply for profit. If there was to be any profit at all, the Machine had to give some real service first: and the more service it gave, the more profit there was likely to be. The Machine had taught Americans that much; and the profits which such men as Mr. Ford were now making seemed to take nothing from the general prosperity.

The Socialists, in their propaganda, had made much of profit, but socialism in America was now utterly discredited. The actual rate of profit accruing to a successful manufacturer upon any article he made was almost negligible; and the more successful he was, as a rule, the lower was this rate. The same principle obtained largely in business. It was the store with many customers and a quick turnover—that is, the one that gave the most service and not the one that made the most profit on each individual article—which stood the best chances of success.

Furthermore, it was noted, if people did amass great profits, they generally turned a lot of money back to the public in their benefactions; and even if they were not disposed to do that, the income and inheritance taxes were tending toward the same result. In view of such facts, Socialist theories made little headway. Besides, people were not passionately interested in profits anyway. Being human, they could not be. They might be hungry for money: and after they had got enough to buy the things they craved for their physical use, they might go on and on, trying to make money buy the things it can not buy. But no matter how much one might want money, nor what over-valuation he placed upon it, getting it

was generally dull business. Looking out for Number One seemed utterly reasonable, but it was a process which required that one's passions be smothered.

Only if one were fortunate enough to be able to forget oneself in the thing one was doing could wealth be accumulated joyously. The game of beating a competitor might keep one going where the mere grind of acquisition could not. But even to make a game exciting, it seemed necessary that a man should not play strictly for himself. He must play for his *side*. He could do or die for Yale or, at a pinch, for the West Umptieth Street School of Tonsorial Art, but he could not extinguish himself for himself. In Big Business, then, the players played under their respective national colors; at the expense, as Mr. Bertrand Russell pointed out, of their individual profits. But not that rivalry was their dominant passion. To be human was their dominant passion, and one can not be human all alone. He must merge himself in his fellows somehow, if human passion is to be given any outlet whatever.

Where the Socialists did make any headway, it was not with their theories of the benefits to be derived from cooperation. One might be intellectually convinced that the cooperative method was the sensible method, and that competition was utterly insane, but such a conviction did not stir him to do anything about it. Such intellectuals were likely to become mere cynics. The man who was stirred was someone who felt the sufferings of the workers, whether he understood what it was all about or not. He might join the party and become enthusiastic for

a while—until the Socialists weighted him down with too much economics.

That socialism was un-American was the general verdict: and yet, when war came on—a war which it seemed that only the Socialists opposed—American business men organized American industry upon the socialist principle. Production for profit was abandoned. The principle of production for use was substituted, and the whole industrial machine was coordinated to supply the national need. The national need, as it was visualized, to be sure, was not the national need that the Socialists visualized. The Socialists visualized the coordination of industry to supply food, clothing and shelter, even education and a degree of luxury for everybody; while the national need, as people generally visualized it in 1918, was the necessity of winning the war.

As a matter of fact, it was not physically necessary to win the war, and it was physically necessary to be fed, clothed and sheltered. But Man, it happens, is not a mere physique. No matter how essential it may seem to keep the body going, human passion can not be mobilized for any such job. Self-defense is not the first law of human nature. Human life is the first law of human nature, and Man must live beyond his body to achieve human life. That is true, whether he be saint or infidel, Socialist or business man.

Human reason can be mobilized in one's selfish interest: and it may be mobilized to effect an agreement with other people as to the terms upon which each shall be permitted to live. It may be used to determine individual rights, and even to outline systems of ethics by which one shall come to understand

his duty toward his competitors and peers. But human passion can not be mobilized for these ends. For human passion is the urge in man to live beyond himself: and only where Man visualizes a God or a Country or a Family in which he can live and move and have a human, instead of a merely individual, being, is it possible for this passion to express itself.

It can express itself in war but not in bargains. It can express itself in love but not in justice. It can express itself in science but not in law. It can express itself in religion but not in theology. It can express itself in work but not in getting paid. It can express itself abundantly in industrial organization, and to some extent in the loyalty and team-work which modern business enterprises demand, but it can not express itself in business—in the pursuit of profit for one's individual advantage.

Business is dull. Working for pay is dull. Physically, it may seem to be absolutely necessary; and Americans, who seldom know that there is another way to work, have tried their best to make a virtue of it. Getting ahead is not only permitted but idealized, but the demands of human nature can not be disposed of so easily. Those who achieve the precious "success" which the American tradition so glorifies, and those who are trampled upon in the great disorder of the process, seem equally discontented. They make money frantically and they spend it frantically, but there is no realization of human life, no joy, no peace.

Peace is oneness: and there can be no peace in human life while its myriad fragments are kept apart. If Man is not one, there can be no universal peace, for not even two can become one through a contract;

and unless this oneness is a fact of human nature, it can not be made a fact in human life. Concededly, we may all agree to live unnaturally and hence "peacefully" together; but if we are natural antagonists we shall find such a peace so stupid and uninteresting that we shall hunt for reasons to end it as soon as possible. Only if human nature is one can peace have passionate expression.

In America, in 1918, this oneness of human nature was strangely manifested in the most individualistic-minded civilization that ever was. Even then, people could not *think* as one. There were a few who stood out against the war; not, however, because they favored individualism but because it somehow occurred to them that human oneness could not be achieved by fighting and killing other human beings. The very notion of selfishness was erased for the moment from the American mind, and the idea of collective sacrifice for the common good was substituted. Not mere collective action, remember, for the purpose of attaining individual benefits later on, but sacrifice—the acceptance, if necessary, of wounds, sickness, insanity and even individual extinction, for aims that could not be conceived of as individual.

It was the Christ in Man that answered that call, exactly as it was the Christ in Man that stood out against it—in the case of those I. W. W.'s, for instance, who received sentences of twenty-five and thirty years in prison rather than be disloyal to their internationalism, an even larger concept of human unity than the patriots possessed.

But the Americans did not know that Christ is human. They did not know that such devotion is

natural. And when the war was over and they settled down to be their natural selves once more, they tried to organize as competitive entities.

Unity for war had its thrills and its disillusionment: but disunity for peace, although we escaped the horrors of European poverty, did not have even its thrills.

Chapter XX

SINCE human life is neither physical nor spiritual, human passion can not be expressed in the pursuit of mere security for one's body or one's soul. Human life is the totality of human relations, and it is only in human relations that human passion can be released.

We must recognize some relation with other lives, unless we happen to be dead. The way other people live is of the utmost concern to all of us, and none of us can be indifferent. None of us in America is indifferent. We are all meddling with each other in one way or another. The Prohibitionists have been meddling with the habits of millions; and millions, in the name of personal liberty, are now trying to meddle with the point of view of the Prohibitionists.

We are interested in other people's lives for the simple reason that other people's lives are our lives. This is as true of the hermit in his cave as it is of the resident in a city slum: for it is impossible, in the very nature of human nature, to break the contacts that exist between man and man.

It is the nature of those contacts that constitutes the whole human problem. There may be, conceivably, a physiological problem aside from this. One may have to decide, for instance, whether he wishes to have a pain in his stomach or not: but after he

has made such a physiological decision, human life has now become so intertwined that he must draw once more upon the reservoir of human knowledge for information as to how to carry his decision out. Immediately, then, he is back from the merely physiological to the human dimension. He is concerned that there shall be a reservoir of human knowledge concerning the stomach's ills. He is concerned that Man shall know how to cure him: also that Man shall really want to cure him and not merely want to get his money.

Man does want to cure him. That has been proven. But Man, under existing relations, also wants to take his money; or he thinks he does, which amounts in his conduct to the same thing. The doctor he consults may not know what his trouble is but may think it financially unwise to admit his ignorance. Other "doctors," recognizing that medicine is pretty much of a guess anyway, may bid more directly for his money through advertising some patent cure-all; and druggists, who are hard put to it to pay their rent, will sell him this worthless and possibly harmful stuff instead.

Man, it is soon perceived, is both his friend and his enemy. In his confusion, thinking of himself and of everybody else as separate individuals, he assumes that good men are his friends and bad men his enemies. Nevertheless, if he has seen anything of life he knows better; for it is impossible for the most hair-splitting professor of ethics to draw the line between good and bad: and in the actual relations of life the good are quite as inimical as the bad.

He is likely to think of himself as good. At

least, he thinks, he is not engaged in any vicious propaganda against the very lives of his fellow-citizens. Suppose, for instance, he is a highly conscientious magazine writer, for one of those nice, wholesome, household magazines in America that will never allow anything to appear in its pages which any good citizen would not wish his daughter to read. He has just been to his dentist's, perhaps, and has learned that ordinary baking soda is a better thing to brush the teeth with than many of the highly advertised pastes and powders. Since everybody knows by this time that four out of five will get pyorrhea, he might wish to broadcast this additional information; but in spite of his goodness there is every chance that he will not. His magazine, to be sure, is highly ethical, but it will broadcast no information that is likely to put the big tooth-paste advertisers out of business.

For it is national advertising that makes these great magazines possible. Not fraudulent advertising, of course, but high-class, ethical promotion of legitimate business aims. Four out of five have pyorrhea and it is highly ethical, is it not, to broadcast the warning? Hence, it is perfectly ethical to sell a pretty package of something that tastes all right and is positively better than nothing at all, for anywhere from thirty-five cents to a dollar, even if a cent's worth of baking soda would serve the purpose better. This is service. It is service filtering through the business system. And the price, it must be remembered, is not exorbitant, considering the cost of advertising and the cost of getting up and presenting this particular package in such a way

that the public will not be fooled into buying one of the other kinds.

No, this highly ethical magazine writer will not broadcast that sort of sweetness and light at all. For his magazine, he knows, exists to sell tooth-paste, and to sell the advertised brands of tooth-paste, not merely to see that people clean their teeth. Without this sort of advertising, such a magazine would cost a lot of money. It is this wonderful system of national advertising, in fact, which makes it possible for the people to have such high-class magazines circulating by the millions and selling for less than the cost of the paper they are printed on.

Not only will he say nothing in his magazine that might directly injure the business of these legitimate advertisers, but he will also say nothing that directly conflicts with any wide-spread prejudice. If he were to do that, great groups of people would stop their subscriptions, and advertising would fall off. There must be nothing shocking, then, in these magazines. That is, there must be nothing new. Writers must be disciplined to keep within proper bounds, no matter what they are itching to tell the world. They may perceive, for instance, that the old relations have changed and that the old romantic formulas are not working out very well in modern life. But they must stick to those formulas nevertheless, if they are to continue in the writing business. Only the magazines with the big circulations can afford to pay their writers much: so the writers upon whom the public most depends for its understanding of human life must not write in

relation to actual human life at all. They must write in relation to the tooth-paste business, and the business of all the other highly ethical advertisers whose business it is to give a full cent's worth of service for every dollar that the people spend.

Now, in this whole merry cycle of human relations, there isn't necessarily one bad or selfish person. The advertising agency may be inspired by the best of purposes and may serve its clients honestly and well. The magazine corporation, too, may be bent on human uplift, and anxious above everything to make the world a cleaner and better and more friendly place to live in. While the tooth-paste manufacturer, so far from being grasping, may only want money enough to support a Christian school in China. This is human nature; but it is human nature getting in its own way all along the line, and achieving a hundreth part of what it might achieve, with identically the same motives, if humanity only knew what human nature is.

The love of money, it was once said, is the root of all evil. But people do not love money in America. Americans love life, and are only going after money, for the most part, because they can not live as they want to live without it. And they do not want to live individually: their universal concern with the way other people live amply demonstrates that. They want to live in the lives of other people; and how to do so effectively is the only problem there is.

There are just two ways, after all, in which we can approach the problem of human relations. One is to approach it as if we were individuals. The other is to approach it as if we were members one of another. One is the way of suspicion and hatred

and conflicting claims and war. The other is the way of passionate peace.

In all human relations it is apparent that justice will not do. The most scrupulous attention to each other's rights was never sufficient to keep even a family together: only the concept of unity permitted human passion to flower in a human way. The most perfect understanding between lovers to-day will not insure their happiness, so long as they do not feel that they are one. Without this feeling, their very love turns to jealousy, or their generosity to cold indifference.

Even if justice could suffice it would be impossible to achieve it; for human relations are altogether too complex for anybody to weigh and appraise them all, even in so simple a relationship as that of husband and wife. In the infinite maze of human contacts that our machine civilization has brought about, only infinite wisdom could arrive at justice anyway; so all talk of arranging our affairs upon a just basis is the sheerest nonsense. Few of us, I fancy, could do much better than do the courts; and no one in America is now so naïve as to expect justice in a court.

Justice is not only blind but dead, but love is still alive and powerful. Justice is futile because, at best, it is but the balancing of part against part. Love is power because it is the passionate expression of life's actual unity.

I do not advocate love. Love is *the* human passion; and all human life must express it in one way or another. Love is the very driving-power of human existence. Without it no one would remain alive. The only problem lies in what we shall do

with it. The infant attaches it to his individual self, which is the correct thing for an infant to do. But the adult can not do this. His life is a life of human relations, and he must attach his passion to some person, to some ideal or to some gang that means more to him than any individual life can mean. The real problem then, of human relations, is not one of whether or not we shall live unto ourselves but *at what point in the whole maze of human relations shall we cease to be human?*

Shall we recognize our oneness with our wives and children and a state of competition with the rest of the world? Or shall we include in our circle all those whose views happen to coincide with ours? Or shall we say that even these loves must yield to our love of country, as most people did say during the late war? Or shall we go even further than that, taking common cause with the good and upright people of all nations in a war to enforce our ideals upon the wicked, the selfish and the disorderly?

Or shall we, like Jesus, take all humanity into our reckoning? The selfish, the ignorant, the cruel, everybody? Shall we utterly give up our property? Shall we quit laying up treasures? If we are smitten on one cheek, shall we turn the other? If anyone compels us to go a mile with him shall we go with him twain? And if anyone takes away our goods, shall we ask him not again? Shall we abandon our careering and set out to seek the lowest place instead? Shall we invite dishonor, not only to ourselves, individually, but shall we cease to resent any dishonor to our nation or to our flag? Shall we find life only by losing it, and shall we give up even home and family to follow Him—to Calvary and beyond?

Yes, we shall—just as soon as we discover what human life actually is. It is quite possible that we shall do this very thing, right here in America: and if we do not do something of the sort, it is quite possible that America will disappear.

For Jesus saw the truth about human life. He saw the truth that would yet make it free. In spite of what the Christians say, He knew that war was not the human way to settle problems, and that any attitude that left even the least of his human brethren out of the reckoning could lead only to war. Being just to them, He knew, would not be enough. Nothing short of genuine, passionate love for them would do. They were not bad, they were simply lost. To bring them into the "Kingdom" was the only job worth while; and unless they were brought in, there would be no Kingdom. Whosoever will, let him come and partake of the water of life freely. He put it even stronger than that. Go out into the highways and hedges, He said, and compel them to come in.

But He wasn't rooting for poverty. This Kingdom He talked about was rich beyond imagination. It was the Kingdom of God, and there was all the wealth in it that the human heart could possibly desire. But the way to have wealth is not to take it. The way to have wealth is to give it, to radiate it, to create it; and he was speaking about the Kingdom of the Creator.

There was another kingdom which he called the Kingdom of Mammon. That wasn't a kingdom of wealth. It was the kingdom that was organized to *take* wealth; and you simply can't have wealth by the process of taking it away. That was the king-

dom of business: and it was plain as could be to Jesus that we could not serve God and business. Either we must organize for the creation of wealth, in which case we can pass it around freely to everybody, or we must organize to keep everybody from having it.

Organizing to create wealth is industry. Organizing to keep people from getting it is business. How Jesus ever knew so much about the two systems I do not understand: but they are both with us today and they are acting exactly as he described them.

Industry works miracles, and it is working greater miracles among us day by day. But business doesn't work at all. It doesn't even sell things any more but depends on advertising to do that. All that business sells is its own private trade-mark on things. Advertising is performing a great service. It is educating people, for instance, to clean their teeth, and industry is providing the means. Business then provides the trade-mark, which may be put on a pretty good paste or a pretty bad one—the user is in no position to find out which—and thus makes the distribution of the commodity as difficult and as expensive as possible. Out of the high price which such a system makes necessary, business takes a little profit; but out of the system itself, or its very lack of system, fully 90 per cent of our human service is lost.

In industry as a whole in America, according to the best engineering estimates I can find, from 90 to 95 per cent of the human energy expended is wasted. Mr. Hoover's committee of engineers to discover the wastes in industry found that the average industrial plant was guilty of only 30 to 35

per cent waste; but this committee took no account of the waste incurred through duplication of plants. Also, it took no account of the still greater waste in the manufacture of things that nobody wants.

Nobody, for instance, wants battle-ships. Everybody would prefer a world in which they could be discarded, along with thumb-screws designed to torture unbelievers. But battle-ships are built solely for the assertion of rights. If we were to decide not to assert our rights any longer, we would want no battle-ships.

It can be said, of course, that we *must* assert our rights. The pacifists generally assent to this as well as the militarists. But rights between nations, they seem to think, can be determined by reason and agreement, while the rights of individuals against individuals will still have to be enforced by the police.

In this argument, I feel compelled to string along with the militarists. So long as the rule of Mammon is recognized, it seems to me it must be given first attention. There can be no middle ground. We can not say that we will protect our rights up to a certain point, but that where there is a sufficient display of force in opposition we will then resort to peaceable methods. We can not keep war in the world and abolish it too. If we are individuals with conflicting interests, we must assert those interests and carry on that conflict. Only if humanity is one can we find life in the complete negation of our individual rights and complete absorption in passionate human service.

It remains true, however, that nobody wants battle-ships. Even the militarists would prefer other

luxuries in their place if there were no enemies in the world. At least, I have never yet run across a militarist who wanted to use battle-ships on his friends and loved ones.

Nor have I seen anyone who wants a cash-register for itself. Nor a ten dollar bill, nor a railroad ticket, nor a custom-house. Nor a factory, for that matter. Nobody buys a factory for the fun of watching the wheels go round. Other things being equal, the fewer factories the better. If one factory could perform the service that ten factories are now performing, everybody would be better pleased, unless one had some special interest in keeping the other ones going.

But we have cash-registers and money and custom-houses, and giant industrial machines working against each other; not because any living soul wants it so, but so that nobody will be able to get away with more than what is "just." Everybody is very much alive, but nobody much is really living. Our wonderful energy is not directed toward human ends. That is, only 10 per cent of it is so directed: the other 90 per cent is employed in deciding who shall have title to what this 10 per cent produces.

King C. Gillette, in his *The People's Corporation*, set out as a business man to analyze this "system," and was forced to the conclusion that nine-tenths of our human energy is thus thrown away through failure to coordinate our efforts in the production and distribution of wealth. His figures are considered most conservative by our leading industrial engineers, although his scheme to get away from the business system by business methods did not make a hit with many. It certainly made none with me: for

Mr. Gillette seemed to assume that the pursuit of individual profits is somehow ingrained in human nature itself, while all my observations lead me to the conclusion that man just naturally *wants* to live for *others*. Human life, as I see it, is motivated by the passion to live more abundantly; and while it thinks of itself as individual, it seems ever ready to die rather than go on living within the narrow compass of individual selfishness. It has no lack of heroism, but it is misinformed. It thinks that complete negation of individual interests and complete abandonment to human service would be ideal but not practical. It thinks that Jesus was very good but not very wise. It is Christ-like in its impulses but not in its vision. Not realizing that Calvary is the way of human salvation, it sacrifices itself instead upon the futile altars of Mammon.

I am making no appeal to reason; and it is farthest from my intention to urge any logical conclusion upon anybody. My appeal is solely an appeal to passion, in the light of what everybody already knows. I might cite figures *ad lib* to show how our energies are wasted, and I might convince my every reader that the attempt to operate modern industry on business principles is utterly irrational, but I happen to know that this would do no good. Human life is not concerned with being rational. Human life is concerned with living abundantly; and it is not in our reasons but in our loves that we really live.

Suddenly, in this age, we have come into unlimited power and we are making nothing of it. We have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge; and in the day that we have eaten it, we find that we are dying. We have sacked Olympus; we have taken

the thunderbolt from Jove, the wings from Mercury, the chariot from Apollo: but we have only turned the thunderbolt against ourselves, employed the wings to carry our messages of hatred and despair, and used the chariot, at best, to carry our unhappiness in, at a greater velocity than we were ever able to tote it around before.

The human voice, the sacred instrument through which Man was first able to transmit his experience to his fellows, bringing into each life the knowledge of the ages, can now be projected across the seven seas: and in this supreme triumph of his genius Man finds that he has nothing to say. Usually he sings a fool ditty, tells a bedtime story or beats a tom-tom designed to mobilize the miserable into a jungle dance.

Saddest of all, he finds that he can not use the miracle-working Machine that he has built. Although it has raised him far above the struggle for existence, although it stands ready to provide him with all the leisure and luxury that he can possibly desire, he is creating envy and suspicion and dissension with it instead; and although his heart is sick with strife, although he no longer wants to quarrel, but yearns with all his heart for peace, he is forever discovering that these dissensions which his machine is grinding out are involving him against his will in ever more horrible wars.

This is not the way of life. This is not the way of human passion. It is merely the way of Mammon. It is the way of misunderstanding. It is not the inevitable destiny of Man, but the inevitable outcome of his assumption that life is individual and can therefore be realized in individual advantages.

Man can not be an individual and be a man too. He may try his best to be, but he will only step on himself in the attempt.

Neither, any longer, can he be a lot of families. He must be one group now or he is done for. Nor can he be a lot of nations; for the human relations in which he now finds himself are not national, but human, in their character, and do not depend for their expression upon national but upon human law.

No nation legislated this new power into existence; nor did Man inherit it from his ancestors in the biological processes, nor did it descend to him according to any property code. It came to him because of his human nature; because he is not an individual and can live and move and have his being only in the knowledge and the consciousness and the life of all the sons of men: and the time has come when he must use this power humanly or he is lost.

I am not talking about what we ought to do. I am talking about what we must do or be damned.

"I am the Way the Truth and the Life, and no man cometh unto the Father except by me." That is Human Nature speaking, for the "I" of that text was none other than the Son of Man. He and the Father were one. He and the least of his brethren were one. He could do nothing in himself, He knew, but He could do mighty works by virtue of living in these relationships.

But those who came after Him, He said, could do still mightier works. Naturally. That is the nature of knowledge. That is the nature of human life. Every scientist understands this, every dealer in human truth. It is only upon the theologian, the dealer in formulas, that such words are lost; or upon the

statesman and the moralist and those who imagine that human life is an individual affair.

The Christian world has, of course, made a travesty of these teachings. It has substituted the idea of eternal longevity for Life, creeds for Truth, and a bloody superstitution for the Way of the Passionate Son of Man. But there is no reason under the sun why Christianity should hide Christ from us any longer. He taught us how to take Calvary in our stride, not because it is good to suffer pain, but because Man can not live abundantly except in complete abandonment to the service of his fellow men.

Man has already accepted Christ *up to a certain point*. Man knows very well by this time that he can not live unto himself. He lives uniformly now in his human relationships: but he is not getting anywhere in doing so, for he lives only in those relationships which he can visualize, and he has not been able to see that those relationships are universal.

He can not, he thinks, love everybody. In spite of his adoration of Jesus, the very idea seems ridiculous. And yet, strange to say, he finds no difficulty at all in loving a group of a hundred million or so which he calls his country.

He calls it his fatherland; but, obviously, it is the people he loves, not the land. He wouldn't love the land at all if there were no people in it. He couldn't live in it himself under any such circumstances. Most of the people may get on his nerves, and he may think that only a handful mean anything whatever to him: but when his country calls, it is not for the handful that he goes to war. The fact is that he deserts that handful in order to die for the masses whom he does not know. It is not his

disloyalty, but his loyalty, that causes this desertion; and if Man were not just that kind of being, human life could not exist on earth.

Peace advocates may imagine that courts and treaties and the rule of reason may do away with the necessity for any such submergence of the individual life. Let us just agree to live peaceably, they seem to say, and everybody can devote himself to his immediate interests, to his wife and children and his corner grocery, and to the accumulation of a sufficient competence for his old age and—well, life can then run along about as it does run along in peace times now, only none of us will have to give up our interests to go to war and there will be much more prosperity for each of us to grab.

They reckon, it seems to me, without human nature. They forget the Christ that has been awakened in man—the Christ that knows no sacrifice too great, if only it give vent to the passion that is in him. Man simply can not live reasonably according to his present concept of where his interests lie. Prosperity is not enough. His physical welfare is not enough. And the welfare of the handful whom he recognizes as his loved ones is not enough. He must lose himself in the larger life of mankind somehow: and if he can not find a passionate peace, he will find a fight.

This demand of human nature is incalculably more terrible than it ever was before: for Man's power has been incalculably multiplied and his vision has not kept pace. In the days of his weakness, Man had a human society in which to express himself: but in the days of his power he can see nothing but a handful of vague relationships, leading whither he can

not tell. In his confusion he imagines that his nation is his human world, but in his everyday existence he knows that this is not so. He tries to play his game of grab according to accepted rules; but the rules do not work and only the game of grab remains. It is a dull game too: if he loses, he is sore; and if he wins, he is disillusioned. He unites in movements to make different rules, and those with differing ideas unite against him. If righteousness prevails, he then puts the rascals in jail. There is nothing else that he can think of to do with them. Even if he longs to reclaim these modern prodigals and bring them back into human society, he finds that there is no human society for them to function in. There is nothing but a chaos of competition in which no one seems to be able to find his place.

He may try vainly to teach others to be good. But good and bad are matters of human relation; and since no one knows what human relations are, no one can draw the line between good and bad. And in the end man discovers that, while bad folks are troublesome, the good ones are even more troublesome. In this game of grab they are more likely to succeed; and in every game of grab human success depends strictly upon human failure.

On the other hand, he thinks he can not love everybody. Love is associated in his mind with kisses, and that he can not kiss everybody is obvious. For the other kind of love, such as his love of country, he must have a symbol; and in a world of property, a world which is supposed to consist of a billion and a half competitive units, there is no symbol of universality. The various flags are not symbols of union but of disunion upon a hitherto unheard-of

scale. There is talk, to be sure, of internationalism: but internationalism is not oneness; and world courts and leagues of nations can no more stir his passions than the passions of quarreling families can be stirred by a court of domestic relations.

Even Man's religions, as he sees them, are mere conflicting sets of private opinions and the very gods in heaven are competitive. When Americans go over the top against German legions, and the Germans make their last desperate stand in the infinite agony of war, each army is careful to get the blessing of its national Jesus first. And when the war is over and "peace" is supposed to reign instead, even this national Jesus is subdivided into a lot of sectional and sectarian Christs: Catholic and Ku Klux and Fundamentalist and Modernist, *et cetera.*

But the Universal Christ is living in this chaos of humanity: and the very power that Man is now so using against himself is universal power. It belongs to no individual, no section and no group; and in the hands of any of these divisions of mankind it can only be used divisively.

This power is Machine-power. It is in the Machine, not in any of Man's ancient institutions, that Man is really living now; and it is in the Machine, not in his national or his racial or his sectional or sectarian groupings, that he must do his loving. The Machine is universal. It is the only institution in existence that is designed to serve all humanity. It is in the Machine that the common pool of human knowledge is now made manifest: and it is in the Machine that each of us has now become so intimately related to all the world.

We have not used this Machine for universal ser-

vice, but we have now watched its workings sufficiently to know that it can not be used successfully in any other way. We dedicated it to private profit and only filled the world with woe. Little by little we painfully discovered that it must give service: and insofar as we have learned that lesson, the Machine has worked. Eventually, we thought to mobilize it to serve our national ends, and it gave a demonstration of power that astonished the world. But never have we *fully lived* in the Machine. Never have we abandoned ourselves to its human principle. Always we have held back somehow, in the belief that property or patriotism or some theory of justice had a prior claim upon our lives.

Two thousand years have passed since Jesus set forth his simple statements of the truth about human nature: and every decade of machine-power has given added testimony to the truth of what He said. Is there any reason why we can not face these truths to-day, take hold of this power and use it passionately in the only possible human way?

We need have no revolution, no Act of Congress and no political referendum to bring this change about. All we need to do is to *see* the Machine for what it is. When we do see it, we shall have a Machine civilization instead of the power chaos we are suffering now.

We shall coordinate the Machine, of course, for peace: in much the same way, perhaps, that we recently coordinated it for war. But such a coordination would mean a real peace instead of the dull and unhappy fight to get ahead of each other that goes by the name of peace to-day. It will be a peace that everybody can enjoy, for it will leave nobody

out. It will not be a mere national peace, a debt-collecting peace, with walls set up and navies afloat to guarantee our rights against other nations. And it will not be a mere political peace in which we shall mostly find ourselves occupied with sending other folks to jail. It will be a human peace, a peace with the great creative power of human service behind it; a peace that will liberate American energy to serve the rest of the world, and liberate every American from the scramble for the *ownership* of things and permit him to *do* things in proportion to the passion and the power that is in him.

Every American, I said—be he gangster or biologist or Fundamentalist. They are all essentially alike. None would object to taking his place in society if there were a human society to function in. For none of them is an individual. They are all human, with human passions; and man's dominant passion is to live the most abundant human life: that is, a life of completest unity with all mankind.

This is Man's real ego. When Jesus used the pronoun "I," He used it to some purpose: for in that ego the whole of human life was comprehended and not one of its relations was overlooked. "Come unto me," He could well promise to all that labored and were heavy laden, "and *I* will give you rest." It is the attempt to stay in the *individual I* that causes all our hatreds, all our confusion and all our war.

Everybody admits, seemingly, that this prescription is sound enough. If everybody were to see things as Jesus saw them, it is generally conceded, war would surely cease. The only objection, apparently, is in the belief that human nature will not follow his

prescription: that Jesus, in other words, was such a chump as to outline a plan for human salvation that might apply to angels but is not adapted in the least to human life.

I can not see that He was any such chump. His way is not only the finest way that has yet been suggested to establish peace on earth, it is by all odds the most practical. Being the way of human nature itself, it is the easiest way human nature can take.

It is the way of *property* that is hard for human nature; the way of individualism, the way of a supposed ego in place of the ego that is really driving us. The way of the real I—the way in which Man naturally loves his neighbor as himself because he sees that these neighborly relations are his real self —that is the way which corresponds in exact detail with human nature as it really is.

Militarism and politics and business are futile because they all seek to array human nature against itself. It is they who are idealistic and visionary and utopian, making demands upon human nature with which human nature can not comply. They ask man to look out for Number One and not to be too selfish in doing so. They ask him to uphold private possession—possession based upon political violence —as a sacred principle of human organization, but to be neither possessive nor violent in his attitude toward human beings; except, of course, when the violence that happens to be best established gives him the order to shoot. They impose codes upon human life that were developed out of human relations that do not now exist; and to enforce these codes, they necessarily depend upon most rigid discipline.

And because human nature breaks under this discipline, they lay the blame upon human nature.

They build schools that children learn to hate; and if the children run away from school they think it is the children's fault. The children, meanwhile, run away, not because they don't want to learn, but because they do. They want to learn about life. They want to do things, real things; and the chances are that when the truant officer finds them they are catching a ride on a train, eager to learn all they can about railroading, or waiting in a garage for a chance to help a mechanic who is engaged in some of the world's real work.

Relatively few American children can visualize their school-work as vital. They aren't even supposed to. They are supposed to go to school because they are told to, and to learn what the teachers tell them to learn, instead of learning the things they are dying to know, because that is the only way in which they can be good.

A little later, in adolescence, the main object seems to be to discipline sex out of human life. What is natural is assumed to be bad; and just at the time when young life wants to know about itself, virtue demands that it concentrate upon trigonometry and economics, or Latin and Greek, perhaps, providing all passages that deal with what is on their minds be properly deleted.

Under the circumstances, of course, the children who run away from school and the adolescents who run away from their moral training are not likely to discover any great mines of wisdom. It is not to be expected that they would. But the schools, the churches and all our other institutions must expect

to fail if it is their purpose, as it has seemed to be, to substitute discipline for human nature.

"My yoke is easy," said Jesus, "and my burden is light." This from the man who went to Calvary. Such a man could go to Calvary because He was was not burdened by the yoke of dead institutions.

Peace is simple. War is the intricate problem. Human happiness is easy. It is the attempt to relate an industrial world to the superstition of property that is imposing such burdens upon us. Love is easy. It is the judicial problem of discovering the exact point at which hatred may be justified that is utterly exhausting the mentality of to-day.

"Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye shut up the kingdom of heaven against men: for ye neither go in yourselves, nor permit them that are entering to go in."

I have no peace program to set forth and none is needed. Human nature wants peace. It wants oneness. It wants to forget itself in loving service. And the Machine through which man can serve his fellows abundantly is here and we are living in it. Just at present we are using at least 90 per cent of this machine-power in order to keep alive the superstition of business, and exhausting 90 per cent of our own emotional power in trying to make ourselves and others good. But we can not go on like that. The very terms of such a peace lead inevitably to war. Human passion will again burst forth: and when that happens, individualism and business must once more be set aside while the Machine is coordinated to give this human passion its freest possible expression.

There is only one alternative. It is not individ-

ualism, for that is humanly impossible. It is not justice, for that is socially impossible. Human relations have already become so complex that they can not be comprehended now except in symbols: and humanity must wage war against itself under its national flags, or wage peace under some symbol of universal love and non-resisting but irresistible service. I have said that there is no such symbol now, but there may be soon. It can not be God, for God has been given too many private interpretations; and it can not be Jesus, for Christianity has dragged that name in the dust. But it may, I think, be the name that Jesus recognized as the real self—the Name before which every knee shall bow—the Holy Name of the *Son of Man.*

THE END

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